

LIFE

In this issue
THE DUKE OF WINDSOR
BEGINS HIS OWN STORY OF
A Royal Boyhood



DECEMBER 8, 1947

15

CENTS

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"LET'S MAKE IT FOR KEEPS"



FOR KEEPS, SHE'LL TREASURE:

MORNING STAR—It's new, it's pierced, deep-carved; it's a pattern to live with, a pattern to love!

CORONATION—Strong lines, fluted carving, distinguished design—and tops in popularity.

LADY HAMILTON—The endearing charm of graceful simplicity, timeless, classic good taste.

MILADY—Feminine, flower-fresh, one of the best-loved floral patterns in silverware.

If it's Community, it's correct—any time, anywhere. If it's Community, it has that thoughtful "Overlay" of extra solid silver. If it's Community, it's at fine jewelers everywhere—honeymoon-priced—right now. (No federal tax)

THIS CHRISTMAS—GIVE

Community

THE FINEST SILVERPLATE



The new *MORNING STAR

*CORONATION

*LADY HAMILTON

*MILADY

If it's Community... it's correct

With hair like this, you'll hear:

"hello, handsome"

Good looking hair turns more heads than a tennis match. Girls forget their dates. Bosses remember raises. All because you catch their eye with well-groomed, handsome hair. So better use . . .



Product of Bristol-Myers

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

to stimulate scalp...keep hair handsome

50 seconds to massage—Feel that tingle! That's the alcohol in Vitalis stimulating your scalp. Different from those dressings that contain nothing but oil!

Won't dry your hair—The alcohol disappears, leaving a fine, protective film of pure vegetable oils evenly distributed over hair and scalp.

Conditions your scalp—Routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb—Man, what grooming! What a natural lustre! No greasy look—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. Get Vitalis . . . at any drug counter or barber shop.





HELEN TRAUBEL...

She sings as magnificently in your own home now as she does at the Metropolitan Opera because she's now recording exclusively for Columbia Masterworks Records.



INSPIRATION for CHRISTMAS!

Here at last is record reproduction the classics deserve! Crisp, clear, incredibly lifelike! The remarkable new plastic surfaces of Columbia Masterworks Records actually recreate the wonder of living music. And what music there is to choose from this Christmas! Hitherto unrecorded masterworks! Magnificent new interpretations of your favorites! See your Columbia Record dealer for the great achievements in records!

HELEN **TRAUBEL**

Wagner: Tristan und Isolde—Love Duet (Act II, Scene 2).
Recorded at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. (With
Torsten Ralf, tenor; **Herta Glaz**, contralto; and **Fritz Busch**
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A Choral Concert (Songs of Faith)

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with **Milton Katims**, viola

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with male chorus and orchestra conducted by **Sylvan Shulman**

Songs of Victor Herbert

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Orchestra of New York

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for Soprano and Orchestra. Adapted and produced by
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AMAZING NEW **SAPPHIRE NEEDLE**



Still another Columbia "first" for more
listening pleasure... the Columbia "Tail-
ored-Tip"† Sapphire Needle. Microscopi-
cally tailored to fit the groove for flawless
reproduction, reduced record wear, less
surface noise! Shadowgraphed for perfec-
tion! Plays up to 10,000 sides... **Only \$1.50**
†Trade-mark

Trade-marks "Columbia," "Masterworks" and
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Hear the great artists at their best on

Columbia Records

MASTERWORKS





TERESA WRIGHT and DANA ANDREWS
co-starring in the Samuel Goldwyn
Academy Award-winning film—"The
Best Years of Our Lives"

Copyright 1947—General Electric Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

...Still time to say
"Merry Christmas"
with a
natural color tone radio



Sensational new G-E clock-radio. It's a clock, a "super-het" radio, and an electronic reminder. Wakes you up to music. Turns on programs automatically at any time. Dozens of uses. Plenty of power... fine, full tone. Model 62, white plastic. Model 60, rosewood plastic.

ARE the people on your shopping list youngsters, oldsters or in-betweens... homebodies or are they always on the go? Whoever they are, you couldn't pick a more appropriate Christmas gift than a handsome G-E radio.

Those who live—or listen—by the clock will find a G-E clock-radio as welcome as Santa himself. For a happy combination of convenience and beauty choose a smart G-E table radio or a compact G-E portable.

Give the record lovers on your list a G-E automatic radio-phonograph for memorable moments of music in *natural color tone*. Even familiar records reveal new beauty when touched by the magic of the new G-E Electronic Reproducer. General Electric radio dealers have over 30 different models for your selection. Simply choose the set you think will play the heartiest "Merry Christmas."

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LEADER IN RADIO TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

170-F13



Brilliant in its beauty and tone—this G-E table-radio has a smartly designed rosewood plastic cabinet. Sharp tuning. *Natural color tone*. Model 202.



Smart, compact, powerful—3-way personal portable that's big in power, low in price. AC-DC-batteries. Ask for Model 140.



Superb radio-phonograph with G-E Electronic Reproducer. 5 radio bands. AM-FM and shortwave. See Model 417.



General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph. Automatic changer. *Natural color tone*. Amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer. Model 304.

How to make each meal a *Triple Treat!*



Sure, it's a treat to sit down to a meal that *looks* good. But a meal that also *tastes* good and that's good for you is a *triple* treat!

And that's often a problem. For flavors and certain vitamins are sometimes lost in the transportation of raw foods from farm to market—and in home preparation.

But when you use canned foods you can count* on flavors and nutritional values. For each steel-and-tin can is really a miniature "pressure cooker" that captures and holds these precious values.

*For scientific facts on vitamins in canned foods, see October, 1946 issue of "Journal of Nutrition."

Pull up the chairs! . . . Prune juice, shrimp for main dish, green asparagus tips, tomatoes for casserole, grapefruit sections for salads, pumpkin for pie, coffee . . . and they all come to you in cans!

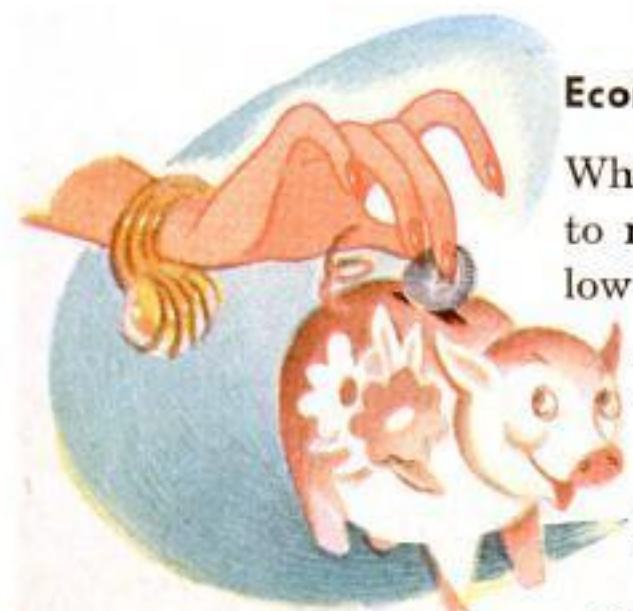
Home Chef Goes "High Hat"

Once you've learned the menu tricks you can do with modern canned foods, you're well on the way to high cookery—and a "reputation"! How proudly you serve "out-of-season" dishes! To say nothing of your pride as "one of those people who can whip up a swell meal in *no* time"!



Economy? Oh My—Oh Me!

When it comes to economy—all you have to remember is that, in addition to their low cost, *there's no waste in canned foods*. And of course you know you should serve the juices as well as the solids! Unused portions can safely be left right in the can—covered, and stored in the refrigerator.



"Crowned" Shrimp a la King

Prepare a buttery white sauce seasoned with a pinch of celery salt, a dash of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of sherry. Add canned shrimp, drained, and heat thoroughly in double boiler. Pour into a "crown" of fluffy hot rice, and garnish with parsley and lemon.



CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK



Next pajamas, old friend,
look for "Sanforized" on the label →

To be jotted down—if you're "fed up" with pajamas which keep binding you from excessive shrinkage, look—PLEASE LOOK!—for the "Sanforized" trade-mark *before you buy* your next set!

Informed men (and women) *always* look for it on washable shirts, shorts, pajamas, work clothes, slacks, women's and children's wear.

"Sanforized" on the label means: "fabric can't shrink more than a trifling 1%!"



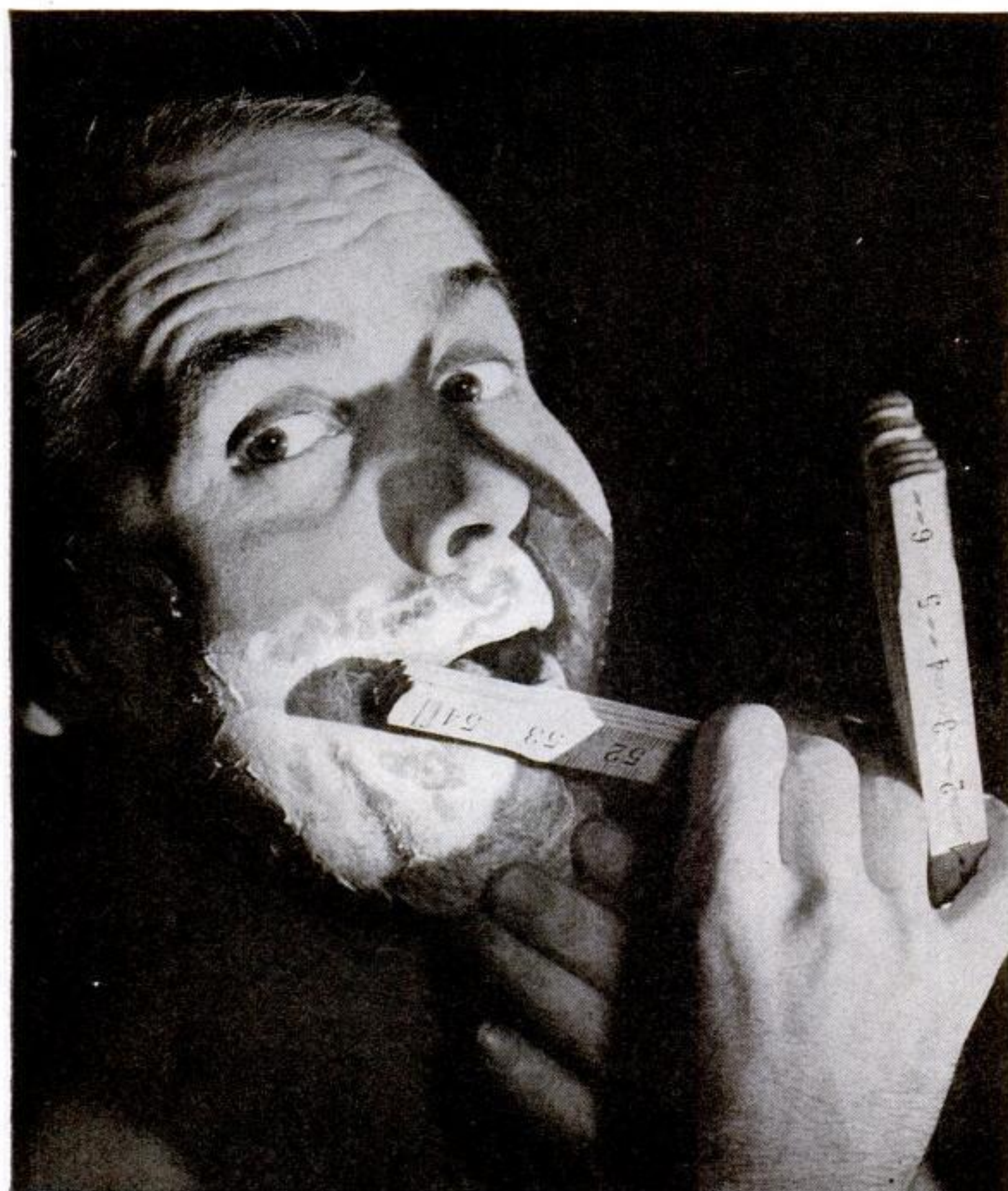
↓
The comfort never shrinks away from the garment with the "Sanforized" trade-mark

The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked by the owner of the trade-mark to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

This One



GFW6-P2U-PJ12



Just an idea of what can almost be done with new Benex Brushless Shave!

beards become

'5 water

with new

What a boon to man and blade! Water-bearing Benex lets bristles soak up 20% or more of their weight in water. And stay water-logged all shave long!

Soaks the backbone right out of your bristles!

Smooth this wonderful Benex on your wet face. In just *seconds* it melts away the tough, oily, razor-resisting hide on your bristles. Your whiskers begin taking on water like a thirsty camel. And then...

You can practically flick 'em off!

Yessir! In no time, wonderful new Benex has your whiskers so soggy they're setups for the blade! Then...once around your face and look at your skin! Choir-boy smoothness! May-morning freshness! Oh, what a wonderful-feeling face! Bub, get Benex today!

THE BRUSHLESS WONDER



Product of Bristol-Myers

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE SERGEANT

Sirs:

This is to commend Reporter Robert Wallace for the beautiful and powerful simplicity of his article, "This Is How the Sergeant Lived and Died" (LIFE, Nov. 17).

The utter waste and futility of all war is written on this one page.

MRS. J. R. GRIZZLE
Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

As the sister of a deceased veteran whose body is to remain in a permanent military cemetery overseas, I feel that some attention should be given to the reason why some of us have taken this course of action.

It was not that we loved our boys less. The great Christian hope of life after death makes us sure that our loved one does not lie in a grave on a far Pacific island. His body has been given Christian burial there, but the shining, vital, eternal fact is that *he* is not there.

SUSAN E. CARTER
Duxbury, Mass.

Sirs:

The U.S. has become the laughing stock amongst the people overseas. Other nations are proud to have their dead buried in the four corners of the world. Rather than being Christian it seems paganistic to bring them home, for it shows greater worship of the body than of the soul.

JOHN P. SWAN
Media, Pa.

Sirs:

I wonder if as many tears dropped over the life and death of Sergeant Werner as over the dead polar bear (LIFE, Oct. 27). I wonder if most sentimental Americans would not rather throw fish to a cat, meat to a dog, seed to a bird, than feed Europe's hungry children. I wonder if we shall ever begin to understand "man's inhumanity to man" and to succor, if not love, our neighbors.

JEAN DE WITT FITZ
Augusta, Ga.

Sirs:

... It seems our eyes are never dry these days.

RICHARD W. NASON
ROBERT N. NASON
Brown University
Providence, R.I.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF LIFE'S
NON-SUBSCRIBING READERS

To see life
To see the world
To eyewitness great events

I want to see **LIFE** each week.

PLEASE ENTER MY
SUBSCRIPTION TO
LIFE FOR

☐ ONE YEAR at \$5.50
☐ 2 YEARS at \$10
☐ 3 YEARS at \$13.50

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(Mail to LIFE, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.
Or give it to your newsdealer)

Grand Relief FROM SNIFFLY, STUFFY DISTRESS OF Head Colds



Put a little Vicks Va-tro-nol in each nostril the moment you catch a head cold and feel how fast it works. It—**QUICKLY RELIEVES** sniffly head cold distress, opens cold-clogged nose and makes breathing easier right away. **HELPS PREVENT** many colds from developing if you use it early—at that first warning snuffle or sneeze. Try it! Follow directions in the package.

**VICKS Double-Duty
Nose Drops
VA-TRO-NOL**



CASCO
genuine wetproof
electric heating pad

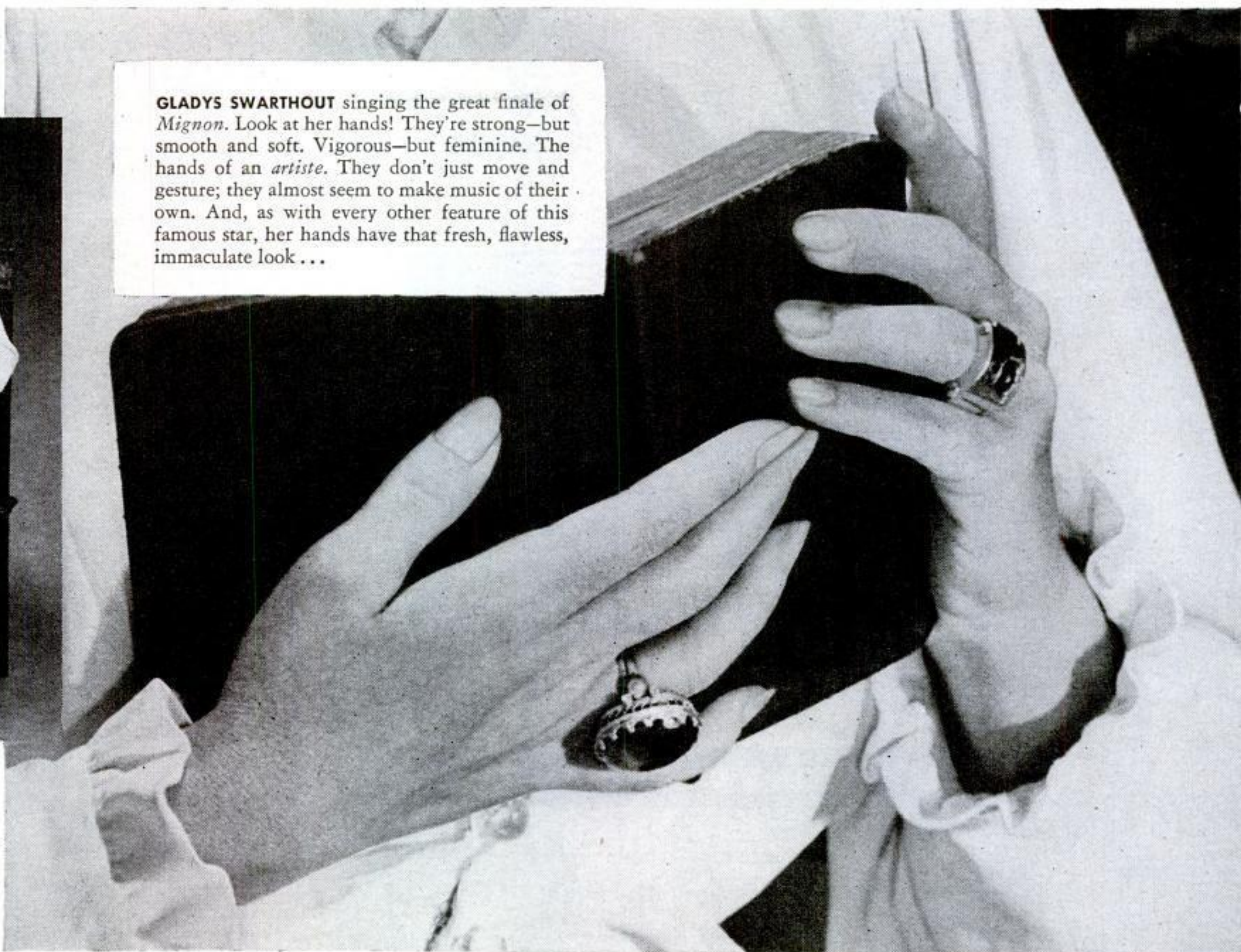
She'll really mean it when she says "It's just what I wanted!"...for eight out of ten people still do not have an electric heating pad. Nor can you find a finer pad than this. It's 100% Genuine Wetproof...can be safely used with *wet* hot compresses. It has 30 fixed heats...the selected temperature always stays constant. Exclusive Nite-Lite Switch glows softly in the dark—takes the guesswork out of dialing heat.

\$7.95 — including the opulent kitten-soft, quilted slipcover that zips over the pad itself... Other Casco Electric Heating Pads from \$4.95 to \$9.95 at leading stores everywhere.

Casco Products Corporation, Bridgeport 2, Conn.
America's Largest Manufacturer of Electric Heating Pads



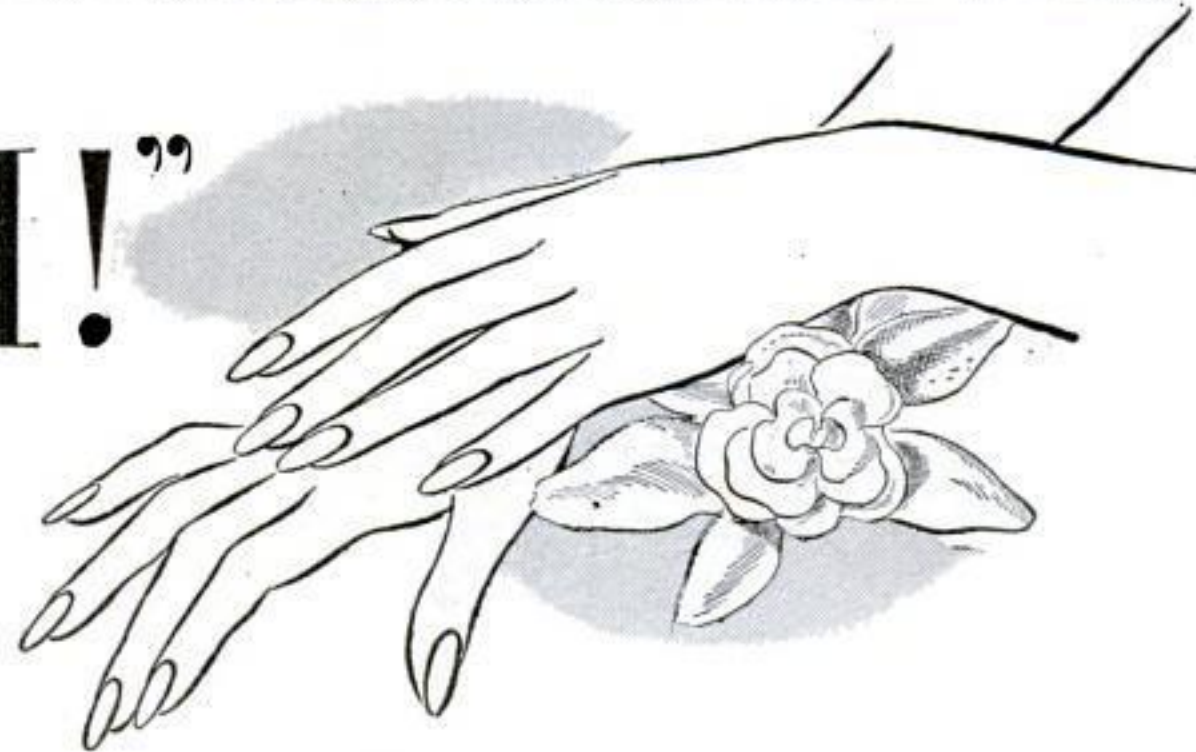
GLADYS SWARTHOUT singing the great finale of *Mignon*. Look at her hands! They're strong—but smooth and soft. Vigorous—but feminine. The hands of an *artiste*. They don't just move and gesture; they almost seem to make music of their own. And, as with every other feature of this famous star, her hands have that fresh, flawless, immaculate look...



“For my hands? CREAM!”

said GLADYS SWARTHOUT

And the cream she uses is PACQUINS, the choice of so many stars



It's amazing! ... the way women are changing to cream for hand care. To PACQUINS Hand Cream. But, then, it isn't really so amazing when you see and feel what Pacquins does for hands.

TONIGHT give your hands star care. Cream care. Pacquins care.

Smooth on a dab of this snowy-white, quick-melting, fresh-fragrant cream.

Ahh... feels good! Really luxurious.

What's this? What's happened to that roughness, dryness, flakiness, chap? Why, your skin feels smooth, soft, velvety as the fabled gardenia petal.

And look! What's milk... or a pearl... or a moon-beam got that your hands haven't got? Nothing!



Try **PACQUINS** tonight

Just a 12-second massage. And tomorrow morning. And every night and morning. Just 12 seconds should be ample.

And, by the way, Pacquins *isn't* sticky or greasy, as so many hand preparations are. Disappears *fast*. Vanishes. It's a joy to use—as well as to have used. Try changing to cream... to Pacquins... now.



NURSE ELIZABETH WILKINSON SPEAKING:

"Like most nurses, Pacquins and I are old friends. You see, this grand cream was originally formulated just for nurses and doctors. Our hands take a nasty beating—30 to 40 washings and scrubbing a day. We *must* have this kind of hand care."

for "dream" hands—cream your hands

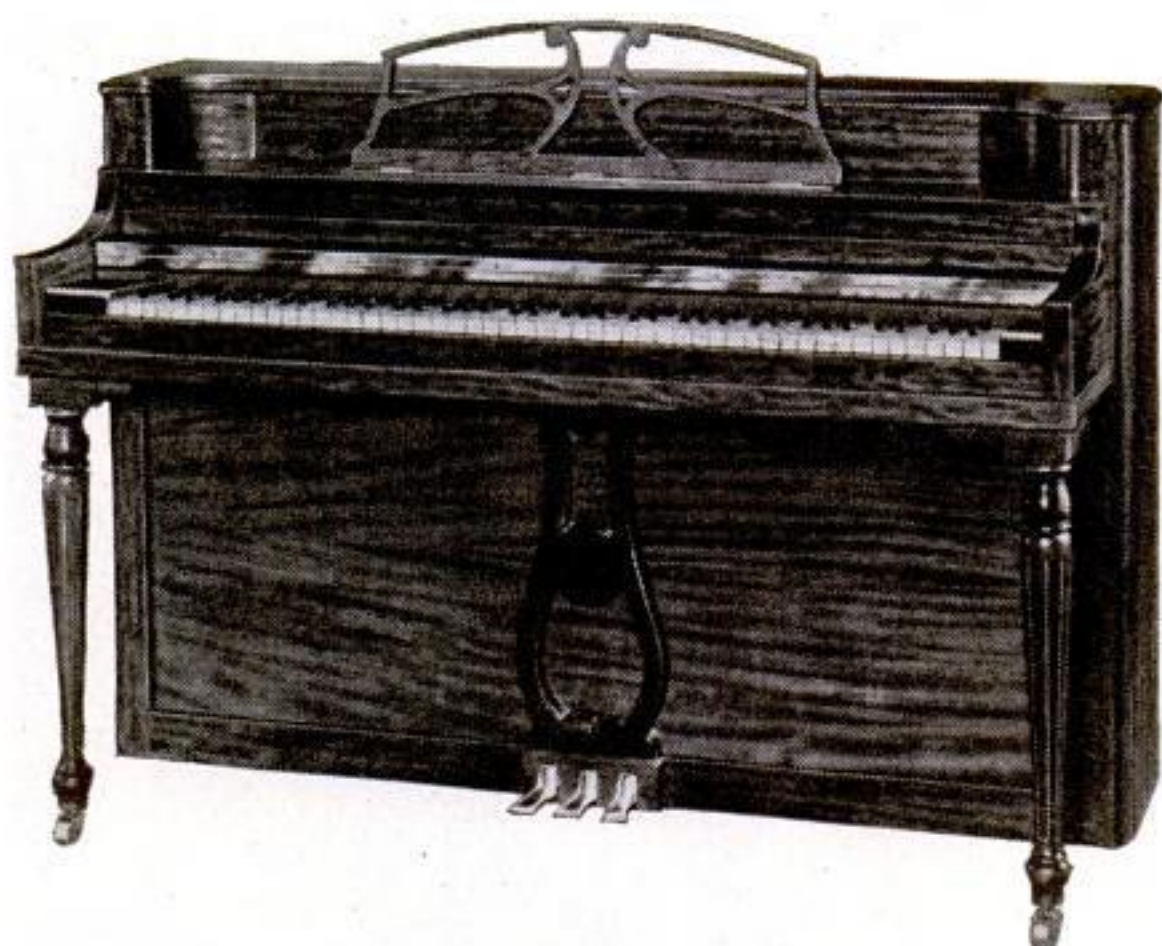
with *Pacquins*
HAND CREAM

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.

NEVER STICKY
OR GREASY!



LESTER *Betsy Ross Spinnet*



FOR LASTING CHRISTMAS JOY...

Make this the Christmas to be remembered by your family! Give them the priceless gift of music with the famous Betsy Ross Spinnet.

Beginners and finished musicians will be delighted with the rich, abundant tone; with the smooth, responsive action that makes playing a new experience.

Exquisitely styled in fine woods to grace every home, the Betsy Ross Spinnet is compactly sized to fit every room; moderately priced to suit every income.

Guaranteed for ten years; made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.

Foreign Sales Office: H. A. ASTLETT & CO., 27 William St., New York 5, N. Y.

SOLD BY AMERICA'S FOREMOST PIANO DEALERS

ONE *name quality price*

A BEAUTIFUL PIANO WITH A MAGNIFICENT TONE

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET ID

Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage)

Name _____

Address _____

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LESTER PIANO MANUFACTURING CO., LESTER 13, PA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

I am ashamed to say that before I saw your pictures of the sergeant's homecoming, I had no idea of what the war had done.

MARGARET MCLEOD

Aberdeen, N.C.

Sirs:

Compare the touching story of Sergeant Werner with General Patton's comment, "So ended the campaign of the Bulge which had cost us 50,630 men."

VICTOR JACOBS

Dayton, Ohio

THOROUGHbred MULES

Sirs:

There may be no such animal as a thoroughbred mule in the zoology of LIFE's editor who wrote the pert paragraph of apology to Woodward H. Brown of Des Moines, Iowa (Letters to the Editors, LIFE, Nov. 17), but there were such animals in Spain for centuries and in my native middle Tennessee down to the advent of power farm machinery. In Spain, where the jack was bred to the highest point of perfection and his pedigree kept as sacredly, I am informed, as is the American Stud Book, the breed of thoroughbred mules was obtained by crossing the jack with an Arabian mare. In Tennessee it was obtained by crossing Spanish jacks with thoroughbred racing mares. This developed an animal that was beautiful in form, fast on its feet, tireless in performing its allotted tasks and adapted to the use of drawing fine carriages. Indeed, to own a pair of thoroughbred carriage mules in my boyhood in Nashville in the 1880s gave one social distinction, like owning a stem-winding watch or a sealskin coat.

These thoroughbred mules—they were so-called—were frequently developed into racers, and at county fairs and at the State Fair the mule races were always exciting events. Some of these animals could trot or pace as fast as the fastest harness horses.

In those far-off years Spanish jacks cost as much as a thoroughbred racing stallion. Few men could own one, so often a syndicate of farmers or breeders was organized to finance the purchase of one, and the best horseman and trader in the community was sent to Spain to negotiate the purchase. Every effort was made to get a jack from the royal stables, as they were the best, and the royal brand gave them added value as breeding animals. The service fee was as high as that of the best racing stallion, and to keep the stock up, as a rule only thoroughbred mares were mated with the royal jack from Spain.

DAVID RANKIN BARBEE

Washington, D.C.

● By definition a thoroughbred can only be the descendant of three individual horses, the Darley Arabian, the Byerly Turk or the Godolphin Barb. Inasmuch as the best a mule can hope for is the blood of these in a mother and a jackass for a father, mules are not thoroughbreds.—ED.

FORBES'S FIFTY

Sirs:

The same day that Forbes's "Fifty Foremost Business Leaders" were presented in LIFE (Nov. 17 issue) the

BAKES ROASTS BROILS TOASTS



DOES A BIG JOB IN A SMALL SPACE!

You can cook a complete dinner for six on the wonderful Gill Electric Stove... yet it takes up little space. Precision made from the finest materials, it is a handsome addition to any room. Plugs into any 110-volt outlet. Priced surprisingly low. Ask your dealer or write for free folder.

ELECTRIC STOVE

GILL ELECTRIC MFG. CORP., REDLANDS, CALIF.

A Perfect Gift

- ✓ Stainless Steel Top
- ✓ Aluminum Sides
- ✓ Adjustable Heat
- ✓ Large Aluminum Griddle
- ✓ Broiler Oven
- ✓ Weighs only 17 Lbs.

Give Glamour... GIVE MOJUD



Sheer Christmas joy... Lovely Mojud nylon stockings... a gift every woman will welcome.

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

TRADE MARK REG. © 1947 MOJUD HOSIERY CO., INC., N. Y. C.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



What every man should know about women's handbags

WOMEN who've looked at handbags in the better stores this week know the very *latest* are those made of *Koroseal* flexible material. They're the smartest things in postwar styling; they're colorful; they're clearly marked with a label that says *Koroseal*.

Every man who might want to give a handbag as a gift, every husband who wants to compliment his wife when she gets a lot for her money, should know what that word *Koroseal* means on a handbag.

He shouldn't confuse these bags with those ordinarily called "plastic

handbags", many of which are very cheap. *Koroseal* flexible material is made only by B. F. Goodrich. It is made into handbags only by an approved group of top manufacturers. These handbags now in the stores are the first made of *Koroseal* to reach the market in quantities. They're just in time for Christmas and they give you all the advantages *Koroseal* has always given you in dozens of other products.

Koroseal coatings, sheets and films are 100 per cent waterproof. Get them dirty and they come clean easily and instantly, usually with nothing more

than a damp cloth. They resist scuffing and staining, never get soft and sticky, won't crack, get brittle or peel. Colors won't rub off because they're part of the materials themselves.

There are matching belts of *Koroseal* flexible material, too. Most good stores have both handbags and belts in stock right now. Watch the ads of the better stores in your city. If you don't see the word *Koroseal* ask about it. Manufacturers are working hard to supply the demand. We think there will be enough for every woman who wants a better-than-average handbag,

who's willing to pay just a *little* more to get a *lot* more value. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

Koroseal

Trade Mark—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

B.F. Goodrich
FLEXIBLE MATERIAL

IT'S
Christmas!



GIVE HER THE SUBTLE FLATTERY OF SHEETS IN



Pepperell LUXURY MUSLINS

Soft, sturdy muslins . . . closely woven of 100% American cotton for comfort with long wear. The outstanding sheet value for particular women!

Cellophane-wrapped sets, 2 sheets, about \$8.00
2 pillowcases, about \$1.80**



Pepperell PEERESS PERCALE SHEETS

Give her *luxury*! The smoothest, most expensive all-combed sheet yarns—woven 24 threads per inch finer than ordinary percales. You can't buy more exquisitely textured American percales!

2 sheets, 2 pillowcases, about \$16.00 boxed*



Pepperell PERCALE SHEETS

Lovely gift sheets! Fine-spun cotton in a close, firm weave for beauty plus long wear. And such a practical price for smooth, smooth texture!

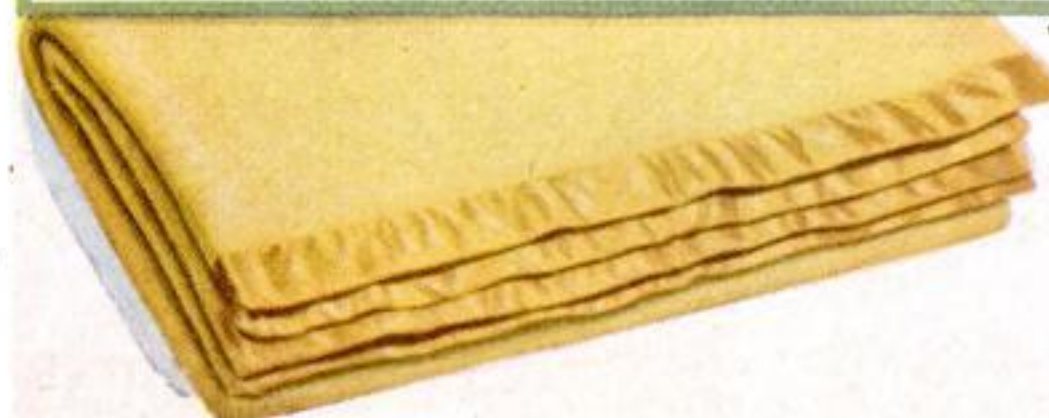
Cellophane-wrapped sets, 2 sheets, about \$8.60
2 pillowcases, about \$2.00**



Pepperell UTILITY MUSLINS

These popular, thrifty muslins look so very pretty—wear so very well! And at this surprisingly low price you can afford to give several sets.

Cellophane-wrapped sets, 2 sheets, about \$6.00
2 pillowcases, about \$1.40**



Pepperell GLOLON BLANKETS

Something new! Beautiful, extra-warm, luxurious blankets—50% rayon, 50% virgin wool—glamorous 6" acetate satin bindings. Grolons are as warm as blankets up to double their tiny price! Blue, dusty rose, green, cedar, peach, canary, white.

Size 72 x 90 . . . about \$7.95

*Approximate prices for popular sizes—slightly higher in the Far West.

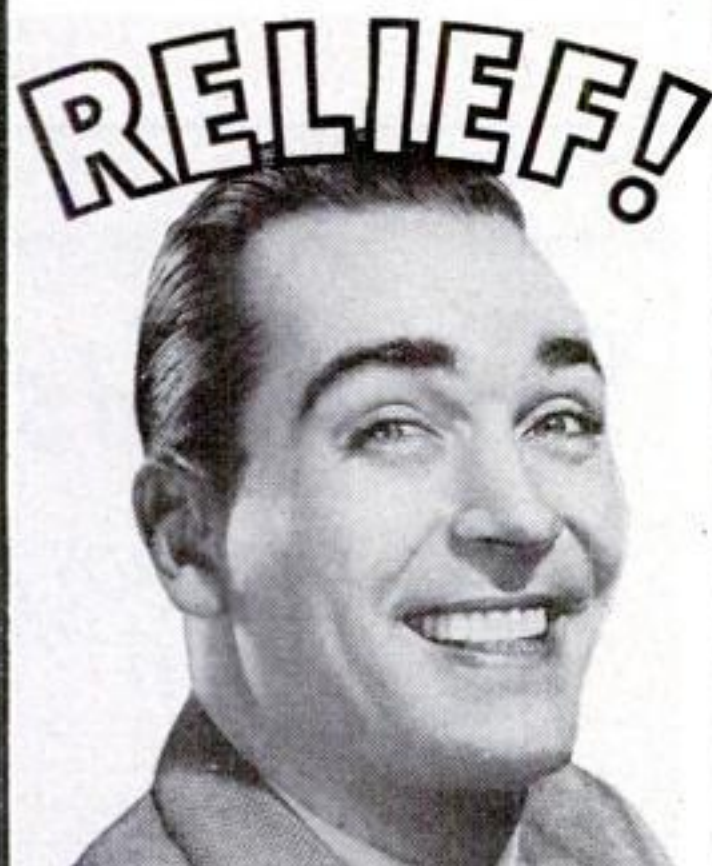
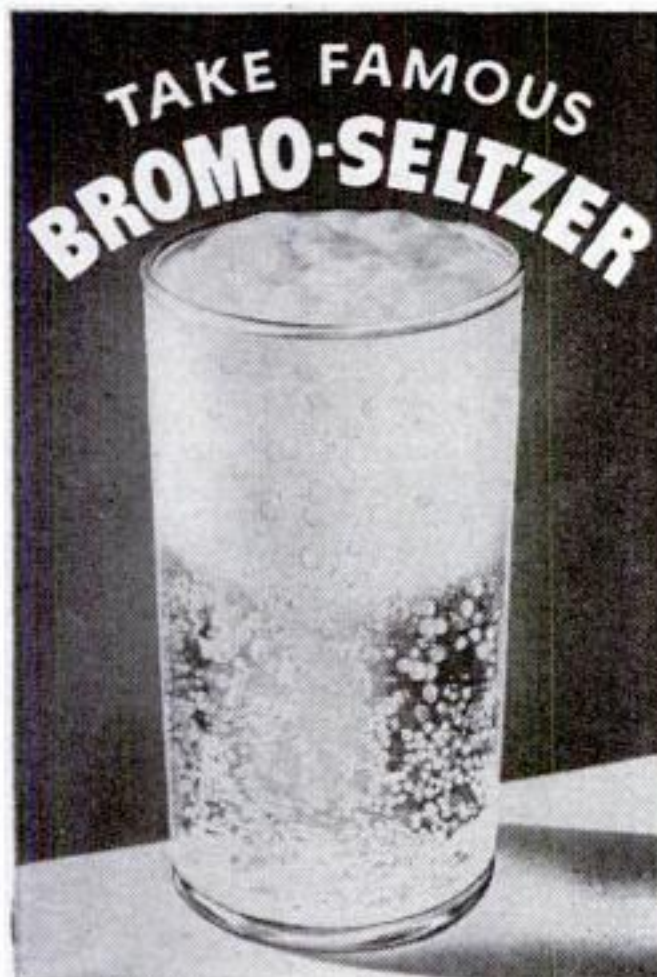
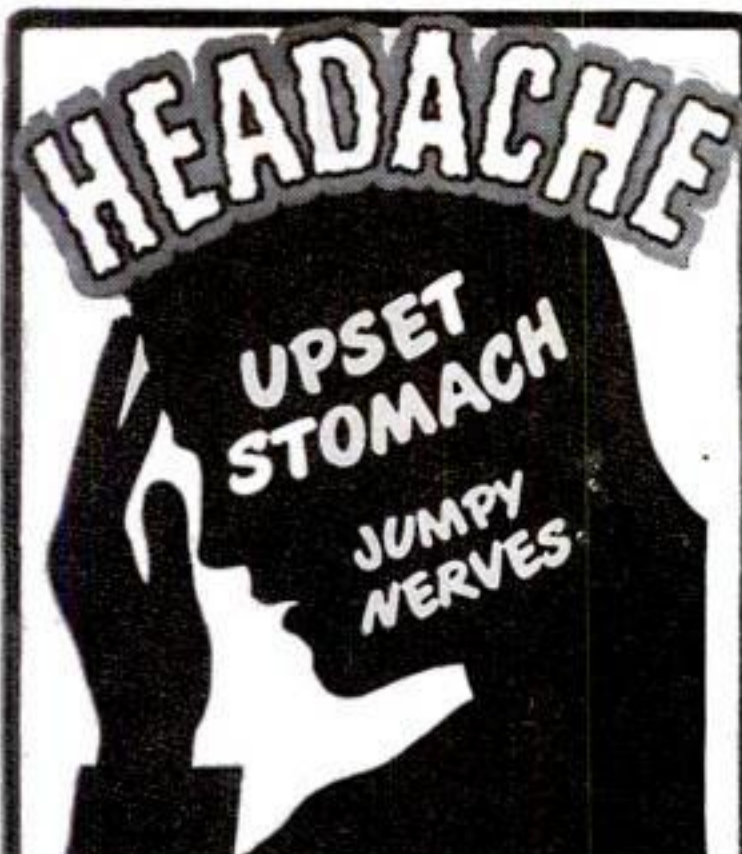
Personality
Colors

Hyacinth Blue . . . Peachbloom . . . Seafoam Green . . . Misty Yellow . . . Twilight Rose! Give gifts that are as gay as a holly wreath, distinctive as Christmas carols, becoming as the glow of candlelight . . . Pepperell Sheets in these five charming "personality colors." They make every woman look her prettiest at bedtime! They're decorating *news*—a most delightful modern touch for any home! And—these colored sheets are Pepperell's, vat dyed for color fastness . . . Gift sets, from \$1.40 to \$20.50.*

PEPPERELL



*Sheets
and Blankets*



For three-way relief from headache, upset stomach and jumpy nerves... take Bromo-Seltzer right away. Because Bromo-Seltzer is famous for fighting ordinary headaches these three ways:

1. Relieves pain of headache
 2. Relieves discomfort of upset stomach
 3. Quiets jumpy nerves
- all of which may team up to cause trouble.

Simply put teaspoonful in a glass and add water. Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with split-second action... ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. Compounded in four convenient home sizes by registered pharmacists.



For **FAST** headache help
BROMO-SELTZER
A PRODUCT OF EMERSON DRUG COMPANY SINCE 1887

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

National Committee of 200 for the Marshall Plan was announced. Five of Forbes's men made the Marshall team.

The survivors of this highly selective dual screening were Messrs. Winthrop Aldrich, David Sarnoff, Eric Johnston, Nelson A. Rockefeller and Thomas J. Watson.

EDMUND S. WHITMAN

New York, N.Y.

THE EDWARDIANS

Sirs:

The last time I saw the Sargent portrait of Winifred, Duchess of Portland ("The Edwardians," LIFE, Nov. 17), was when I visited fabulous Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Cavendish-Bentincks, in the Dukeries.

In 1945 several other U.S. Air Force officers and I were received at the Abbey by the subject of the portrait, a



IN HER 8TH LUSTRUM



IN HER 15TH LUSTRUM

vigorous, charming *grande dame* in the 17th lustrum. The dowager duchess showed us through the mansion and pointed out some of the treasures. When we reached the Sargent portrait, we marveled at its loveliness. Her Grace was pleased. In order to identify herself irrefutably with the beauty portrayed, she retrieved from storage the same rich, scarlet-velvet robe in which she is shown in the painting, and, throwing the garment over the shoulders of her house dress,

"It's high time you learned the facts of life, George!"



"Why, Honey—what have I done?"

"You've been worrying—about our future—about how the children and I would get along, if anything happened to you—about a comfortable retirement for us. And there's no reason to worry."

"Oh no? Just how *would* you manage if I tangled with a truck? I'm making a good salary now, but we haven't much to fall back on. We don't have security. And I don't know what to do about it."

"But there is something you can do, George. I heard about it today. . .

Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service. It's a new way of teaming up your Social Security with life insurance to give us the greatest benefit out of both. You can make sure that I'm always protected—and at the same time build towards a comfortable retirement for us . . . all for only a few dollars a month!"

"Say, that sounds wonderful. I never dreamed it was possible."

"Possible? Darling, 'Insured Income' is one of the facts of life—and it's high time we took advantage of it."

For your own peace of mind, make a date with the Mutual Life representative in your community—soon.

FREE Social Security HELPS

How much do you know about the Social Security for which you are now paying? If you are a resident of the United States, we invite you to mail coupon for easy-to-read booklet explaining your future benefits from Social Security. Included is a convenient file for official records you will need to avoid costly delay in collecting your Social Security benefits.



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THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

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Insured  Income

Alexander E. Patterson
President

I would like your FREE Social Security Helps.

NAME AGE

HOME ADDRESS

OCCUPATION LS-40

VETERANS: KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

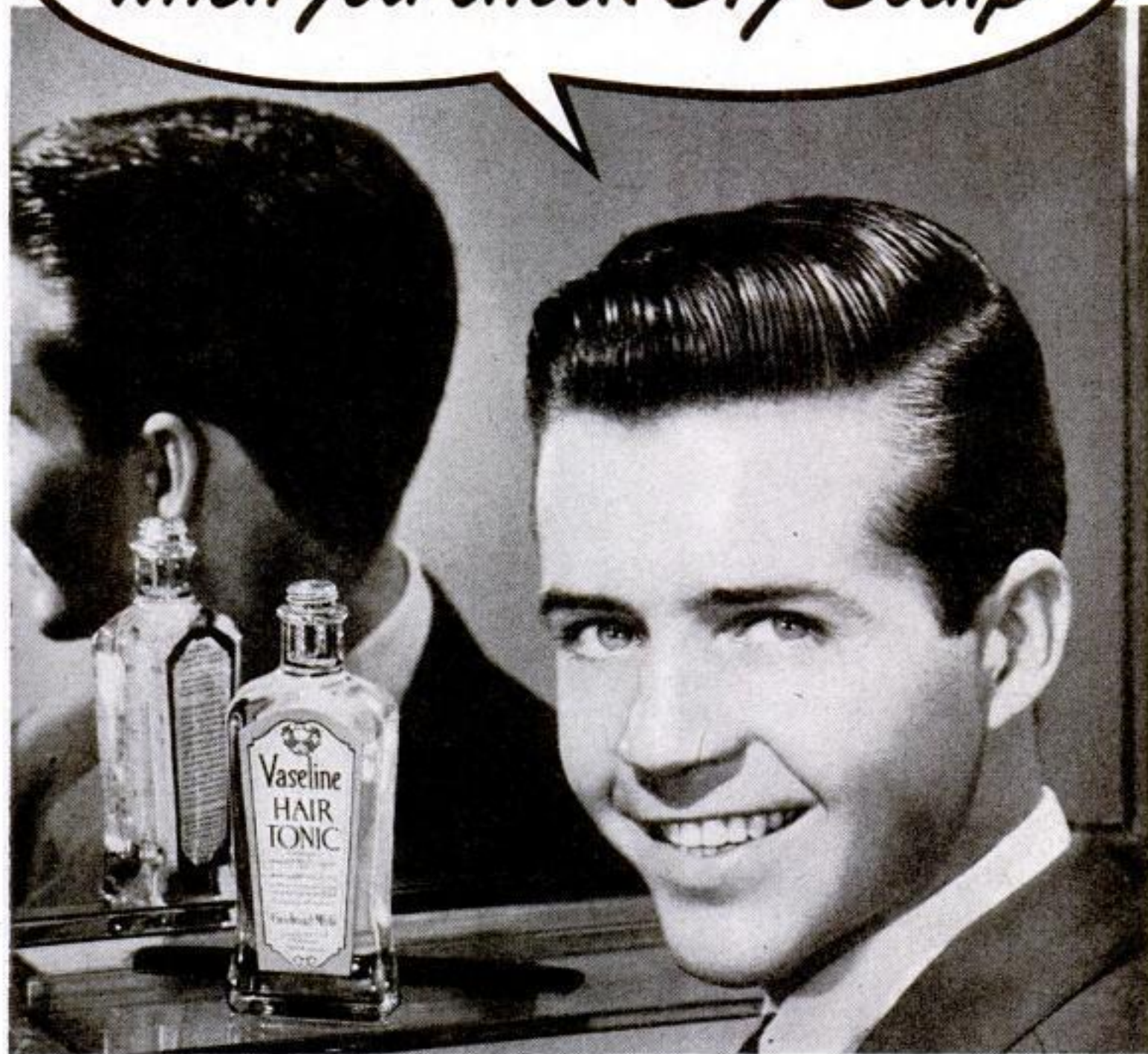
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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... **IMAGINE ME** dancing with a scarecrow! Hope somebody cuts in. How *can* a man be so careless about his hair? It's straggly, unkempt, and ... oh-oh—loose dandruff! He's got Dry Scalp, all right. Maybe if I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic ..."

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



HE TOOK HER TIP, and look at his hair now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just a few drops a day, and you'll see an amazing improvement in the good looks of your hair. Checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Just the thing also with massage before shampooing. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair ... and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

assumed the pose of the portrait. The Edwardian spirit is enduring. ...

BENJAMIN GOODMAN JR.
Memphis, Tenn.

Sirs:

In the article on Edward VII it is mentioned that on Jan. 25, 1901, the trumpets blared forth "in the new century's second year." The new century, gentleman, was only 25 days old at the time. It began with Jan. 1, 1901, not Jan. 1, 1900. You have too much time on your hands!

NORMAN M. WATERMOLEN
Green Bay, Wis.

BOXERS

Sirs:

The faces of Boxers on LIFE's cover (Nov. 17) are by far the most intelligent seen there in many months.

G. B. MASTEN
Melvin Village, N.H.

D.A.R.

Sirs:

Don't tell the D.A.R., but the resemblance between Grant Wood's *Daughters of Revolution* and the three Daughters of Brookville (LIFE, Nov.



WOOD'S DAUGHTERS



BROOKVILLE'S DAUGHTERS

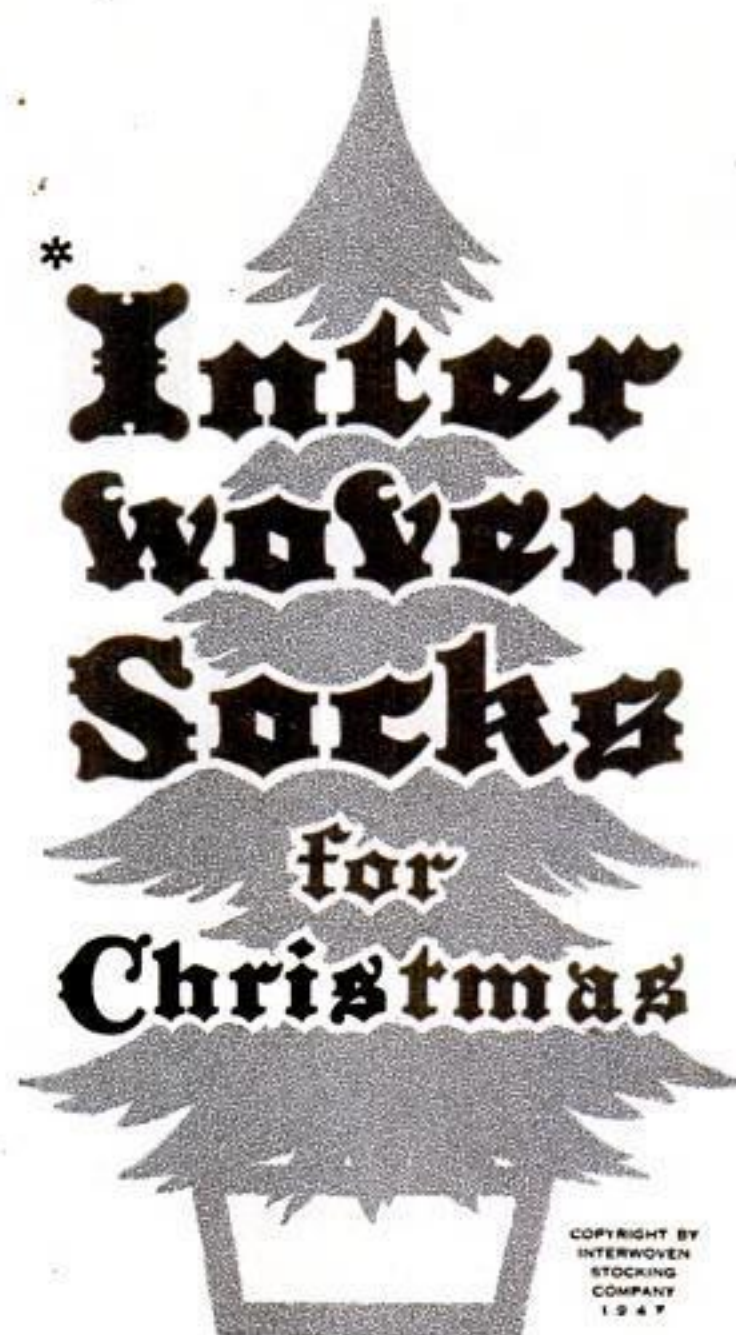
17) is too good to miss. From the spectacles to the inevitable teacups, not to mention the facial expressions, they easily could have posed for the original painting.

ISABEL COVIN
Columbia, S.C.

Sirs:

As individual LIFE subscribers we are well acquainted with your editor's chopping ability, but as a Junior Group, D.A.R. ("they are called 'Juniors' until they are 35"), we dare to collectively stick out our necks to protest the slighting, derogatory remarks about the National Society, D.A.R. which salted your coverage of "Madam President General Mrs. O'Byrne." We can't believe such flavoring is necessary to make palatable your usually high-standard reportorial writing.

To refute your reporter's amusing and destructive cynicism, the society does *not* make pronouncements on national issues—"portentous" or otherwise. Our educational program is directed toward fostering love of our country, and our scholarship and student-loan funds are many. Our work at Ellis and Angel Islands is highly commended by the authorities there, and our efforts to aid aliens



Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*made in the West
styled in the West*
Billy the Kid's
NEW COWBOY SHIRT!

Here's an authentic cowboy shirt in bright western colors, styled and made by Billy the Kid, with colorful embroidery on pockets and yoke. At your favorite store now.



Billy the Kid's Cowboy Shirt comes in soft, sturdy Salvo Twill; sizes 4 to 12. Colors: sunset red, mountain blue, Indian maize, desert brown. If you don't find it in your locality, write for name of dealer.

HORTEX manufacturing company
EL PASO, TEXAS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Amazing New

PHILCO AUTO RADIOS



Custom Styled
FOR YOUR CAR

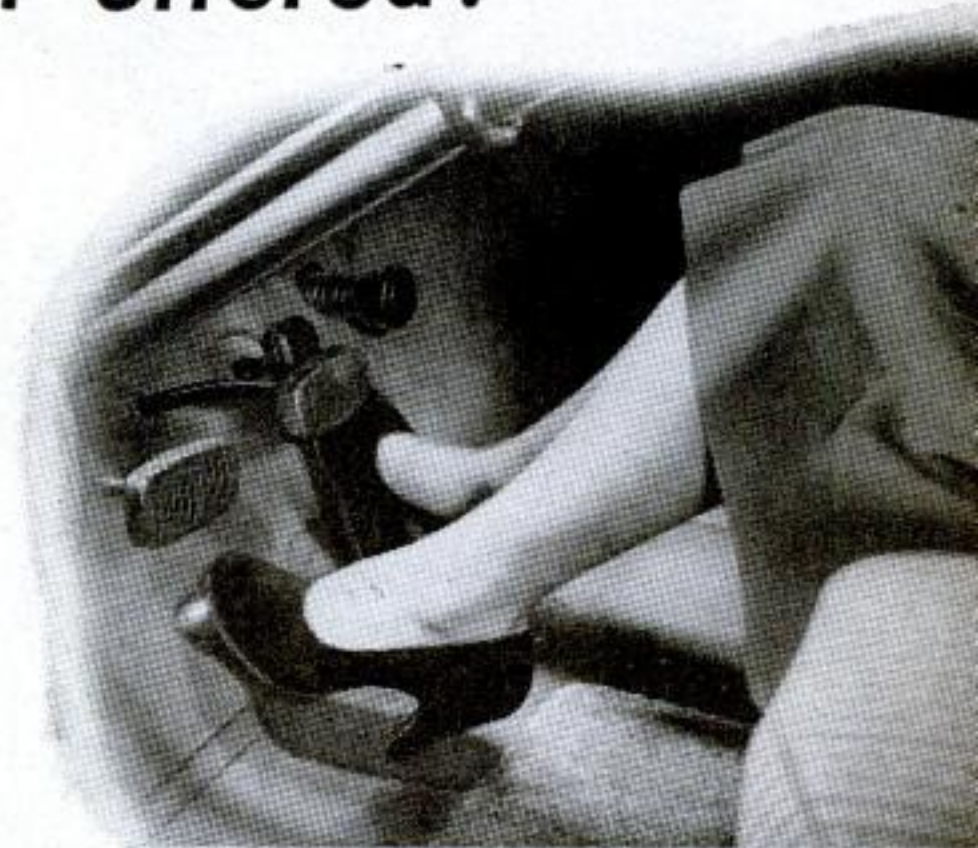
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Visit your Philco Auto Radio Dealer now . . . see these new Custom-Styled deluxe and popular priced models . . . from \$44.50* up.

ONLY PHILCO GIVES YOU ALL THESE SENSATIONAL FEATURES

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- Handy Push Button adjustment knobs enable owner to reset buttons for other stations at any time.
- Improved manual tuning—more selective—noise free.
- War-developed invention in push button models, gives most accurate, positive station indexing ever achieved.
- Large Electro-Dynamic Speaker gives exceptional fidelity, power and tone.
- New built-in interference filtering. Higher gain, better selectivity with new stabilized I.F. Transformer.



LOOK! NEW FOOT CONTROL

Just *step on it* to tune in programs and change stations. No need to take your hands from the wheel or your eyes from the road. Wonderful new Philco Auto Radio accessory—optional with push button models at nominal extra cost.

*Price slightly higher
Denver and West.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

through the naturalization courts are praised by judges who conduct the hearings.

We are "Daughters" because we have in common a sincere interest in learning, teaching and preserving Americanism in America, and we find nothing constructive in your reporter's unmerited facetiousness. An honest effort on her part to discover what the society accomplishes would convince her that the above-mentioned coverage was inaccurate in its omissions, unkind in its wording and unfair in its failure to provide recognition of the society as an active promoter of American Patriotism.

Now go ahead and chop!!!

JUNIOR GROUP

Oklahoma City Chapter
National Society, D.A.R.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

HIGH-SCHOOL FADS

Sirs:

I was greatly delighted with your article "High-School Fads" (LIFE, Nov. 17). I am a teen-ager myself, but my parents have me tucked away in boarding school and therefore I don't get much of a chance to see the gaieties of the high-school crowd. Now I have a knowledge of what goes on in the high-school circles.

WILLIAM T. MOORE

Loomis School
Windsor, Conn.

Sirs:

If the girl who has collected 65 radiator ornaments from '47 Buicks were made to pay the cost for replacing these "bracelets," I'm sure she would think twice before she took another one. It cost \$5.75 to have ours replaced.

JOAN MADDEN

Gloversville, N.Y.

Sirs:

... At our Pittsburgh high school the latest revision of "Drop Dead Twice" is FFFT! (Fall Fatally Five Times).

My sister in college, trying to do me one better, has come forth now with FFFFT! (Fall Fatally on your Flat Face Five Times).

SANDRA WEINMAN

Pittsburgh, Pa.

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NEW *Snow White Slip* IN DRESS SIZES

For a white Christmas—Textron's lovely new bright-white slip—of Snow White rayon satin—three inches deep with lace! Pretty as a snowflake and sewed with tiniest stitches. Sized just like your dresses to fit at the bust, waist and hip. Just ask for your dress size . . . 12 to 20 average.

Also in Heaven Blue. Ask to see Textron Dress Sized Slips . . . Textron-tailored from fiber to finished fashion . . . from \$3.50 to \$6 at leading stores throughout the country.

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4

Max Factor • Hollywood Make-Up Sets

IN USEFUL PLASTIC BOXES



for Blondes • Brunettes • Brownnettes • Redheads

THE LOVELIEST, most wonderful Christmas gift for "her" ever created by Max Factor Hollywood! Her own individual color harmony make-up ensemble encased in a beautiful, decorative and usable plastic box. Delight her with this unusual and outstanding gift.

The make-up trays may be removed and boxes used for cigarettes, handkerchiefs, trays, etc.

1. DE LUXE MAKE-UP SET. Contains Pan-Cake Make-Up, Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Invisible Make-Up Foundation, Skin Freshener, Eyebrow Pencil, Eyelash Make-Up and Cologne. **\$10.75**

2. SPECIAL MAKE-UP SET... Hollywood's secret of make-up...contains Pan-Cake Make-Up, Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Cologne and Skin Freshener. **\$7.75**

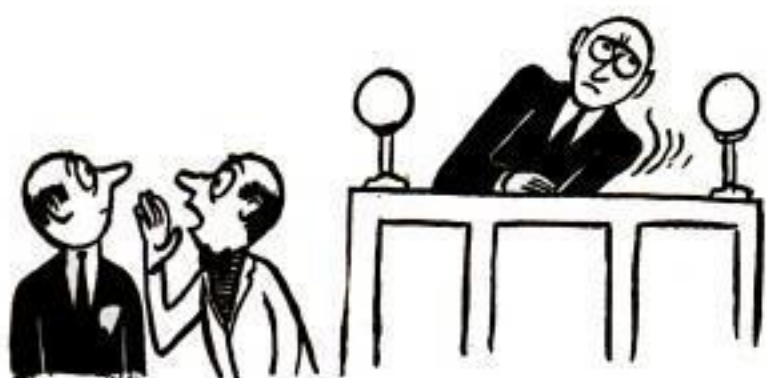
3. PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP SET Glamour in gorgeous Christmas gift box...contains Max Factor Hollywood Pan-Cake Make-Up, Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. **\$4.75**

4. COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP SET... The famous Max Factor Hollywood color harmony ensemble... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick, in color harmony shades for "her" type. **\$3.00**

MAKE-UP SET... Containing Pan-Cake Make-Up, Lipstick, Rouge and Lip Brush, in paper board box... **\$4.00** *Pan-Cake (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up



A judge of most sober intention



*Was troubled by shorts
he would wrench in*



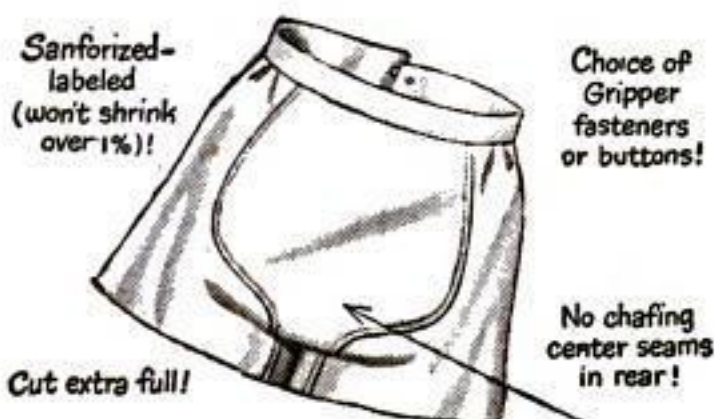
Till a lawyer said: "Judge,



You won't have to budge



*If you wear Arrow Shorts
while you're benchin'."*



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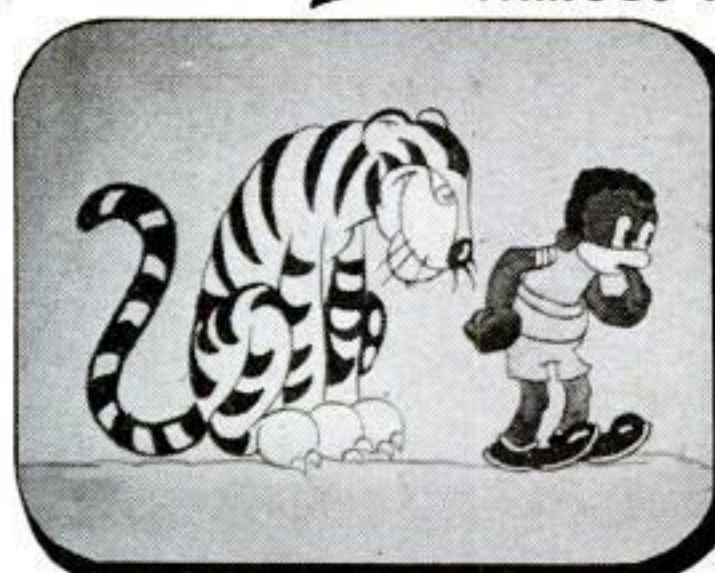


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"Twas the night before Christmas,
and all through the house". Who
doesn't know this famous popular
poem. Now it comes to life in a
splendidly produced home movie.



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Famous Fairytale of Sambo
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Real tiger appears! Sambo
thinks it's his dog. Laugh riot
of suspense! Surprise ending!



THE BIG BAD WOLF

Big Bad Wolf kidnaps lamb!
Little Boy Blue and Bo Peep to
the rescue! No lamb chops for
wolf—a mad hornet speeds his
downfall. Laugh-laden climax!

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SPLAY-LEGGED SPOONBILL looks suspicious as it hears camera of Photographer Cruickshank, who hid underneath pile of rubbish on a Texas island for nine hours to get this picture.



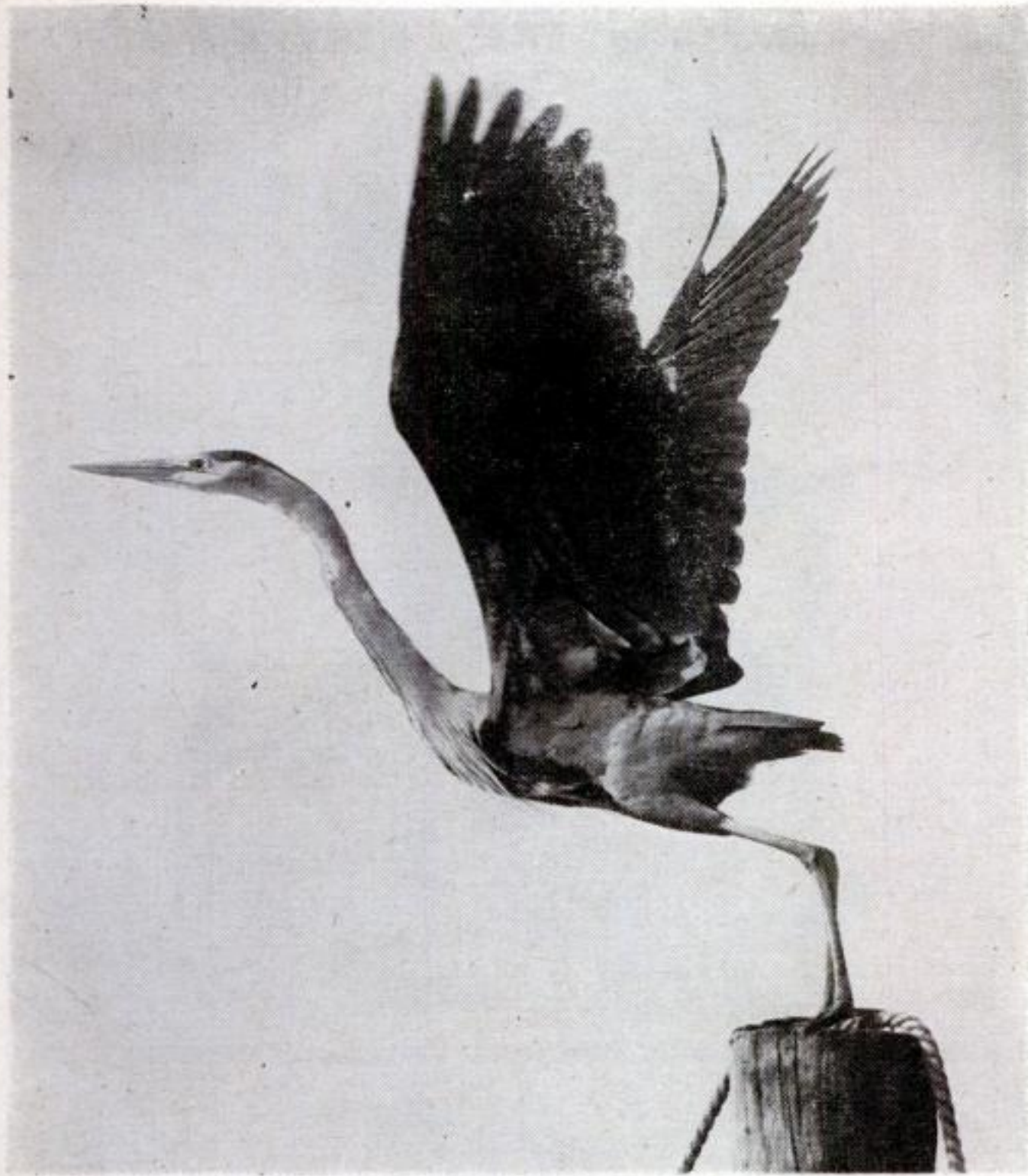
TEETERING WOOD IBIS STRUGGLES TO LAND DURING GALE

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . A NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER SHOWS LONG-LEGGED BIRDS



ROPE-WALKING AMERICAN EGRET spears fish from water without getting wet. From this perch the bird caught a dozen fish in 15 quick thrusts.



A GREAT BLUE HERON RAISES ITS WINGS FOR TAKE-OFF

One of the most assiduous and agile nature photographers who ever lived is Allan D. Cruickshank, a 40-year-old New Yorker whose excellent wild-bird pictures are now collected in a book, *Wings in the Wilderness* (Oxford University Press, \$6). On these pages are some of the long-legged water birds Cruickshank loves to photograph. To catch these comical poses, Cruickshank must be almost as nimble as the birds. He wades through almost impenetrable swamps, hangs head downward from tall trees and builds camouflaged nests in which to hide himself. To entice shy birds into lens-range, Cruickshank has even perfected more than 50 bird calls. On a recent visit to his ancestral home in Scotland he discovered another trait in common with these birds. There he found that the name Scots give to a long-legged bird is *cruickshank*.



WADING NIGHT HERON, which is still a baby, here stretches its stocky legs just far enough to keep its tail feathers safely out of the water as it fishes.

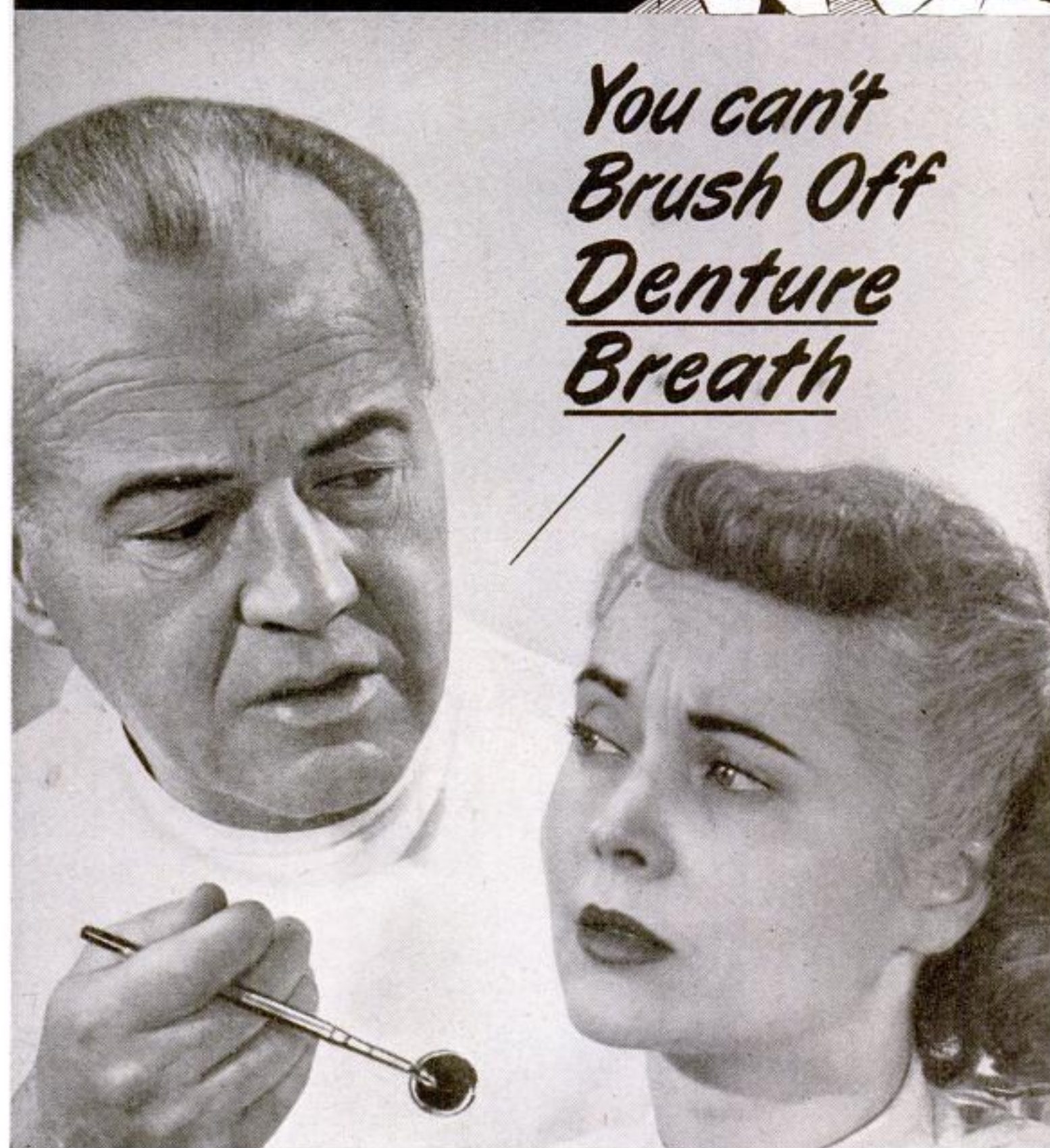


BROODING GREAT WHITE HERON, too young to fly yet, clamps claws around a branch, holding tight because its mother had been frightened away by the photographer and it is hungry.

False Teeth?

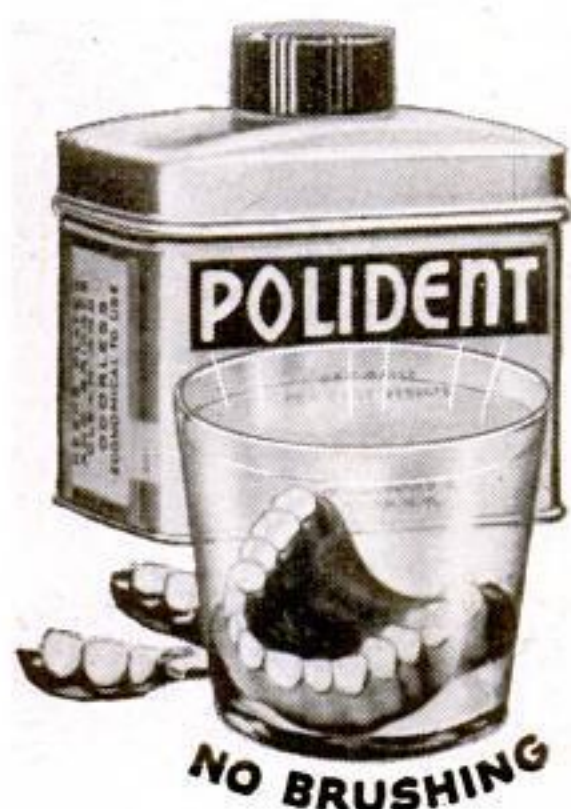


DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"



*You can't
Brush Off
Denture
Breath*

**Soak your plate or bridge in Polident
to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free**



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

Buy an economical can of Polident, world's largest selling denture cleanser

Use POLIDENT Daily

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FALSE
TEETH?**

**Amazing New Cream
Holds Tighter, Longer**
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



BODY OUTLINE SHOWS THROUGH FEATHERS OF WHITE IBIS



SPOONBILL STRETCHES BOTH ITS NECK AND LEGS IN FLIGHT



REDDISH EGRET KEEPS ITS NECK TUCKED IN WHILE FLYING



1 SET A...Shaving Mug and Shaving Lotion, or Set B, with Shaving Mug and Men's Talc. Both are perfect "extra" presents . . \$2.00



2 THE CLANSMAN...a distinctive gift package that looks important, and is! Shaving Lotion, Men's Talc, Hairdressing . . . \$3.00



3 LITTLE GENERAL...glistening cylinders of Shaving Lotion and Talc or Talc and Men's Cologne in a handsome travel box . . \$2.00



4 SET H...Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion, Men's Talc, Hairdressing, Men's Deodorant, Men's Cologne and Hand Soap . . . \$7.00

8

practical ways to give him luxury!



There's a set of Seaforth grooming essentials for every man on your Christmas list!

Seaforth's heather-fresh toiletries in polished stoneware mugs and jugs make a man feel luxuriously cared for . . . and look it! For a Christmas present that's sure to please, give him the gift with the lift . . . and watch him

*Step forth
with Seaforth!*

Gift sets, handsomely boxed in brown tweed, \$2.00 to \$7.00. Individual items, only \$1.00.
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5 SET E...basic grooming essentials with the Seaforth scent of Scotch heather. Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion, Men's Talc . . \$3.00



6 THE ROYAL SCOT...flexible feather-weight DURALITE travel containers of Lotion, Talc, Hairdressing, plus Brushless Shave. \$4.35



7 THE GRANDSTANDER...a wonderful way to say Merry Christmas! Shaving Lotion, Men's Cologne and Hairdressing . . . \$3.00



8 TRIO...here's a brand-new gift set that has Seaforth's luxurious new Brushless Shave Cream, Shaving Lotion, Talc . . . \$2.60



Good... year after year after year!

Some things you never tire of . . . the tingling scent of pine, the sparkle of the tree, the fun that goes with Christmas. And right along with these steady delights belongs the unfailing enjoyment you always get from a cup of fresh, fragrant A&P Coffee. Year after year after year, A&P Coffee brings you pick-of-the-plantation quality in three superb blends: mild, medium and strong. Because it's sold only in the roaster-fresh bean, then freshly ground when you buy, A&P Coffee tastes better everytime. Try it for the holidays . . . you'll love it everyday!



MILD and
MELLOW



RICH and
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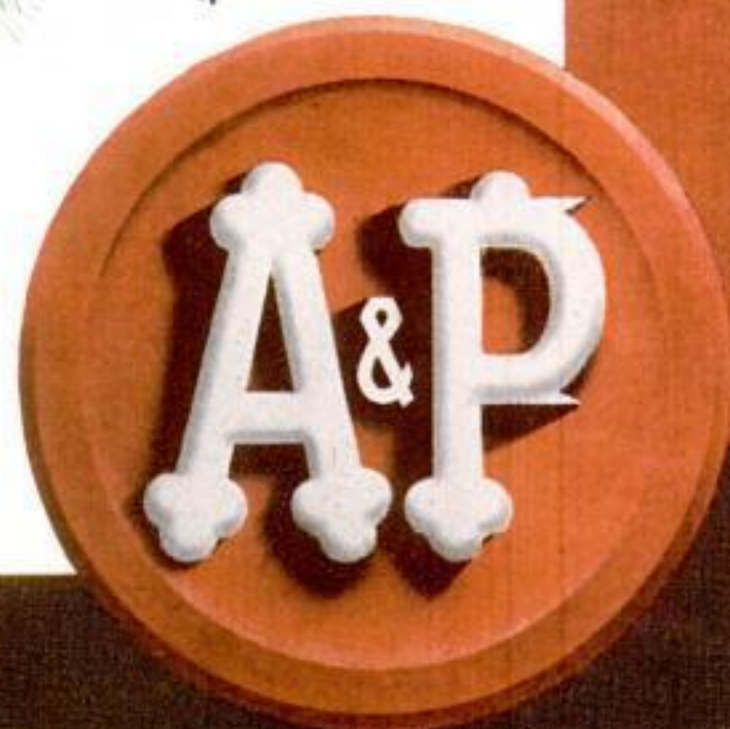
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Engineered for Accuracy

17-jewels. 14-K yellow gold case. Domed crystal. Combination expansion and basketweave bracelet.

17-jewels. 14-K yellow or white gold case. Domed crystal. Black silk cord band, with safety catch.

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"Exquisite as America's Beauties"
Engineered for Accuracy

17-jewels. Shock-resistant. Gilt raised numerals. Combination expansion and basketweave bracelet.

17-jewels. Gilt raised numerals. Heavy beveled crystal. Cross-weave bracelet.

Paul V. Eisner & Company
580 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

LIFE'S REPORTS



JIM KISSES "MISS BROWNSVILLE"

BIG JIM AGAIN

Recent LIFE article on Governor Folsom stirs Alabama editors

"Big Jim" Folsom, the 6-foot, 8-inch governor of Alabama, made his second appearance in LIFE in recent months in the Nov. 10 issue when his public prowess as a kisser of pretty Texas girls was shown in a series of photographs. His reputation had already been established during his gubernatorial campaign when, according to Folsom, he kissed 50,000 Alabama women and found it much pleasanter than kissing babies. This publicity given to Kissin' Jim, plus Jim's behavior on other occasions, has produced an avalanche of comment in Alabama papers, selections from which are printed below.

DOTHAN "EAGLE"

LIFE magazine . . . has had a field day with Our Governor. With words and pictures it has presented him to the world as Alabama's foremost citizen who eats in his bare feet, sips Guckenheimer like water, and scratches his toes with one hand while tossing potato chips into his mouth with the other. Adroitly and—this is what hurts—with proof in the form of pictures, LIFE magazine has made Our Governor appear ridiculous without exactly saying so.

Such is LIFE's latest portrait of Our Governor. In this connection, we recall that on Big Jim's last visit to Wash-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Rogers Air-tite*

the finest in
tobacco pouches

enjoy a pouchful
of fresh tobacco

So many men prefer Rogers Air-tite* that it has become the largest-selling tobacco pouch made. Special moulded, seamless rubber inner pouch, created and patented† by Rogers, protects freshness and flavor. Exquisitely made in many styles and leathers. "There's joy in a pouch when it bears the name Rogers."

Standard Model

The most popular style pouch. Made in Cowhide, Imported Morocco, Pigskin and other fine leathers, \$1.50 to \$15, depending on choice of leather. Illustrated: Australian Ostrich — \$10.

Combination Model

Carries pipe and tobacco snugly. Handsomely made in Seal skin, Kid skin, Lizard Calf skin, etc., from \$2.50 to \$20, depending on leather chosen. Pouch shown: Alligator Calf skin, \$5. Rogers Rarity Pipe, \$5.

Daily Model

Compact—holds one-day supply of tobacco. In Calf skin, Capeskin, Goatskin, and other fine leathers, \$1.50 to \$15, depending on leather chosen. We illustrate a crushed Lambskin pouch at \$2.50. At finer shops everywhere

• **Rogers imports, inc.**, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., manufacturers and importers of the finest smokers' accessories
EXCLUSIVE U. S. DISTRIBUTOR, PETERSON'S PIPES, DUBLIN, LONDON
Rogers Air-tite Pouches in Canada—G. T. Lanning Ltd., Toronto

*"Air-Tite" is the REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF ROGERS IMPORTS, INC. U. S. PAT. NO. 1,001,182 CAN. PAT. NO. 878,407

Sunbeam

COFFEEMASTER

...its Automatic!



ALL YOU DO
is put in the cof-
fee and water.

SET IT! FORGET IT!

Set the auto-
matic switch and
that's all. Read
the paper, dress
the children. In a
few minutes click!
... it shuts off
automatically
when the coffee is
perfectly brewed.



Shuts off by itself when the
coffee is done... then re-sets
itself to keep coffee hot

Automatically

Delicious Coffee—every time!

COFFEEMASTER coffee is ALWAYS perfect—because every-
thing is automatic. Simply set it and forget it. It is your
assurance of the same delicious, clear, full-bodied coffee
every time you make it because the water is always at the
correct high heat, and the brewing time is always uniform
—secrets of delicious coffee-making.

COFFEEMASTER makes coffee more than 50% FASTER
than electric glass coffeemakers. No worry about bowl
breakage either—it is all gem-like chrome plate, inside
and out.

COFFEEMASTER shuts off by itself when the coffee is done
... then re-sets itself to keep the coffee piping hot. You can't
miss—it's automatic. No watching. No guesswork. Simple
as ABC. The supply is increasing, but the demand is greater
than ever before. Your dealer will take care of your order
as soon as possible.



*Set it...
Forget it!*

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Famous for **Sunbeam** TOASTER, MIXMASTER, IRONMASTER, SHAVEMASTER

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

ington he was lectured by President Truman on how to behave. The story was that the President told him to quit being Big Jim and start being Governor, acting as befits the highest office in Alabama. We don't know whether the story is true or not, but Our Governor did quiet down for a time and LIFE had to publish several issues without mention of him. Please, somebody, page Mr. Truman again!

SYLACAUGA "NEWS"

The \$64 question before all Alabamians, and the nation, from a facetious standpoint, is: "I wonder who's kissing him now." The him being our osculating governor, Mr. Folsom.

The Governor has excellent taste and in the last few months he has learned an individual pucker of the lips that neither Clark Gable, Joe E. Brown nor Humphrey Bogart can hope to imitate.

The affairs of state are in pretty good shape, thanks to a foresighted legislature, and there is no real harm being done by this amorous pastime of our chief executive.

However, it is a strong argument in favor of the amendment making it possible for the legislature to call itself back into session—Mr. Folsom only experienced a short illness as a result of eating oysters, whereas painter's colic which sometimes results from kissing modern maidens can become chronic.

THOMASVILLE "TIMES"

Just every state doesn't have a Governor who can make LIFE magazine every month. In fact, we can think of 47 states we wish did have this particular Governor. In this week's issue of LIFE, The Big Bad Booger is quoted as saying that the only thing better than beer is whisky. He must think kissing is a pretty fine institution, also, because eight pictures show him kissing eight different Texas girls. We reckon Jim can't help being a damn fool, but he could stay at home.

MONROE "JOURNAL"

Most Alabamians won't class themselves as teetotalers and they won't begrudge the governor a nip or two every now and then, but when he had the utter disregard for the dignity of his office... to recommend in so many words the use of alcohol, it is time for his constituents to wonder

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

★
A SPECIAL PREPARATION
FOR SHAVING

★
NO BRUSH

Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave every day—yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation. To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider, a rich soothing cream.

Glider protects your face while you shave. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting whiskers close and clean without scraping or irritating. It's quick and easy to use. It needs no brush—and it's not sticky or greasy.

TRY A TUBE AT OUR EXPENSE

Get Glider at your regular dealer's. Or send us your name and address—and we'll mail you a guest-size tube, enough for three full weeks, free. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LG-25, Glastonbury, Connecticut, U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Everett D. Hulbert
PRESIDENT

SIX HOURS of pipe-smoking Heaven—
for only 25¢

That's putting it **MILDLY!**



Quick! Jump in the saddle! Spread the glad tidings! Cool, puff-by-puff satisfaction is coming, with—

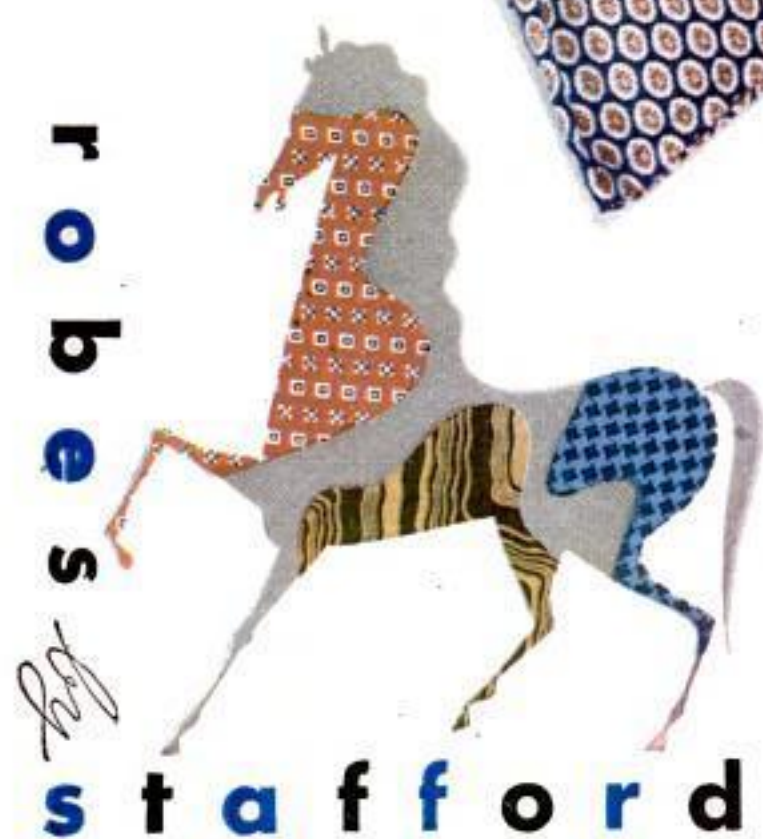
Country Doctor Pipe Mixture

A concord of exquisite
tobaccos. Moist.
Mellow.



If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co.,
Dept. G27, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27



make him the **best dressed** Santa Claus!

Give him a gorgeous Stafford* Robe...a really fine robe...

tailored for comfort...fashioned to make him look his best.

The Stafford Robe illustrated is made of 100% Celanese**

rayon yarn...pliant, soft, strong. You will find Stafford

Robes in a variety of distinguished colors and patterns...

in Celanese and in the amazing warmth-without-weight,

wrinkle-resistant Stafford Challis,

at better men's and department stores.

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WAKE UP

THE NEIGHBORS, MRS. REVERE!



Tell them this new Kalamazoo is 40 inches wide—not the usual 36 or 38 inches. Tell them you discovered more cooking, more working space and a giant 18-inch oven that holds a 25-pound turkey. Available now at your Kalamazoo dealer's or department store—check all 26 features . . . then compare prices!

KALAMAZOO STOVE & FURNACE CO., 564 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo 6, Mich.

the big **KALAMAZOO** gas range with oversize 18-inch oven—not usual 16-inch



Measure this giant 18-inch oven—Bakes four 10-in. pies or 8 loaves of bread at once. Bakes cakes and rolls to a golden brown. Heavily insulated—fully porcelain enameled. Automatic precision oven regulator. Automatic oven light.

Boast about the "Flame Ray" broiler—6 inches deep—generous room for steaks, chops, fish. Flame Ray principle applies heat scientifically for tender, juicy results. Non-spatter, non-smoke broiler grid and pan are removable, easy to clean.



Use on-the-spot storage space for pots and pans—2 big storage drawers with finger-touch, roller-bearing action save steps, provide handy space for cooking utensils.

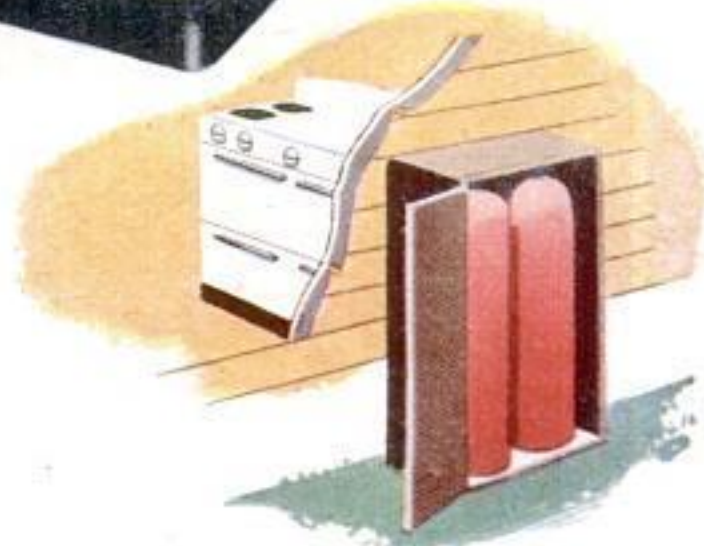
Look at the ample work space—fluorescent top lamp—Generous work space in center for making gravies, mixing, serving, etc., without reaching over hot burners. Beautiful chrome lamp (see below) lights the top surface. Convenient interval timer warns you when cooking's done.

AND TELL THEM HOW YOU FOUND EVERYTHING YOU WANTED FOR A LOT LESS MONEY...



Breeze through your cleaning. Uniflow top is a single piece of china-white porcelain enamel from top of splasher back to oven door. All rounded corners. Square grates and burner bowls slip right into dishpan.

Uses city or bottled gas—Engineered for the most efficient use of bottled gas—clean, controlled heat instantly. Also burns manufactured or natural gas. Have 100 different degrees of heat with these easy-cleaning thrift burners.



HOME APPLIANCES BY
KALAMAZOO
QUALITY LEADERS SINCE 1901



before,
during and
after holiday
parties

air-wick

kills
all indoor
odors



PAT. NO. 2,326,672

Stale smoke, stale air, stale drinks... don't let unpleasant indoor odors spoil your holiday parties. Simply open several bottles of air-wick* before your guests arrive. There's nothing to burn... nothing to spray. At all better stores in the United States and Canada.

*air-wick deodorizer and household freshener is fully protected by U.S. patent... a trademark of Seeman Brothers, Inc., New York 13, N. Y.



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**Typical example 69:
the tire that outwears
prewar tires!**

ORRIE EWART, Port Huron, Michigan reports: "after 23,304 miles, my B. F. Goodrich tires still look new". His job is transporting hospital patients for St. Clair County. "B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns don't skid on wet roads like others", he writes. "I've driven this set 23,304 miles and they appear as if newly purchased".

This is a typical example of how B. F. Goodrich tires outwear prewar tires. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

anew why they ever voted for him.

At that, probably a lot of Monroe County residents wondered that same question a week or so ago as they listened to him talk for an hour, say little or nothing constructive and then sprawl—tremendous feet and all—over the judge's bench in the county courtroom here, ostensibly for a bit of rest. Even after reading all those "lies" he claims the newspapers are printing about him, his audience couldn't have obtained much reassurance from his actions as he appeared before them in person.

CLARKE COUNTY "DEMOCRAT"

Big Jim's current speaking tour brought him as far as Chatom last week but just as we were preparing to sweep off a place on our sidewalk so he could lie down and take a nice rest, he switched to North Alabama. If he could only arrange with the sock and razor salesman to meet him here, if and when he comes, the two could put on a show that would be long remembered.

HALE COUNTY "NEWS"

We heard a conversation among some Moundville people after they had seen the pictures of Governor Folsom in a recent issue of LIFE. All were shocked and disgusted by the pictures. One young lady said, "He's just been trying to kiss the wrong people. If he were to touch me I'd give him a sock he'd long remember." A man said, "He's fixing to get himself shot one of these days." Another said, "Well, people ought not to take his picture when he's doing all his kissing. He's just publicity crazy and wants people to talk about him, no matter what he does." And then, "I don't feel ashamed, I didn't vote for him, and I don't take LIFE. . . ."

Yes, it is bad publicity for the state, but it will teach our voters to be more careful when there is an election.

GREENVILLE "ADVOCATE"

What's the matter with our Alabama girls?

When Governor Folsom was a candidate he kissed women all over Alabama, but now since he is the chief executive, he kisses 'em in Texas. Last week Governor Folsom spent several hours in Butler County, and if he kissed a single girl—or a married one, either—we never heard of it.



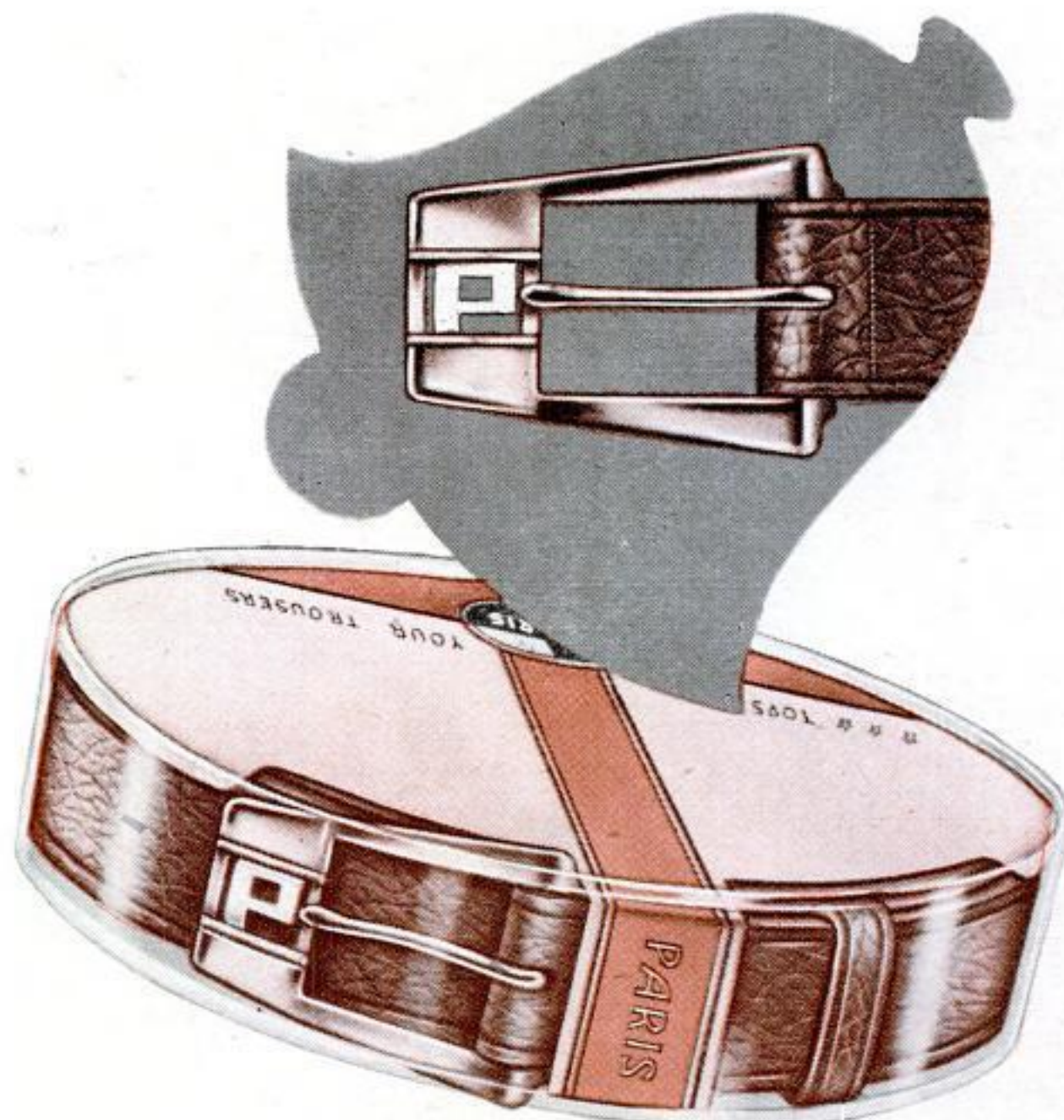
INSPIRATIONS for Christmas

Personalized and practical are these gifts by "Paris"*, a thoughtful remembrance with a famous brand preferred by men the year 'round. "Paris" Signet Initial Suspender—Fine elastic in bright new colors with the famous "Free-Swing" back, Satin finish trimmings and detachable Signet Initial—only \$2.50. "Paris" Signet Initial Belt—The leather is of the finest quality solid top-grain Horsehide with highly polished Buckle and smart detachable Silver Plated Initial—\$2.50.

Other "Paris" gifts from 55c to \$12.50—at better stores everywhere.

PARIS BELTS ☆ SUSPENDERS ☆ GARTERS

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago—New York—Los Angeles



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

You'll get Longer-lasting relief
or Double your money back!*

with AMAZING NEW CHEWING GUM COUGH DROPS

**ONLY
COUGH-LETS
GIVE YOU THIS
DOUBLE-ACTION
RELIEF!**

1. **TASTY MEDICATION**
(Cough-lets X Formula)
soothes!
2. **CHEWING** keeps your
throat moist longer!

FOR BUZZ-SAW THROAT...

Chew PLEASANT TASTING...



Safe for
Children!

*Use at least half a box of Cough-lets. Then if you don't agree they give you longer-lasting relief than ordinary cough drops, send us the box with the unused contents, and a letter stating your reasons, and we'll cheerfully refund double your purchase price.

G. P., INC.
1947

GUM PRODUCTS, INC., 150 ORLEANS ST., EAST BOSTON 28, MASS.

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

BIRMINGHAM "POST"

Big Jim Folsom is still kissing the gals, in at least one instance by request. He kissed at least one woman at Fayette last night, and yesterday afternoon at Vernon he kissed a Missouri visitor when her husband asked for it. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Lambert of Kansas City, Mo. are visiting in Millport. Yesterday he asked Vance Johnson, who managed Folsom's campaign last year in Lamar County, to arrange for the big boy to place a smack on his wife's brow, "so she can tell the girls back home about it." Johnson did, and Folsom did, and she, very likely, will.

ALABAMA "NEWS MAGAZINE"

The spectacle of his excellency, the Governor of Alabama, tramping around the state in quest of his vanished popularity is amusing to some, nauseating to others, menacing to a few. To us, it is merely revealing.

Big Jim is, in this case, not as unpredictable as his fantastic case history would warrant. This time, he is running strictly true to form. Indeed, he seems to be settling into a pattern. His mental vagueness has become a habit. Or perhaps it should be put this way: the more he talks the more people realize his ideas are never specific and thorough, but hazy and trimmed about with easy routes of escape.

For example, when he declared from the stump last week that he had been snubbed by an English duke at the governors' conference in North Carolina, a reporter asked him later for the name of the duke. The answer of the governor was: "Oh, some damn duke."



JIM DANCED with June Haver when in Hollywood, also extolled pleasures of kissing Alabama-style.

OPEN YOUR EYES TO EYE-GENE!



SAFE RELIEF IN SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your tired eyes and you'll marvel at the relief you enjoy... how rested, refreshed and cleared they become—all in *seconds*! So, whenever your eyes are weary, irritated, or feel strained from close work, glare, driving, over-indulgence, late hours; or are bloodshot from dust, smoke or wind—use safe, gentle EYE-GENE. It contains *Lexatol*—the new, exclusive ingredient that makes it so amazingly effective. Use EYE-GENE daily. It's harmless! 25¢, 60¢, \$1.00 in eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.



EYE-GENE

Fine Indoor & Outdoor Pictures

for life-time remembrance with the new

FEDERAL FED-FLASH CAMERA

CAMERA \$995*
FLASH UNIT \$395*
*TAX INCL.

Perfect indoor pictures—in color, too—now so easy with FEDERAL FED-FLASH, a child becomes "professional". Just sight—snap—FLASH! Excellent picture results outdoors, too, day or night—wide angle 64 MM. "Ultar" lens, fixed focus. Special shutter release prevents vibration—blurring. Makes 8 pictures 1 1/2" x 2 1/2" that can be enlarged to 8" x 10" without loss of detail.

Makers of Famous Federal Enlargers and Microscopes
FEDERAL MANUFACTURING & ENGINEERING CORP.
BROOKLYN 5, N. Y.



give something wonderful
to wear, something they'll enjoy for
a long time, something that will rate you
as a "wonderful giver"...in other words, these

marvelous new Jantzen sweaters as perfect as sweaters can be...
tailored superbly in the finest imported worsted wool, spun and dyed in marvelous
colors by Jantzen. For the girls, "starlet" is 10.95..."jewel box" 8.95...both have
divine dressmaker details and special Jantzen shoulder pads..."collegianne",
heavenly new cardigan, is 9.95. For the men, "gridder" is 8.95..."zodiac"
10.95..."country club" 13.95...all three have special Jantzen no-sag
shoulders. Many more gay new styles, 4.50 to 14.95 at most stores.

give

sweaters

by

Jantzen[®]

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, INC. • PORTLAND 14, OREGON

"Somebody said—How about a radio for Christmas" —and then the fun started!"

"STOP!" pleaded Dad

"That's quite a bit of spending you're suggesting. Money doesn't grow on trees, even at Christmas. If we're going to buy a radio, let's be sure it's the right one!"

(Sound approach! Compare values and you'll find a lot of extra money's worth in the advanced engineering and up-to-the-minute features of a Stromberg-Carlson radio or brilliant new television receiver.)



"LOOK!" broke in Mother

"Our furniture might not be the best in the world—but we certainly selected every piece of it for good design and harmony. Now I don't want some monstrosity messing up my living room."

(Leading cabinet designers took their cue from your good taste in creating Stromberg-Carlson's beautiful cabinets. You'll be sure to find one that blends perfectly with your lovely furniture.)



"LISTEN!" cried Dot

"Whether it's jive or a 'Pops' concert, give me music that doesn't sound as if it's coming through a curtain. Let's get a radio that really puts the artists in the room with you!"

(You're in for an exciting surprise when you hear the flawless, static-free quality of Stromberg-Carlson's complete FM, licensed under Armstrong patents. And what a thrill you will get when your favorite records and standard broadcast programs really come to life in your own home.)

You couldn't choose a finer gift for all the family than a Stromberg-Carlson. You will find a convenient dealer listed in the classified section of your telephone directory.

Plan now to STOP—LOOK and LISTEN and he will have the Stromberg-Carlson of your choice in your home for Christmas. Radio set prices range from \$34.95 to \$675.00—slightly higher in South and West.



"NEW WORLD"...Ideal gift for the whole family. FM-AM radio-phonograph combination. Bleached mahogany cabinet with disappearing door. Automatic record changer with automatic stop.

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—In Canada, Stromberg-Carlson Co., Ltd., Toronto



"DYNATOMIC"... For the personal gift radio. Table AC-DC model of unusual power and tonal richness. Plastic cabinet in ivory or brown.

STOP!—LOOK!—and LISTEN! . . . THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A

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LIFE'S COVER

The picture of the Duke of Windsor on the cover shows him in the uniform of the Welsh Guards. It was taken in 1921 to help publicize an empire-selling tour to India. Edward was then 27 years old and, as the dashing bachelor Prince of Wales, the most photographed young man in the world, with a box-office appeal surpassing that of all the matinee idols. But this particular portrait is not one of his favorites. Shown this cover, he murmured sadly, "I thought I'd destroyed every copy."

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What Happened to Horace?



EVER MEET A CHAP like Horace? Nice, salt-of-the-earth type. But a little on the slow side... and always playing it safe. Of course, he's dead set against anything new.



LAST WEEKEND he sees Laura making Borden's Instant Coffee. "Something new?" he asks. "Best coffee ever," says Laura. "'Cause it's *all* coffee, not a mixture! Also, no pot, no grounds, no waste!"



WELL, YOU SHOULD have seen the look on good old Horace's face. "Please, Laura," he says, "coffee's my one weakness. I hate to ask you, but won't you make me some good, old-fashioned, ground coffee?"



LAURA JUST NODDED and seconds later sails in, all innocence, and hands him a big steaming cup of Borden's. "You just can't beat *real* coffee," gloats Horace, draining his cup. So we tell him sure it's *real*... it's Borden's. Horace gasps: "But I thought I knew all about instant coffee!" "Aaah! But you *didn't* know Borden's," we chorus. "Pass your cup and get on the bandwagon, Bud!"

Money back if BORDEN'S doesn't beat your favorite coffee!*

AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING PURE INSTANT COFFEE

* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

MILLIONS OF TELEPHONE USERS



650,000 EMPLOYEES



730,000 STOCKHOLDERS



THE RESPONSIBILITY OF MANAGEMENT IN THE BELL SYSTEM

IT USED TO BE that the owners of practically every business were themselves the managers of the business. Today, as far as large businesses are concerned, a profound change has taken place. In the Bell System, for instance, employee management, up from the ranks, and not owner management, is responsible for running the business.

This management has been trained for its job in the American ideal of respect for the individual and equal opportunity for each to develop his talents to the fullest. A little thought will bring out the important significance of these facts.

Management is, of course, vitally interested in the success of the enterprise it manages, for if it doesn't succeed, it will lose its job.

So far as the Bell System is concerned, the success of the enterprise depends upon the ability of management to carry on an essential nation-wide telephone service in the public interest.

This responsibility requires that management act as a trustee for the interest of all concerned: the millions of telephone users, the hundreds of thousands of employees, and the hundreds of thousands of stockholders. Management neces-

sarily must do the best it can to reconcile the interests of these groups.

Of course, management is not infallible; but with its intimate knowledge of all the factors, management is in a better position than anybody else to consider intelligently and act equitably for each of these groups — and in the Bell System there is every incentive for it to wish to do so.

Certainly in the Bell System there is no reason either to underpay labor or overcharge customers in order to increase the "private profits of private employers," for its profits are limited by regulation. In fact, there is no reason whatever for management to exploit or to favor any one of the three great groups as against the others and to do so would be plain stupid on the part of management.

THE BUSINESS cannot succeed in the long run without well-paid employees with good working conditions, without adequate returns to investors who have put their savings in the enterprise, and without reasonable prices to the customers who buy its services. On the whole, these conditions

have been well-met over the years in the Bell System.

Admittedly, this has not been and is not an easy problem to solve fairly for all concerned. However, collective bargaining with labor means that labor's point of view is forcibly presented. What the investor must have is determined quite definitely by what is required to attract the needed additional capital, which can only be obtained in competition with other industries.

AND in our regulated business, management has the responsibility, together with regulatory authorities, to see to it that the rates to the public are such as to assure the money, credit and plant that will give the best possible telephone service at all times.

More and better telephone service at a cost as low as fair treatment of employees and a reasonable return to stockholders will permit is the aim and responsibility of management in the Bell System.

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, *President*
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

LIFE

Vol. 23, No. 23

December 8, 1947

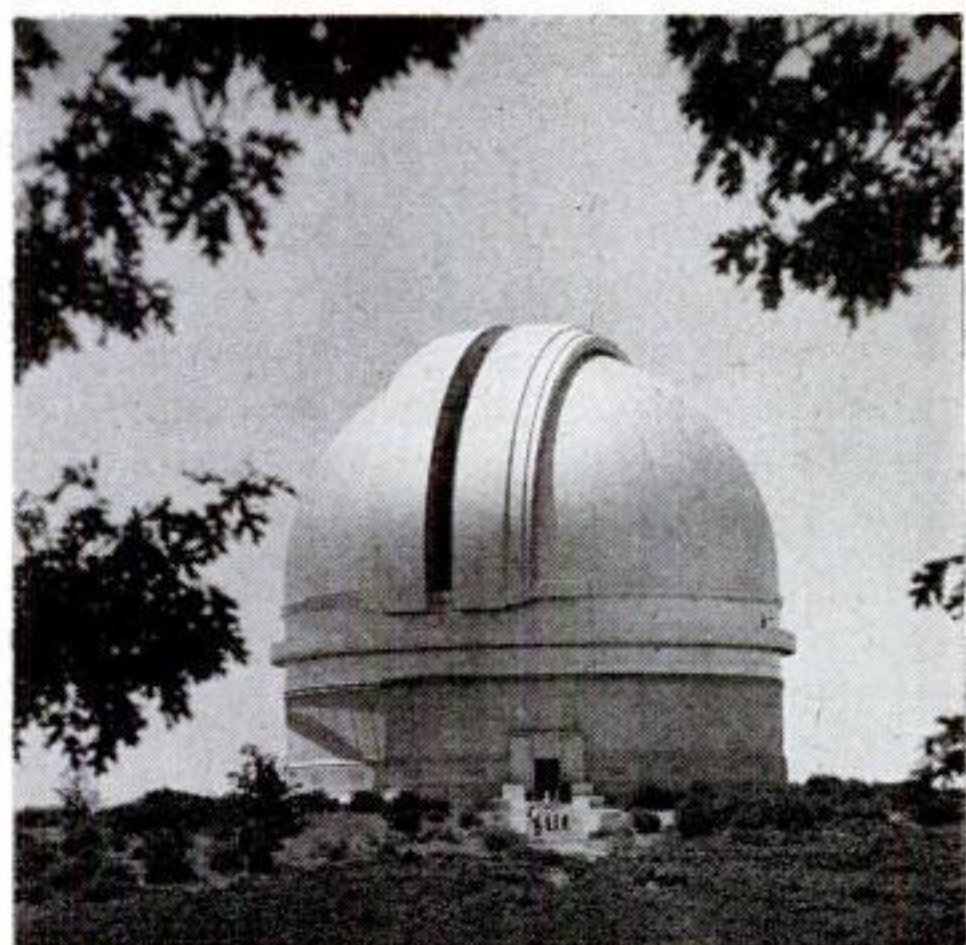
MAN'S MOST POWERFUL EYE

HUGE DISK ENDS LONG JOURNEY TO WORLD'S BIGGEST TELESCOPE

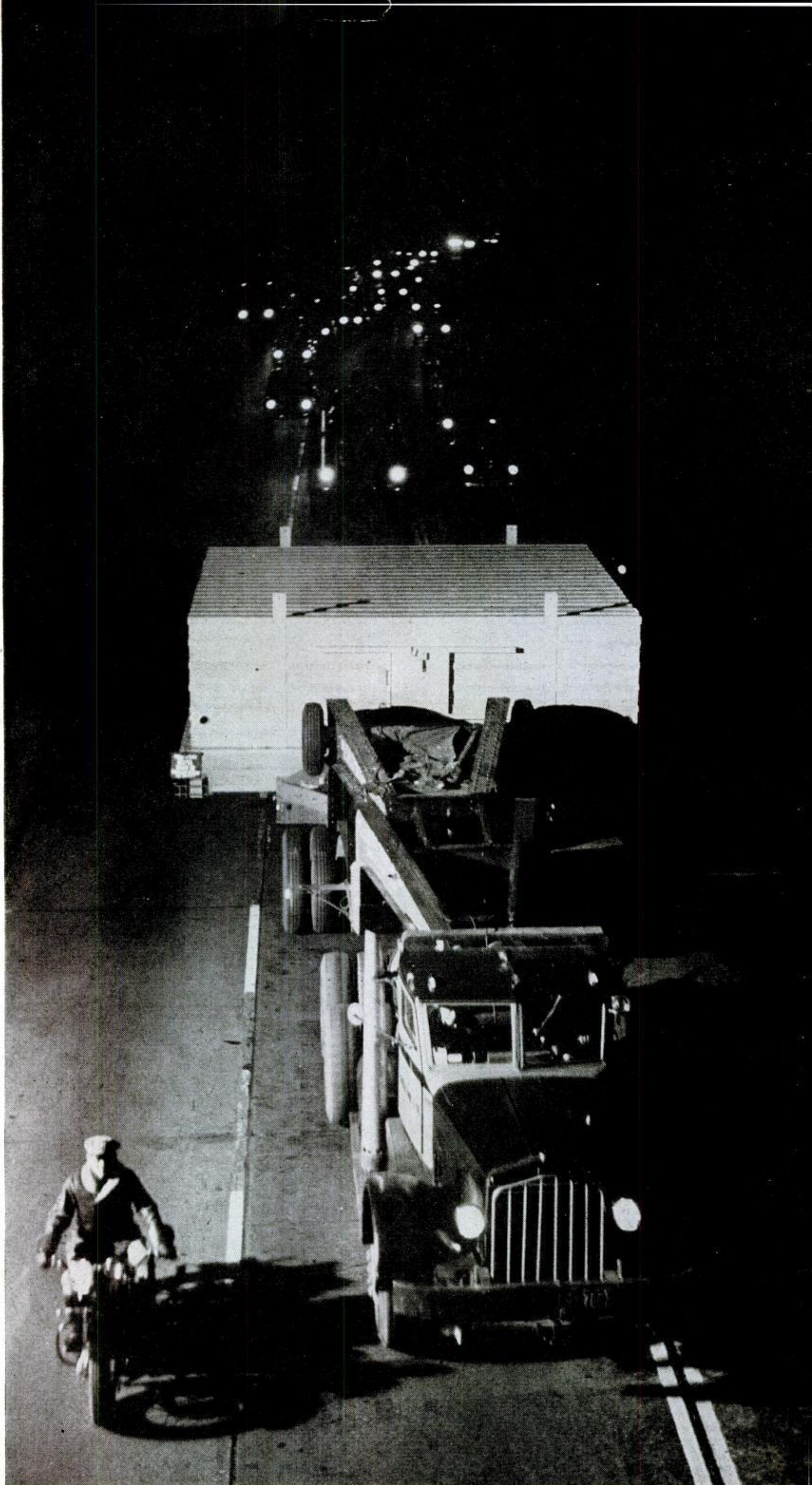
At 3:30 a.m. on Nov. 18, under the cover of darkness, a 22-wheel trailer truck ground into gear and rumbled off the campus of the California Institute of Technology on one of the most delicate moving operations in the history of transportation. The cargo, meticulously packed in a crate, was a giant glass disk, 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet in diameter and weighing 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons. It was on a 160-mile trip to the astronomical observatory atop Palomar Mountain to become the essential part of the world's largest telescope through which man would be able to see farther than ever before.

Not a chance was taken. Fifteen motorcycle cops cleared the way for the caravan that crept along at less than 20 mph. Bridges were specially shored up. Inside the case was a microphone to warn of any vibrations that might shake the big glass too much.

After an overnight stop in the little town of Escondido, the caravan started up Palomar Mountain. Clouds of fog rolled across the mountain and hail fell as the trailer moved slowly up the steep, winding road. One skid could send the disk rolling down the mountainside like an outlandish millstone. But at 11:02 a.m. the trailer finally eased to a stop beside the observatory, its cargo safe. The big glass was lifted into the observatory. The telescope would soon be ready to probe into the outer reaches of the universe and tell astronomers more about its nature than they had ever known.

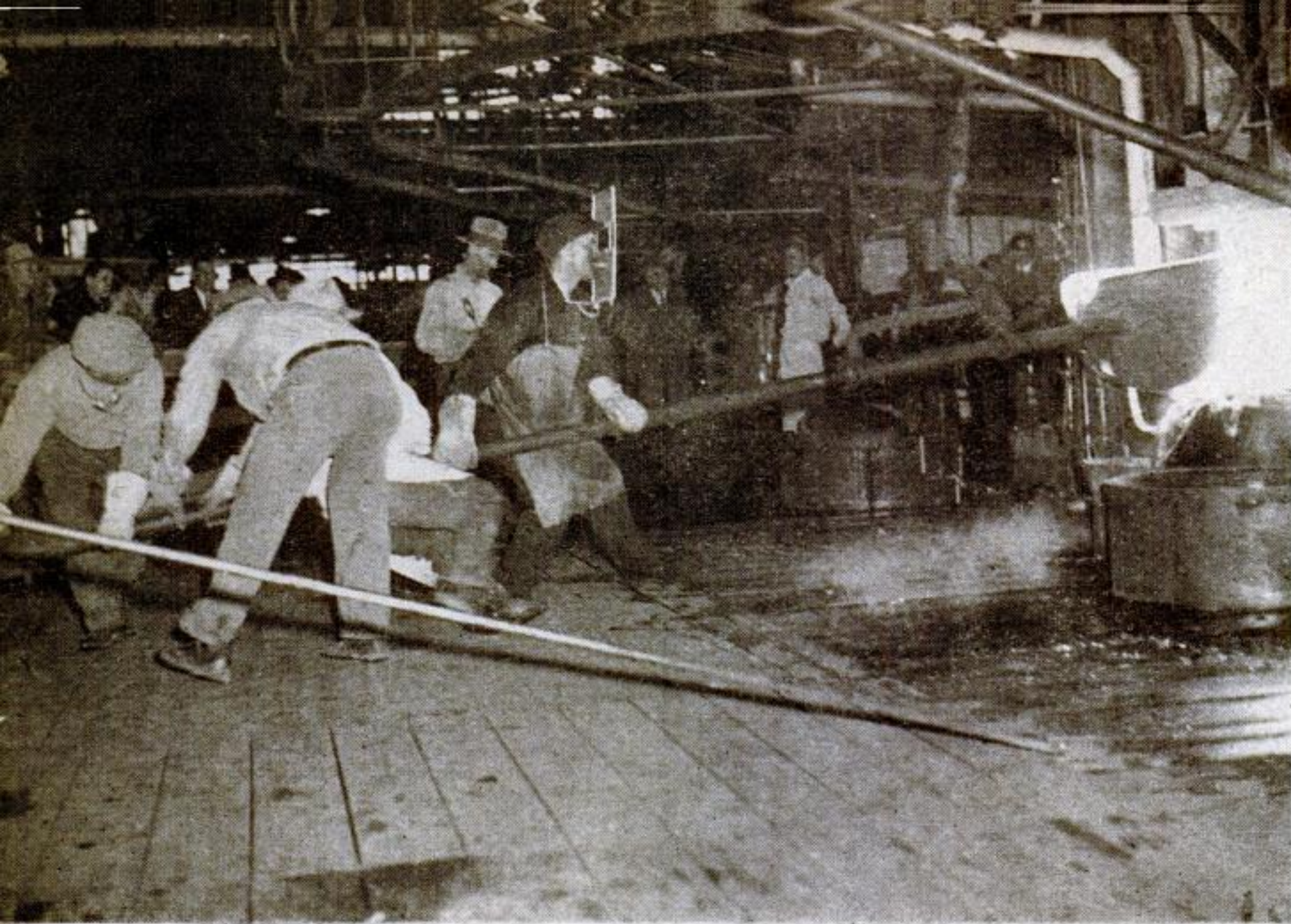


DESTINATION is shiny dome atop Palomar Mountain, where telescope rises 6,000 feet above sea level.

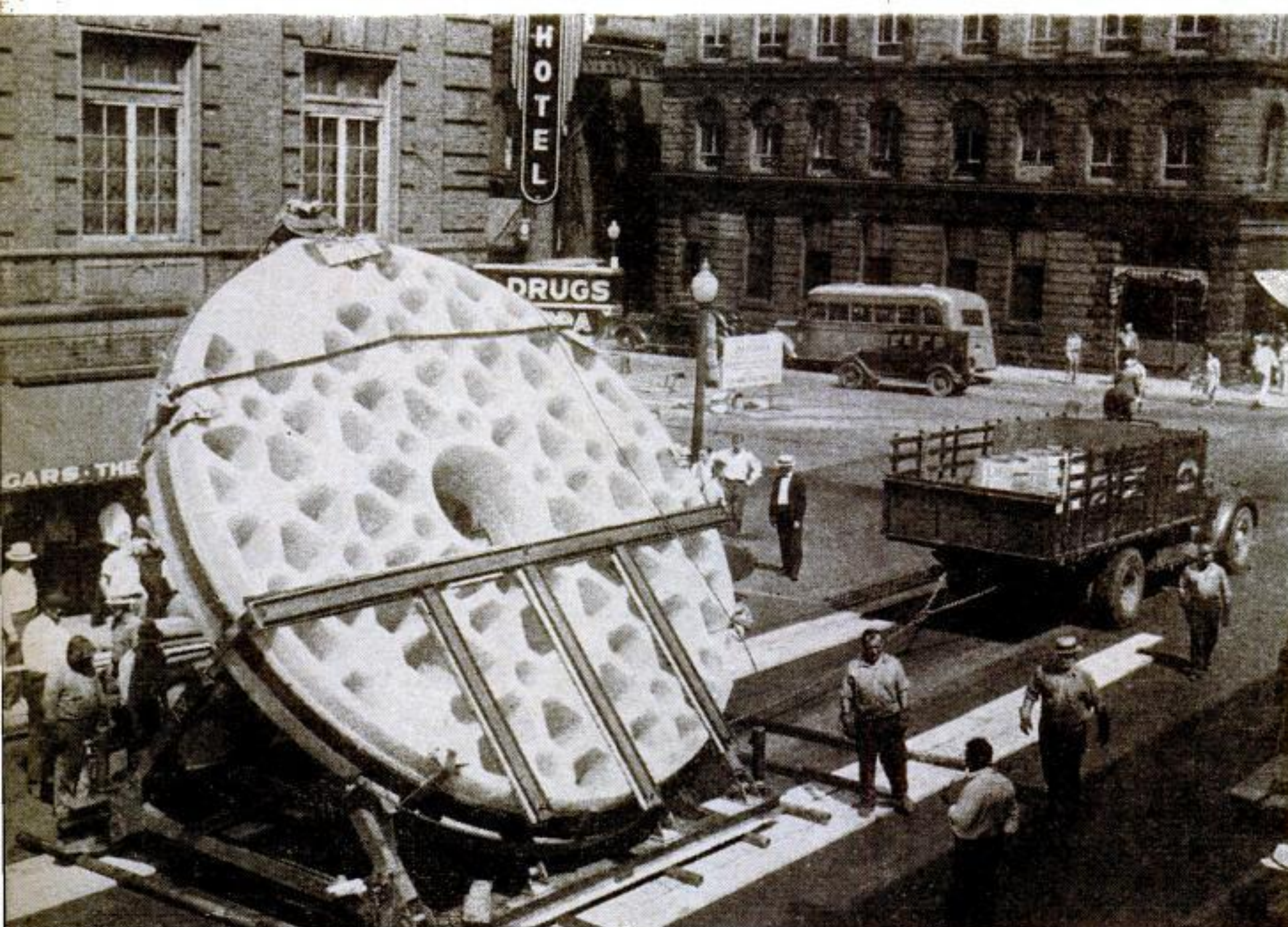


THROUGH THE DARKNESS, to avoid heavy traffic, the big glass moves slowly along the highway. The

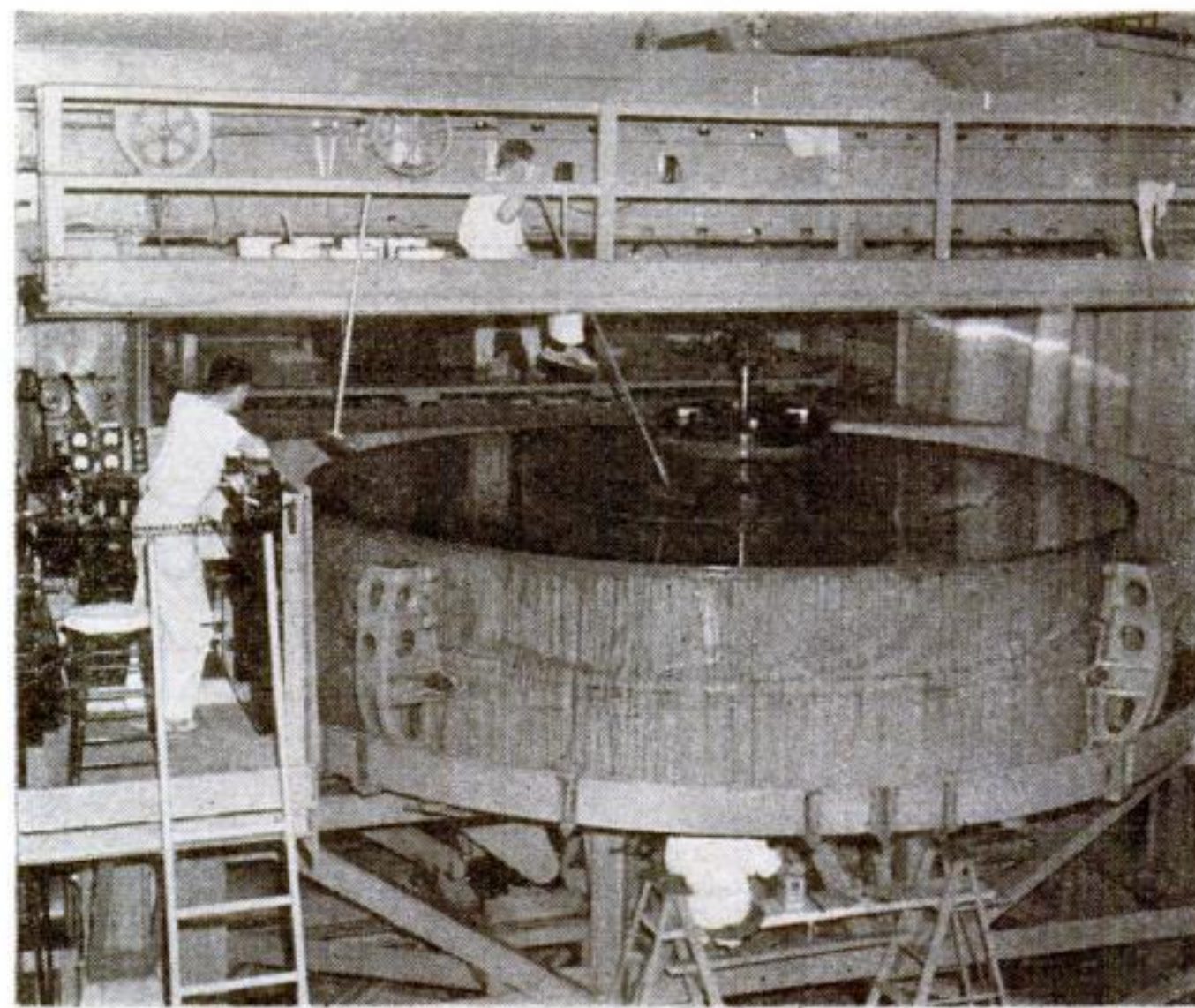
lineup behind the trailer consists partly of scientists, partly of motorists wondering what is holding up traffic.



THE CASTING (above) of the glass disk is done in the Corning Glass Works in Corning, N.Y. on March 25, 1934. Pyrex glass was used because it is less sensitive to temperature changes than ordinary plate glass. But this first disk turned out to be defective and had to be discarded.



THE MOVING of such an enormous piece of glass was a ticklish problem. Above: the defective disk is displayed on the streets of Corning. Meanwhile another one was being made. Below: the second disk is greeted by curious townspeople as it arrives safely in Pasadena, Calif. in 1936.

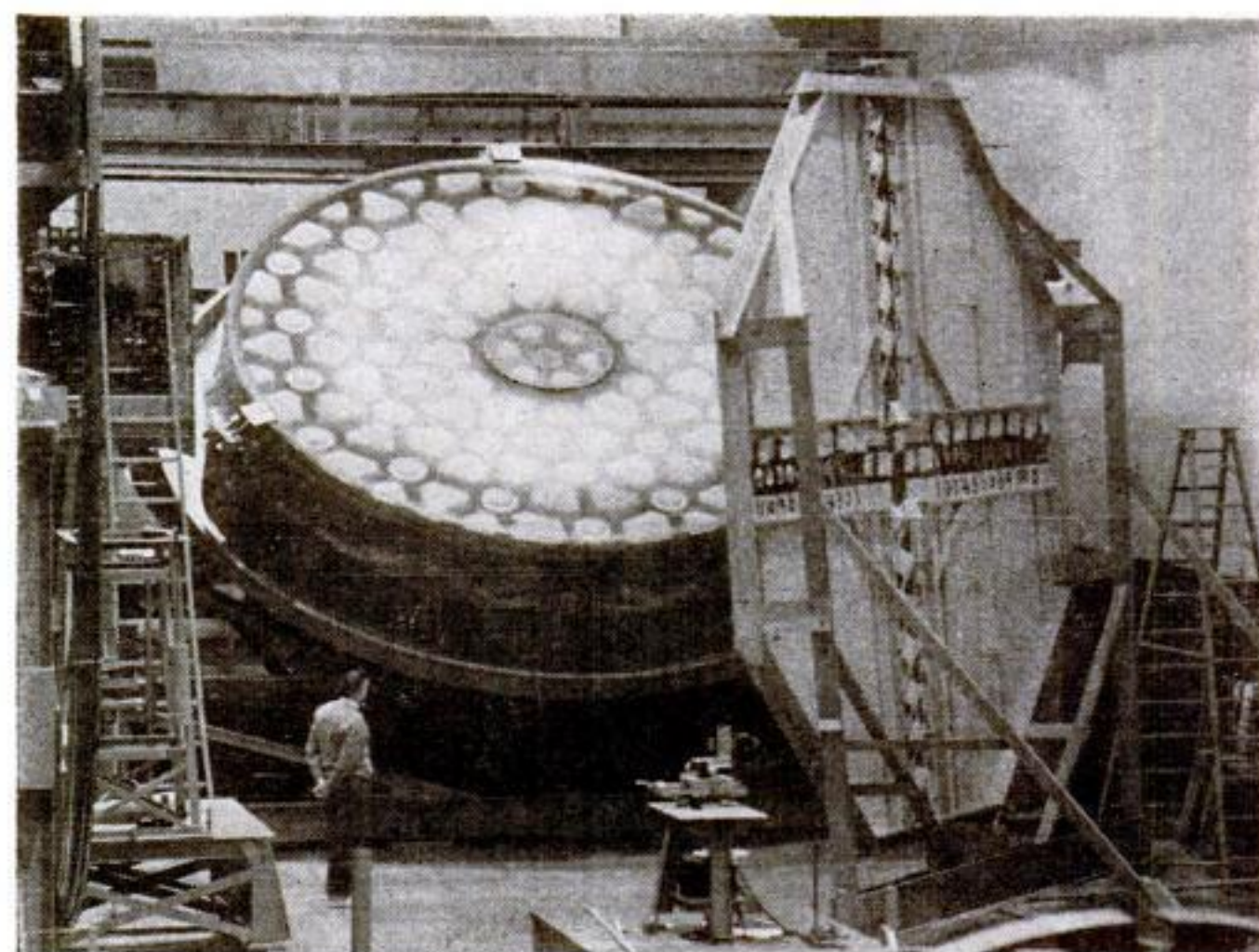


GRINDING AND POLISHING AT CAL TECH TOOK 11 YEARS AND 7 MONTHS

AFTER 19 YEARS' PREPARATION THE FINISHING TOUCHES GO ON

The making of the 200-inch disk and the telescope to hold it was a great cooperative project involving 19 years of work, \$6,500,000 and hundreds of scientists. It was started in 1928 by Dr. George Ellery Hale, founder of Mount Wilson Observatory in southern California, then biggest in the world. Dr. Hale died before knowing whether the project would succeed, but the work went on. While Corning was making the disk, Westinghouse Electric Corp. and other companies made the telescope which was installed (pp. 36-37) in time for the disk's arrival.

Despite the fact that the completed telescope will weigh a million pounds, it will operate with a greater precision than the finest watch. It will not be a telescope by popular conception, *i.e.*, the kind through which astronomers peer at enlarged images of the planets. Instead it will be a giant camera, using its 200-inch disk to reflect light from stars a billion light years from the earth, twice as far as the range of the 100-inch Mount Wilson telescope. This reflection will be recorded on film from which scientists can calculate the chemical make-up and distribution of the celestial bodies. Although the scientists do not know exactly what mysteries the new telescope will solve, they know it will solve many that have gone unanswered ever since man's first quizical look at the sky. One of the questions the men on Palomar Mountain hope to approach with their new telescope is the fundamental problem of astronomy: by what processes was the universe formed?

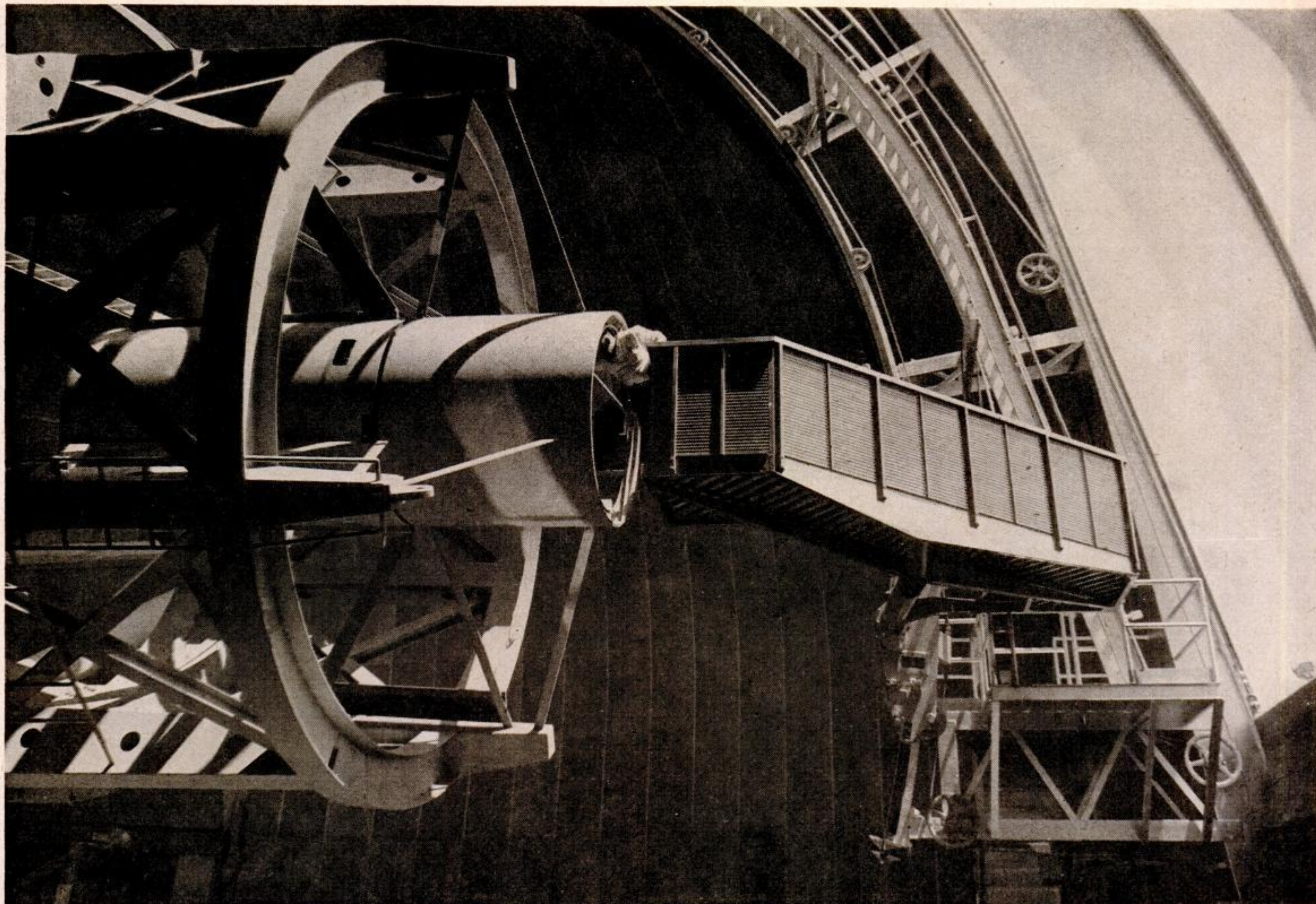


TESTS OF the disk's curved face are made by turning it on edge on a turntable and shooting a tiny beam of light at it through holes in the screen at right.

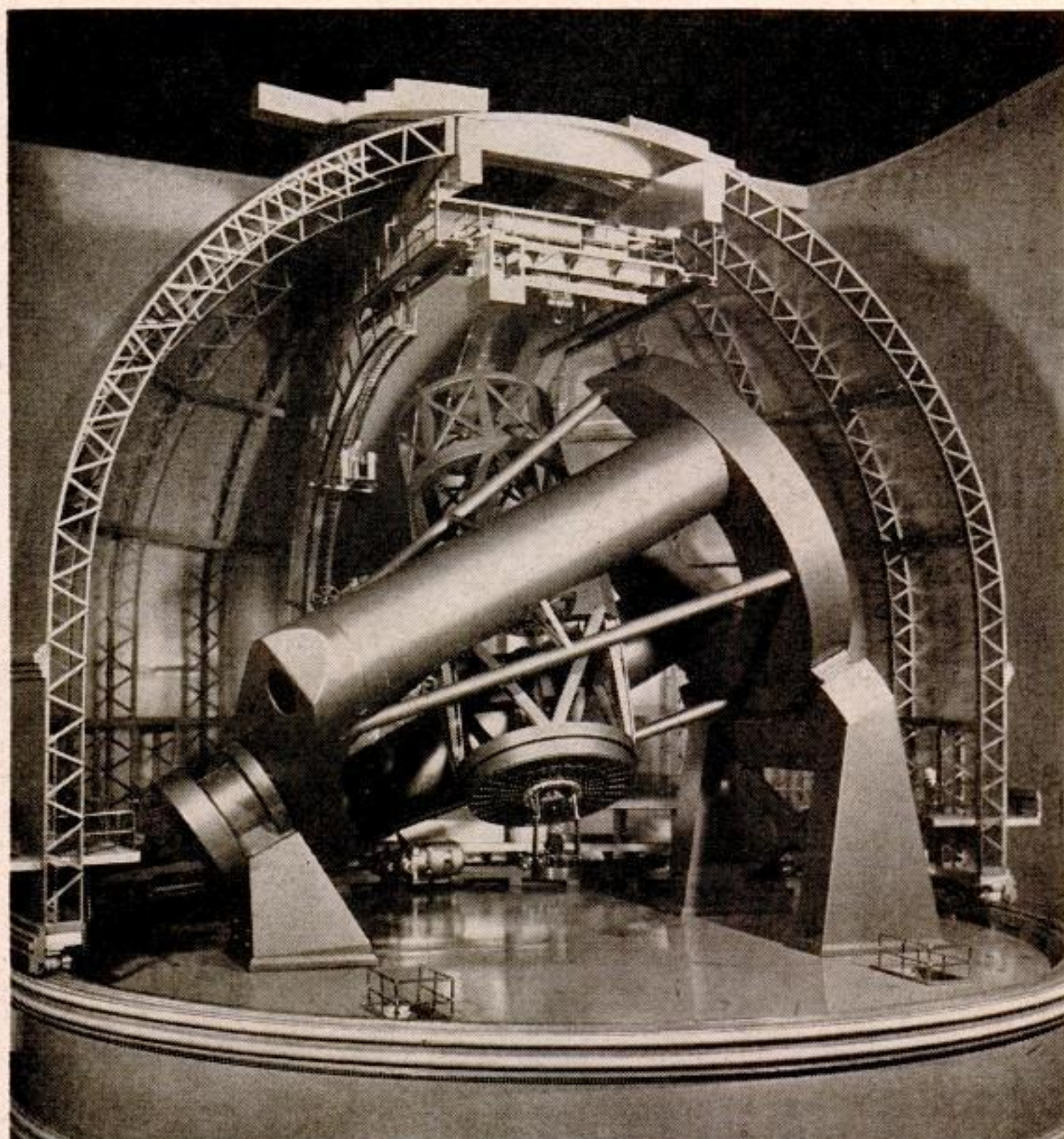


THE POLISHED GLASS, with its smooth face curved to within two millionths of an inch of perfection, is examined by a Cal Tech optician. Ribs on disk's backside, designed

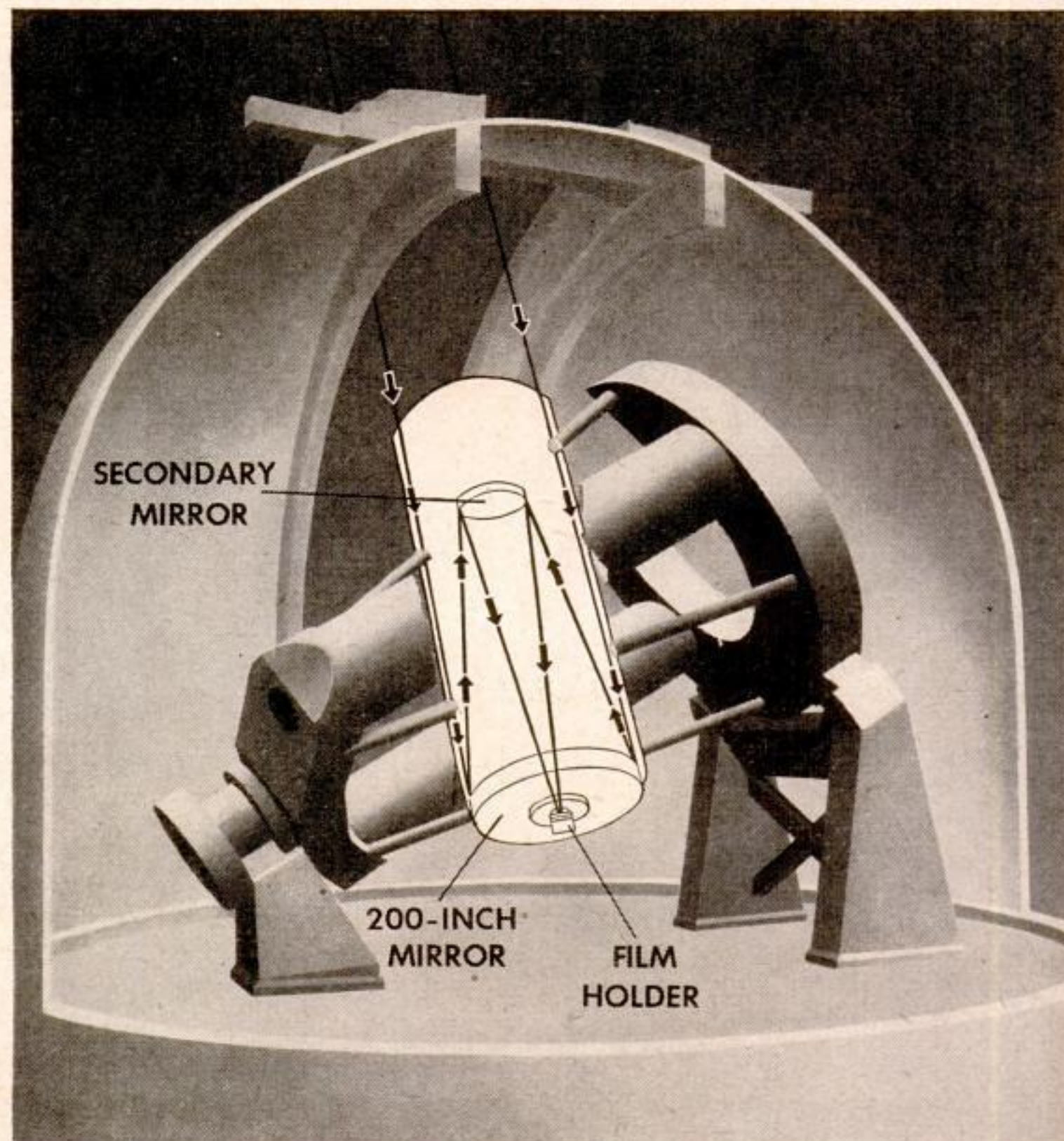
for structural strength, show through glass, giving it a waffle look. Before the disk can be used it must be coated with aluminum. Starlight will pass through hole in center.



TO GET TO ONE OF THE FOUR POSSIBLE OBSERVATION POSITIONS ASTRONOMER MUST CRAWL INTO A TUBE AT TOP OF TELESCOPE FROM AN ELEVATED CATWALK



THE TELESCOPE is a complex mechanism, as shown in cutaway model. Vertical latticed tube (center) holding the mirror at its base swings left-right inside a yoke, which itself rotates forward and back on a horseshoelike bearing. The two movements enable the telescope to cover the entire heavens. For mirror action, see drawing at right.



HOW IT WORKS is shown in this drawing. At this position, which is one of four principal ones used, the telescope picks up the starlight as it enters the observatory through a slit in the dome-shaped building. The light is first reflected off the 200-inch mirror, bounces off a secondary mirror, then goes through hole in the big mirror onto a film.



THE ENORMOUS TELESCOPE WAITS FOR THE MIRROR
THAT WILL GIVE MAN THE POWER TO PEER FARTHER
UP INTO THE UNIVERSE THAN HE EVER HAS BEFORE

CHINA AND U.S. POLITICS

PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT OUR FOREIGN POLICY HASN'T BEEN BIPARTISAN EVERYWHERE

Wasn't it Alf Landon who said "Politics should end at the water's edge"? Someone is always saying it. But it's only partially true. The Republicans, by insisting that the State Department get up a program of aid to China along with its program for Europe, have disclosed a large hole in the bipartisan front of U.S. foreign policy. And in this case the country owes them not a vote of censure but a vote of thanks.

In a speech last week Governor Dewey attacked the State Department's indifference toward China, a speech in which, as Columnist Samuel Grafton said, Dewey "did everything but put his hands up his sleeves as a finale and whistle 'chopsticks.'" The next day the House Foreign Affairs Committee, prodded by Republican Congressman Judd, amended the Administration's bill for stopgap aid to Europe by adding a \$60 million appropriation for China, an appropriation which the Administration had not requested and had made no plans to spend. Secretary Marshall, under questioning by Congressman Judd, had earlier admitted that the department was working on a 1948-49 China program to cost \$300 million; but this vague, tardy and inadequate program did not erase the previous words of Under Secretary Lovett, who admitted in October that he did not know what U.S. policy toward China is.

But Dewey, Vandenberg and other Republicans have a policy. It is immediate aid and the release of our surplus military supplies to the Chinese government, such as was proposed in these pages by William Bullitt (LIFE, Oct. 13). It is a policy of "an honest about-face"—in other words, actively taking sides in the Chinese civil war. Our national interests are involved in that war. The Republicans have taken the leadership of a real issue.

How Did We Get Into This Jam?

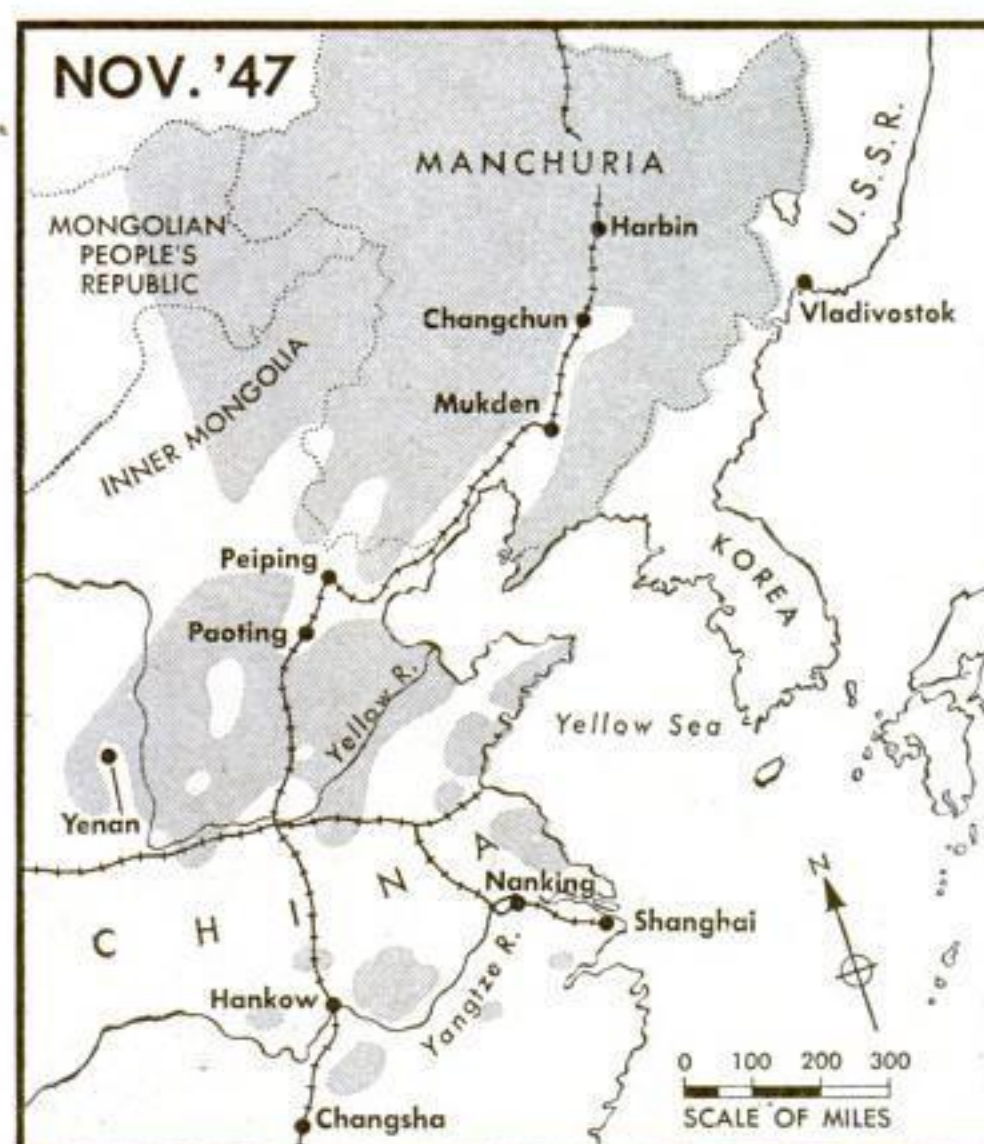
How could an administration that is frankly dedicated to the "containment" of totalitarian aggression have so long ignored the war in China? By conquering most of Manchuria and half of North China, the Chinese Communists have made these provinces, containing 100 million people, the second biggest Communist-run area in the world, second only to Russia itself (see map). A large part of this conquest has taken place since July, while the State Department was preoccupied with its plans for Europe. But the Russians have not been so preoccupied: the recent Communist offensives were mounted with guns made in Siberia and shipped into Red China via Port Arthur and Dairen. If Russian strategists can think in terms of two or more fronts at once, ours will have to learn to do the same.

Many Americans, even some in the State Department, are still reluctant to take sides in China. In espousing Chiang's cause the Republicans are ahead of public opinion. And apart from Communist propaganda against the Chinese government, there are still a couple of arguments which the Republicans, to win unanimity on their new issue, must overcome.

They must overcome a widespread wish to disbelieve in the Chinese civil war. The hope that the war could be compromised inspired the Marshall mission of 1946. That mission

failed, but Marshall's final statement on it kept alive the hope. He blamed the war on "dominant reactionaries" and "extreme Communists" and pinned his faith on the "liberal elements" of both sides. This outdated statement still guides the thinking of many American liberals. The above-quoted Samuel Graf-

COMMUNISTS HOLD THIS MUCH OF CHINA



AND WITH RUSSIAN HELP THEY ARE STILL GAINING

ton thought it a sufficient answer to Dewey only last week. It serves as an escape to a position above China's agony, looking down. It is a comfortable position which, because of the concerned brow-furrowing that goes with it, does not quite deserve the name of isolationism.

But it does deserve the name of wishful thinking. It requires the belief that the "liberal" element among Chinese Communists—the so-called "agrarian reformers"—can somehow be detached from Moscow, allied with the liberal Nationalists and put in power. This act of faith is of course based on a complete misunderstanding of the nature of Communism, whose real goal is never reform as such, but machinery: the machinery of power. Many a North China peasant can by now attest to this fact. They call it the "three-headed policy" of Communism: first the propitiatory bowing head, with redistribution of land; then the evasively shaking head, by which the awakened hunger for political democracy is postponed; then the blunt off-with-your-head, by which strict party control is established. The third head of Chinese Communism has been plentifully manifest during the recent military offensives. The destruction of property is worse than under the Japs.

As the Communist terror goes on expanding in China, the wavering American liberals retreat to a final argument: that aid to Chiang is a rathole operation because his government is so hopelessly corrupt and inefficient. "He can't win." This argument has probably palsied more State Department hands than ideological doubt.

Mere money would be thrown away. This

very practical argument overlooks one fact: Chiang's government is now desperately weak precisely because it lacks public assurance that any aid, however conditional, will be forthcoming. Our delay and the Communist victories have made the question of U.S. support a life-or-death matter to Chiang. All the more urgent, therefore, is the need of a plan by which aid can be made effective. But even more urgent than that is a sign that we really want Chiang to win his war, that we have not deserted our oldest ally, that we intend to help him win.

There lies the importance of the House Committee's \$60-million gesture. It won't do much good except as part of a full and open plan, which the State Department is working on and which must include expedited war material and military advice. But its psychological effect in Nanking is good. It is a signal to Chiang that somebody in Washington cares and knows the score.

The Hay Tradition

Dewey correctly predicted that "sooner or later our Government will discover its errors and will inevitably in the interest of the American people return to our traditional policy of backing a free China. The only question is whether we will do it soon enough." The Republicans have not quixotically gone out on a limb in their new cause; they are simply rediscovering one of the oldest doctrines in U.S. foreign policy. This is the policy of defending an independent Chinese nation against any outside aggressor whatsoever. When John Hay proclaimed it as the Open Door, its apparent beneficiary was a hopelessly corrupt Manchu court; but its real beneficiary was the freedom of the Chinese people to work out their own destiny without outside interference. That is still a real issue in China.

Since isolationism was never an American policy in the Pacific, it was perhaps easier for the Republicans to see this issue clearly and keep ahead of it. And this illustrates what the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, Mr. H. F. Armstrong, recently pointed out: that a bipartisan foreign policy has costs as well as virtues. When it means the suppression of debate for unanimity's sake, unanimity may come too high. Fortunately Senator Vandenberg has always made it clear that he was not committed to Administration leadership in respect to China. The Republicans were free to raise a real issue. Let us hope their doing so will hasten our return to the policy which still makes the best sense.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK: ➔

Until Nov. 24 Mrs. Charles Bishop had kept two watchdogs and a cat in her apartment over a small chemical company in Minneapolis, Minn. On that date the building caught fire. None of the animals, however, even noticed the blaze, which was at last called to Mrs. Bishop's attention by the cries of a neighbor. Thereupon Mrs. Bishop snatched up her sluggish watchdogs and lugged them to safety in the nick of time (opposite). The cat, refusing assistance, wandered down the back stairs to safety.



MINNEAPOLIS HOUSEWIFE GETS OUT OF HER BLAZING HOME
JUST IN TIME, CARRYING SLEEPY WATCHDOG TO SAFETY



UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF ARMED AND HELMETED MILITIA, WORKERS AT THE GREAT CITROEN AUTOMOBILE PLANT VOTE AGAINST STRIKE IN SECRET ELECTION

FRANCE FIGHTS BACK

New premier takes dramatic action
in fight to end Communist strikes

The Communists' month-old campaign of openly making trouble in France (LIFE, Nov. 10) had brought the country close to economic paralysis. More than 2 million workers were off the job, tying up railroads, docks, mines and factories. Frenchmen were beginning to wonder if the Reds really could "take over France by telephone." Last week they got a surprising answer.

The man responsible was a bald, little-known

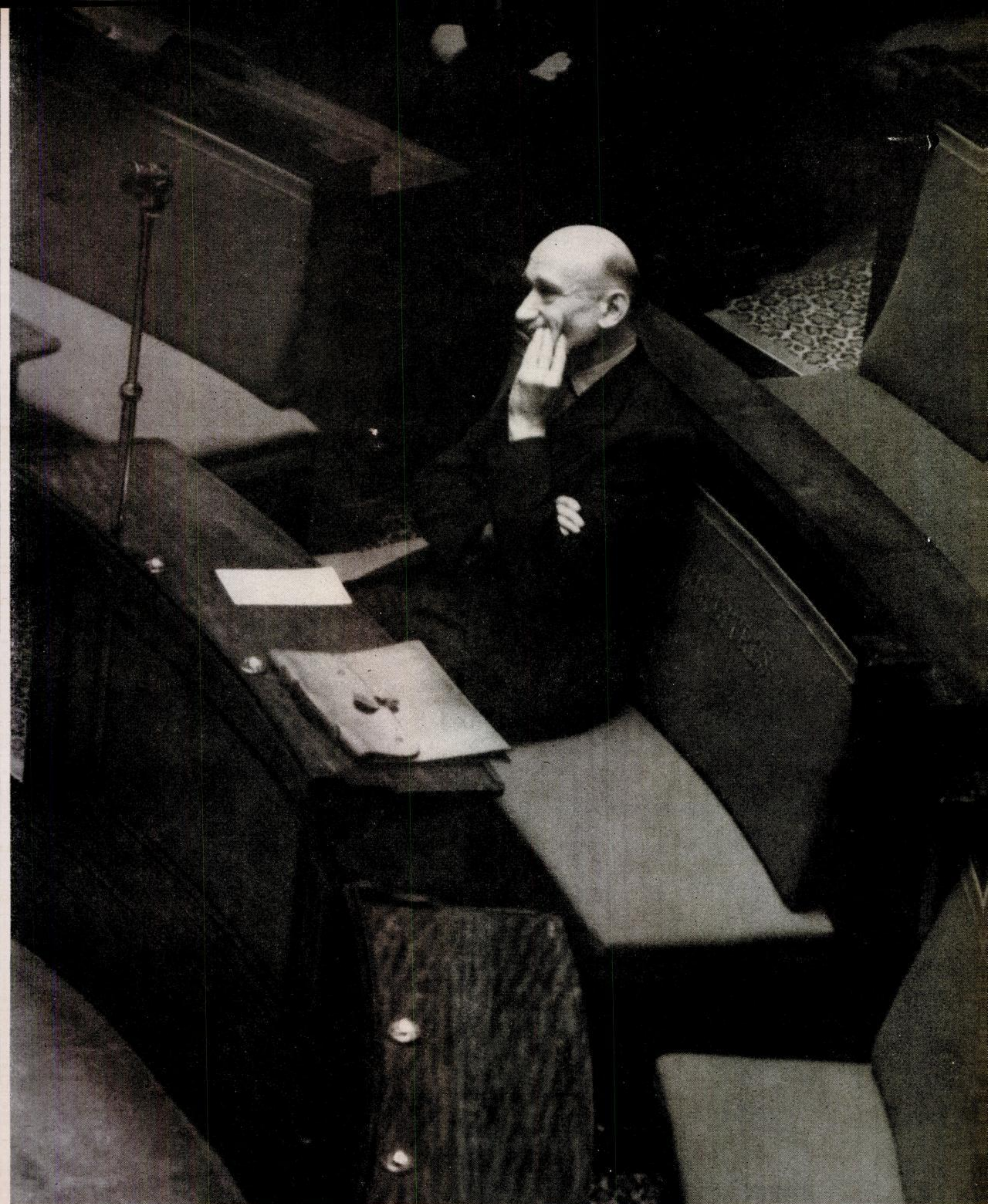
politician named Robert Schuman (*opposite*) who became premier on Nov. 22. Within six days he had fired 66 Red-tinged police commissioners, kicked 19 Communists right out of the country and called up 80,000 reservists. At week's end, as he sought more emergency powers, an anti-strike movement was gaining among workers. French politics being what they are, nobody knew if Schuman would last another day. But already he had put up a great fight.



TONS OF MAIL pile up at a Paris station waiting resumption of rail traffic. Premier Robert Schuman has requested authority to requisition workers for essential services.

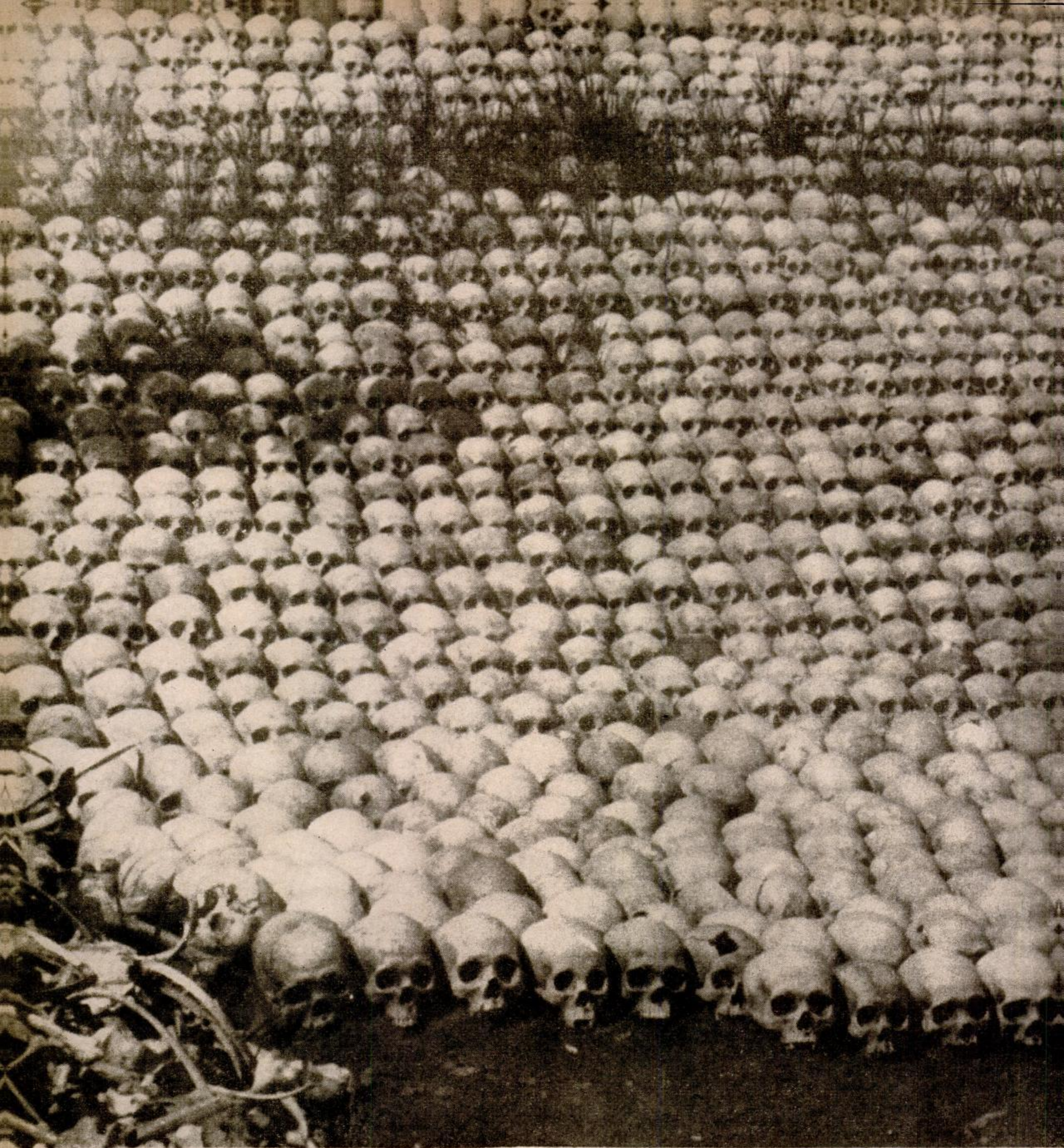


PARIS COW PATH is a normally busy street. Because of transport walkout, drovers move their cattle to stockyards through city streets in effort to keep up food supply.



MAN ON THE SPOT is Premier Robert Schuman, a right-of-center politician who was finance minister in the Ramadier cabinet. A member of the wartime resistance,

Schuman has opposed Reds in the Assembly, where he sits alone (*above*) while members consider his plea for powers that could turn his counterattack into a counteroffensive.

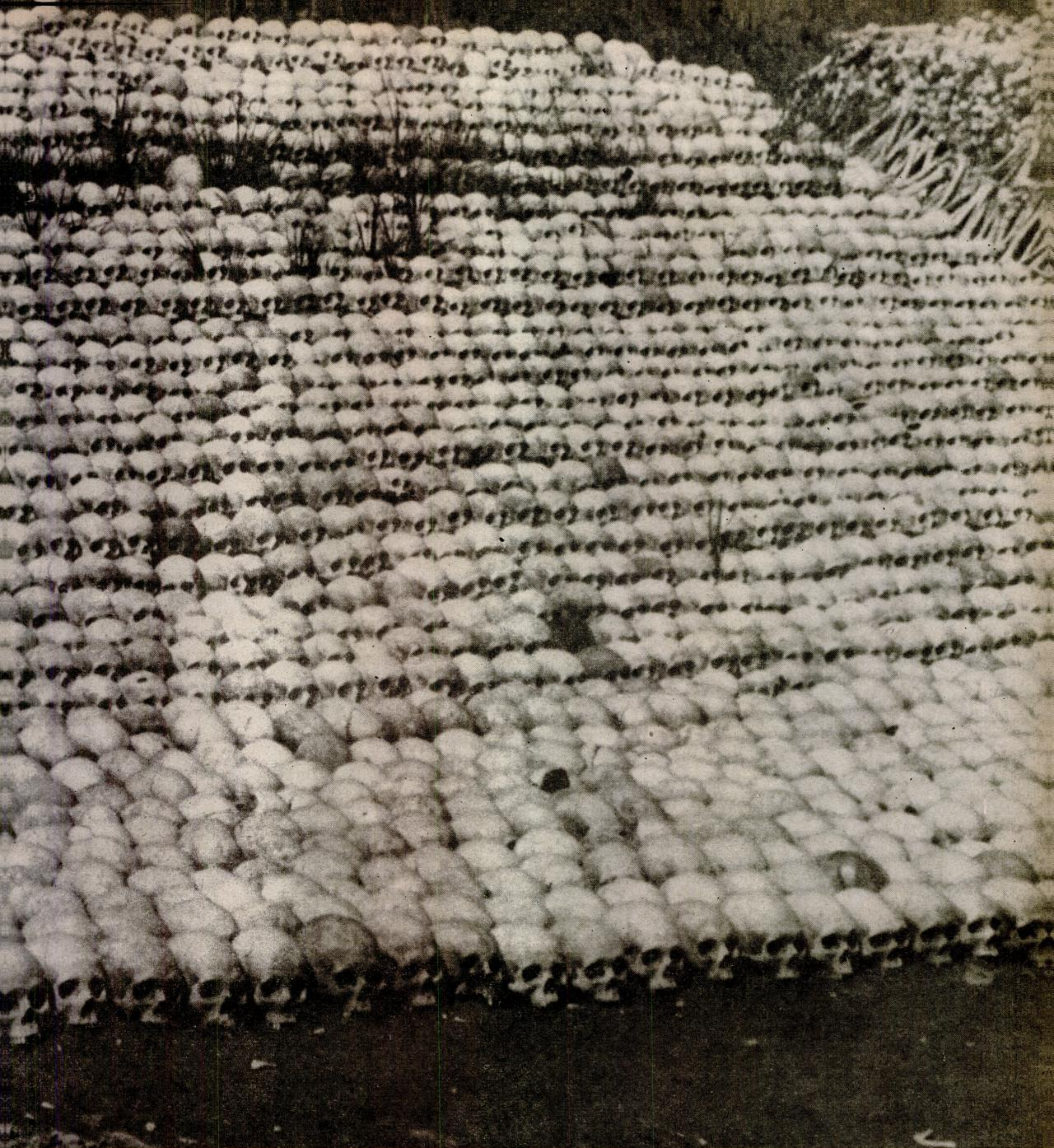


CHINESE WAR MEMORIAL

On a peaceful Hunan hillside, neat rows of skulls stand as a grisly reminder of a Japanese massacre

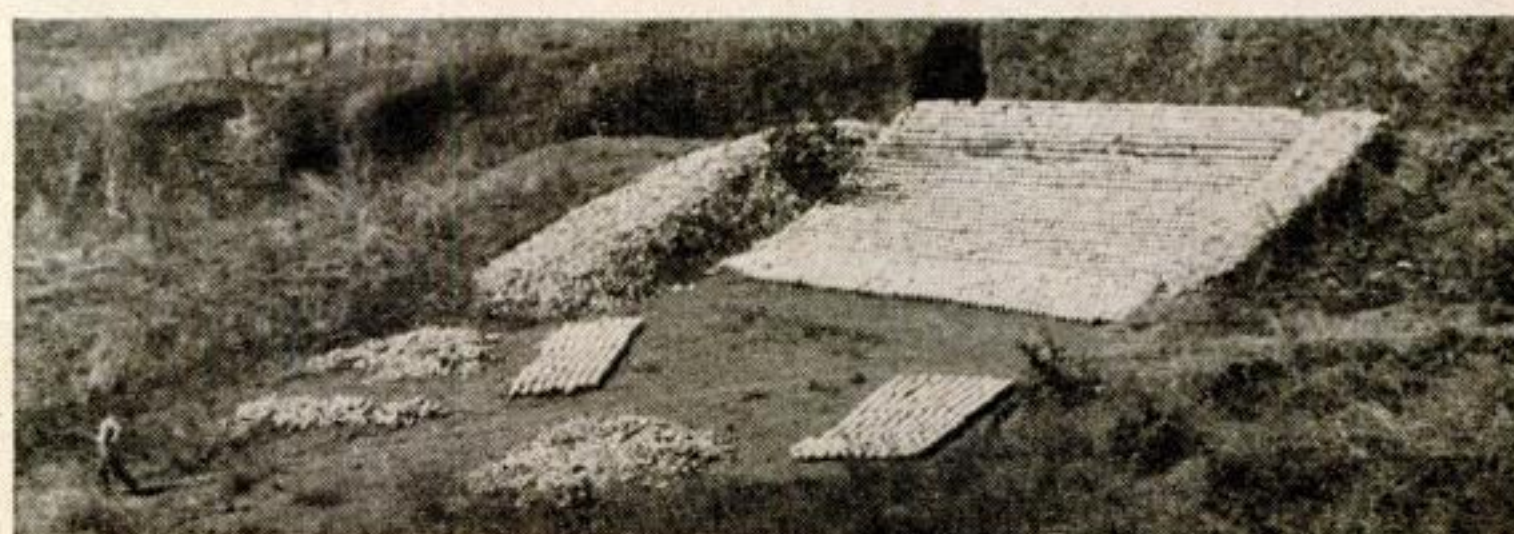
The rolling countryside around the city of Hengyang, in China's central Hunan province, is peaceful today. Although China's civil war is only a scant 200 miles to the north, the farmers near Hengyang are free to work placidly in their rice fields against the threat of famine during the coming winter. Yet in the midst of this now-peaceful area stands a war memorial grislier than any in all the world.

Packed temple to temple on a hillside are the skulls of 5,000 Chinese who died horribly in the Japanese war. They were killed in June of 1944, when the Japanese armies were trying to cut China in two. Defenseless farmers or fleeing villagers, caught in the path of aggression, they were overrun and slaughtered like



so many sheep. Their shattered bodies were buried in slit trenches by the miserable few who survived. Recently, however, their fleshless skeletons were exhumed and their whitened skulls laid neatly, row on row, across the hillside overlooking the scene of the Japanese advance. The rest of their bones were lined up flanking the skulls.

These pictures of the hillside (*right*) and its frightening bank of skulls (*above*) were taken by an UNRRA official during a field trip through the Hengyang section of Hunan province. Few other foreigners have ever seen this spectral gallery, but to the peaceful farmers of Hunan province it is a far more eloquent reminder of the reality of war than all the expensive statues that could be erected.

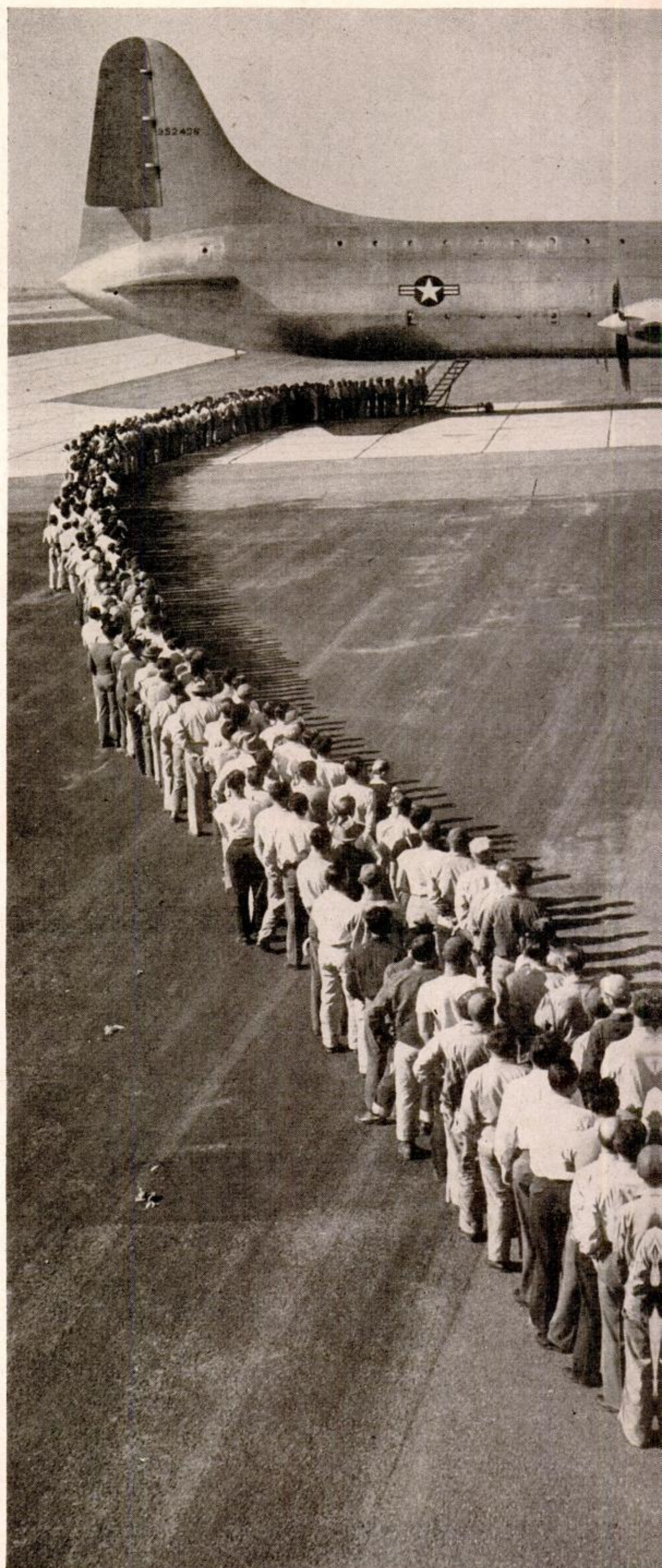




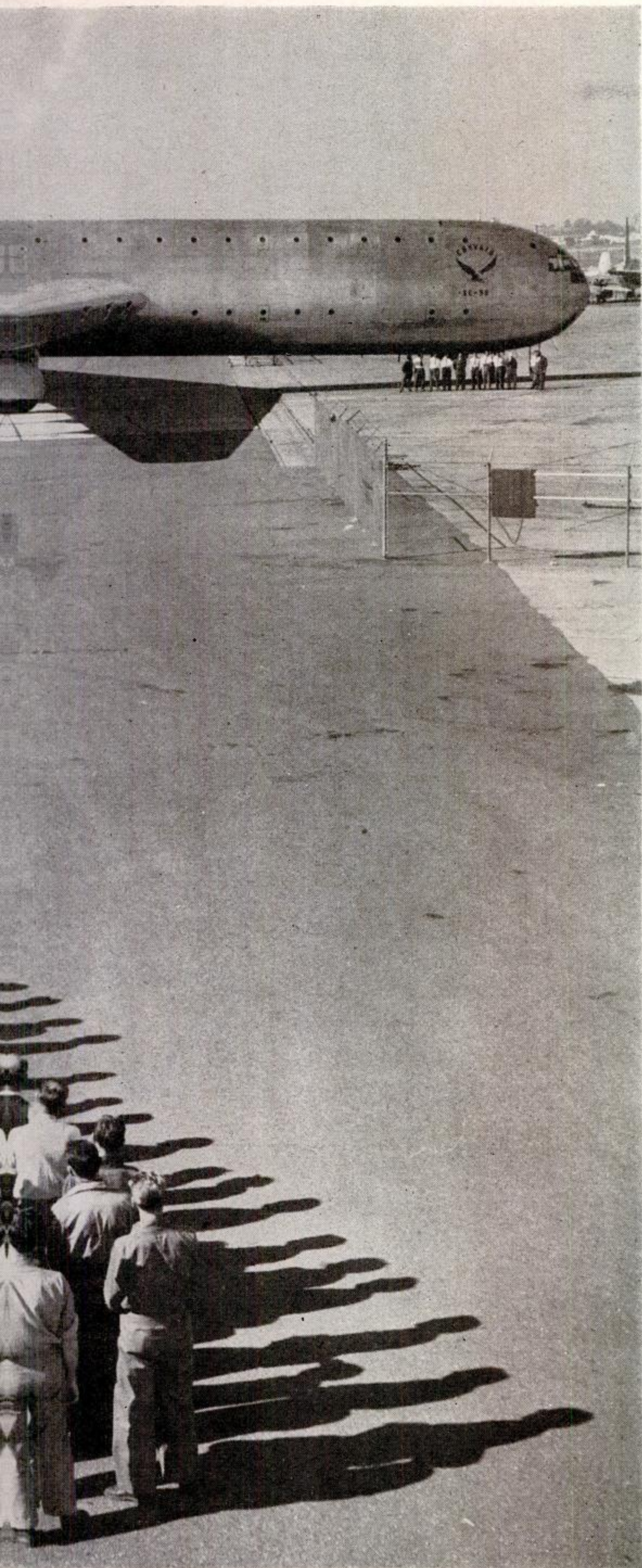
COUNTING NOSES At Flushing Meadow balloting on the Palestine issue brought two men to their feet for a tense count of votes—Secretary General Trygve Lie (*left*) and his assistant, Andrew Cordier. The vote: 33-13 to split Palestine into Arab and Jewish states.



ROUND THE WORLD In Van Nuys, Calif., George Truman (*left*) and Clifford Evans entered the last lap of their flight around the world in two Piper Cub planes. To complete the journey which took them through 30 countries, the pilots had only a hop to New York.



400 PASSENGERS In San Diego, Calif. the new transport XC-99, largest land plane in the world, taxied out on Lindbergh airfield and posed with its potential 400-passenger payload (*above*). While 50,000 sightseers craned their necks to watch its maiden flight, the six



engine, 182-foot monster took off and flew for an hour, carrying only a crew of nine. When it roared in to land, the XC-99 was greeted by cheers from Consolidated Vultee workers, who spent five years developing it—and with sighs of relief from the U.S. Air Force, which has invested \$15 million in the experiment.



CIRCUS WEDDING In Paris, Europe's circus world chose week of Britain's royal wedding for its own majestic alliance. Odette Bouglione and Francesco Caroli, offspring of Europe's top circus families, rode horses to church while a troop of midgets held the bride's train.



WILLIE SIX'S DAY In Sewanee, Tenn., University of the South wound up its football season with a victory. But the loudest cheers were reserved for Willie Six, who retired after 40 years as the team's trainer. He got an armful of gifts, a ride on the shoulders of his team.



WHILE ALBERT HIBBS (LEFT) SIPPS MILK AND STUDIES THE ROULETTE WHEEL, ROY WALFORD PRESIDES OVER RECORD BOOK AND THE MOUNTING STACK OF CHIPS

HOW TO WIN \$6,500

Two student theoreticians invent system for beating roulette wheel

On Oct. 24 two University of Chicago students rattled into Reno, Nev. in a Model-A Ford to try the gambling. Their total resources: \$100. Wasting no time, they went to the Palace Club, where they studiously made a chart of the recurrence of numbers on the roulette wheel. Then they went into action. Playing number 9, which their records indicated as the best possibility, they parlayed their \$100 into \$5,000 in 40 hours. At this point

the manager became uneasy, switched the wheel. So the students moved on to Harold's Club.

There they used the same system. Sure enough, their \$5,000 rose to \$14,500. But then, unaccountably, their system went sour. They dropped from \$14,500 to \$10,000 and kept going down. That was when the young theoreticians made the smartest move of all. They pocketed their winnings, packed up the Model-A and went home, ahead by \$6,500.



HOW TO ADD MINUTES TO CHRISTMAS-RUSHED DAYS

Let these good soups help you
breeze through the holidays



Hearty choice for holiday appetites. New, improved recipe! A soup to cheer a hungry family. For a delicious cream of pea, prepare it by adding milk instead of water.

Campbell's GREEN PEA SOUP



Start Christmas Dinner with appetizing cups of this clear beef broth. Families also welcome it as a 'tween-meals pick-me-up... a cold weather "warmer-upper."

Campbell's CONSOMMÉ



The soup most folks like best! Luscious tomatoes, table butter, delicate seasoning — a joy to winter-sharp appetites. Add milk instead of water, for a rich cream of tomato.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP





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your good taste—
proudly given, proudly
received.



A really NEW lighter!



NEW "light switch" action.
Snap—it opens and lights in
one smooth motion! *Stays lit*
without holding!



NEW filling ease. No washers
or screws . . . no funnels or
spouts to use. Simplicity itself
—just pour!



NEW fuel capacity. More lights
per filling. Doesn't need a
"drink" for weeks at a time.



NEW gracefulness. Looks and
lights gracefully . . . Platinum-
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Busy Candidate CONTINUED



IN SMOKE-FILLED PLANE Candidate Stassen holds mile-high press conference en route between Southern cities. Plane was always filled to capacity.



DUPLICATING MACHINE aboard plane cranks out copies of Stassen's next speech. Copies were ready for local reporters as soon as the plane landed.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 54](#)



"THE GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING!"



DENNIS DAY ALBUM— BELOVED IRISH SONGS!

Dennis sings *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, *Mother Machree*, *By the Light of the Silvery Moon*, *A Little Bit of Heaven*, others. Ask for "My Wild Irish Rose," P-191, \$3.40.

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Perry brings you *Jingle Bells*; *Silent Night*; *Winter Wonderland*; *O Come, All Ye Faithful*; *That Christmas Feeling*; *I'll Be Home for Christmas*; others. P-161, \$3.40.

SPIKE JONES ALBUM —FUN FOR THE KIDDIES!

Here are Spike's side-splitting versions of *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*, *Our Hour*, *Hawaiian War Chant* and *Chloe*. Nonbreakable records—twice as many plays! Get "Nonsense Music for Children," Y-359, \$2.25.



"Glenn Miller Masterpieces," Vol. II. Real collectors' items! Album P-189, \$3.40.

"The Three Suns Present." Eight great sides! RCA Victor Album P-185, \$3.40.

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"Prom Date"—Tex Beneke and The Miller Orchestra. Album P-183, \$3.40.

"Tuxedo Junction"—Erskine Hawkins and his Orchestra. Album P-181, \$3.40.

"Concertos for Dancing"—Freddie Martin and his Orchestra. P-169, \$3.40.

"Getting Sentimental with Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra." RCA Victor Album P-80, \$3.40.

"Suite 'n Swing" Album—with Henri René and his Orchestra. P-190, \$3.40.

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Bottled Ale
in
North America*
(UNITED STATES AND CANADA COMBINED)

Light, not logy

Mellow, not musty

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as premium beers.

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OF AMERICA
Cleveland, Ohio

Carling's is also brewed in Canada at
Waterloo, Ontario



Here are Carling's
two new throw-away
bottles. Each contains
12 full ounces.

CARLING'S RED CAP—one of the most talked-about trade-marks of the day

Busy Candidate CONTINUED



KEY TO THE CITY is presented by Mayor Sam Wassell of Little Rock, Ark. While there Stassen made plans to enter the state's presidential primary.



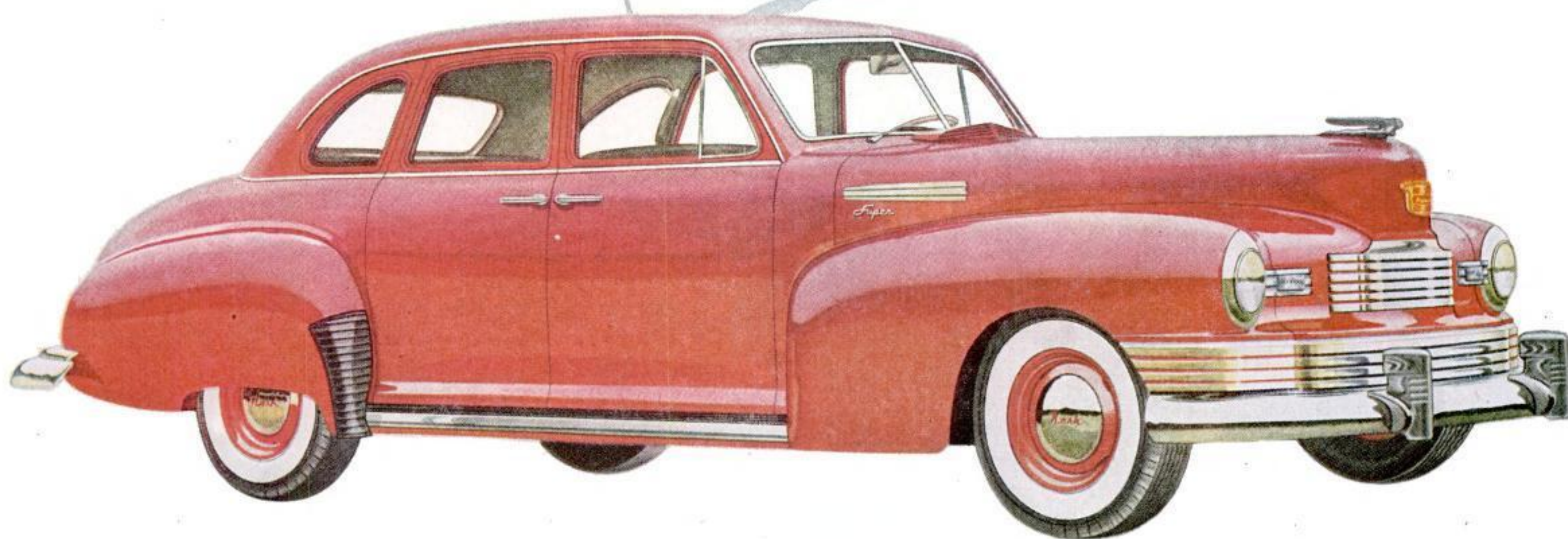
FLORIDA TANGERINE helps Stassen display his new sprightliness and incidentally please citrus growers. He is tossing it to his traveling companions.



YOUNG ADMIRER is greeted by Stassen at St. Petersburg, Fla. For benefit of photographers he obligingly played a game of pat-a-cake with the baby.



*To my
Darling*



*I tried to think of something that would be
as gay and dashing and wonderful as you are.*

*So, my Darling, it's a Nash—all for you. A
beautiful new Nash "600," to be exact.*

*I'm sorry about that mud on the wheels—but
I'm human—I had to sneak it out for a whirl
last night.*

*Your new Nash is the sweetest-running car I
ever had my hands on. It rides like sheer velvet.*

*Handles like a dream. We went sailing over
Schoolhouse Hill as if it didn't exist at all.*

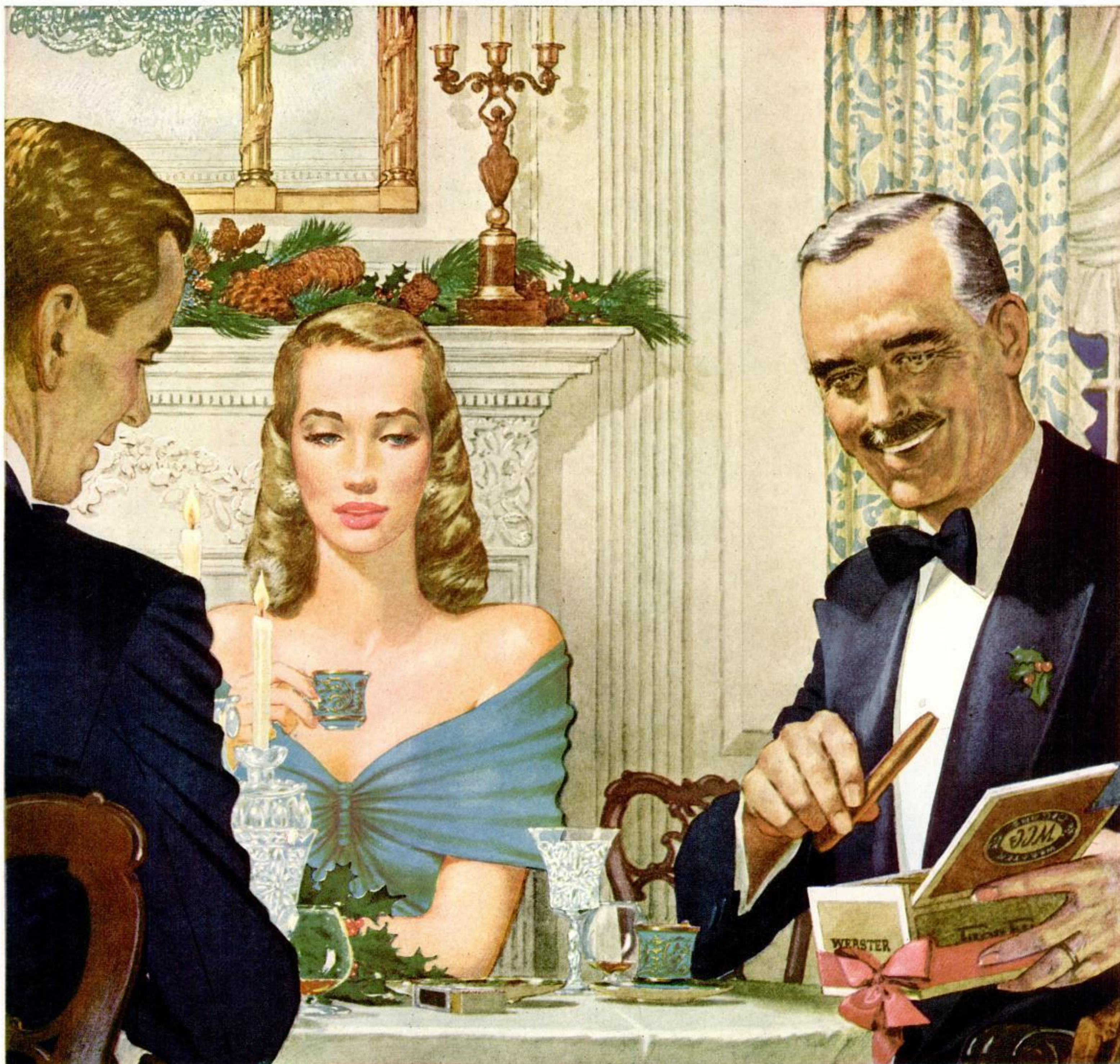
*I don't want to spoil your fun, but don't miss
that little button on the dash called the Weather
Eye. It keeps the air always fresh, clean and
heated to perfection. You don't even need a coat!*

*I admit it looks extravagant. But it's a Nash
...and you'll be enjoying it 'til the kids grow up.*

Merry Christmas, Darling.

You'll be Ahead with **Nash** *Great Cars Since 1902*

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit



The Christmas Gift for Important Men



- Websters are being specially boxed and Christmas wrapped this year. Boxes of 25, as low as \$3.75. Give Websters by the box. A luxurious gift to yourself and to men who are used to the best.
- There are five different sizes of Websters. Each is made of 100% long Havana, bound in top-quality Broadleaf and wrapped in finest Connecticut Shadegrown. Boxes of 25 and 50 in all sizes. Wherever fine cigars are smoked.

WEBSTER CIGARS

EXECUTIVE AMERICA'S TOP CIGAR

Golden Wedding, 15c
Box of 25—\$3.75

Chico, 15c
Box of 25—\$3.75

Queens, 18c
Box of 25—\$4.50

Fancy Tales, 25c
Box of 25—\$6.25

Directors, 35c
Box of 25—\$8.75

ADV. BY N. W. AYER

A PRODUCT OF THE WEBSTER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK



INVENTOR JESSE C. DONALDSON (FOREGROUND) DEFTLY MANIPULATES CONTROL STICK AS THE "WHIRLWING" KITE'S REVOLVING SPOOL RISES ABOVE THE GROUND

"WHIRLWING" KITE

**It looks like a big camera spool
but it soars 1,000 feet in the air**

Obviously the oversize papier-mâché camera spool soaring high above the ground in the picture above is not a conventional kite; it has no struts and no tail. But it flies like a kite, and its inventor, Jesse C. Donaldson of Los Angeles, chooses to call it a kite. It has a trade name, Whirlwing Flyer, and it flies on much the same principle as an airplane. The 18-inch shaft between the two hubs is not cylindrical but has an irregular shape (p. 58) resembling that of an airplane wing. When

the wind blows, the whole kite rotates rapidly and rises in the air. It is controlled by two strands of No. 8 sewing thread which run from the hubs to a short stick held by the operator. The kite may be launched simply by spinning the spool clockwise and tossing it into a five-mile wind. It has been flown as high as 1,000 feet, can be put through acrobatics by manipulating the control stick. A Los Angeles manufacturer plans to have 100,000 of them on the market by the middle of December.

Frozen motors, m' lads and lassies,
Make sad wrecks of classy chassis.

Play it safe — get one of these
DU PONT brands of anti-freeze!



\$2.65
A GALLON

\$1.00
A GALLON

Get ZERONE or ZEREX today

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"ZERONE" GIVES YOU safe anti-freeze protection at *minimum cost*. It's made from the most efficient of all known safe anti-freeze materials: three quarts of "Zerone" will do the work of four quarts of most other types. "Zerone" needs only an occasional check-up. It improves cooling—retards corrosion—keeps a clean cooling system clean. Get Du Pont "Zerone"—the dollar brand in most demand.

"ZEREX" GIVES YOU winter-long protection. It's non-evaporating—one filling lasts all winter in a properly operating cooling system. Like "Zerone," "Zerex" contains a special chemical inhibitor with a high "alkaline reserve" that gives long-time protection against rust and corrosion. Du Pont "Zerex" won't attack rubber, seep from tight cooling systems, or clog radiators. There's no better anti-freeze.

For great entertainment by great stars, don't miss the Du Pont "CAVALCADE OF AMERICA"—on NBC stations every Monday evening.

DU PONT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

"Whirlwing" Kite CONTINUED



LAUNCHING KITE, Inventor Donaldson demonstrates for Santa Monica, Calif. grade-school pupils. Spool is slightly blurred as it revolves in the wind.



DISABLED VETERANS easily maneuver "Whirlwing" from wheel chairs at U.S. veterans' hospital in Los Angeles. Girl in foreground is a WAC casualty.



AIRFOIL SPOOL of the "Whirlwing" is shown with one of the end plates removed. Donaldson started working on kite as a possible anti-aircraft device.

A New Idea in men's jewelry

THE JACQUES KREISLER HARMONY COLLECTION

designed to go with
whatever he wears!

Classic beauty etched into men's fine jewelry. Created to add the perfect touch to whatever he wears, whether he prefers solid colors, tweeds, or stripes. For that extra dash of good grooming, give him Jacques Kreisler's Engraver's Group jewelry for Christmas. There's space for his monogram.



Pictured above: One of many Engraver's Group patterns. Belt buckle, 7.50. Chain tie holder, 4.50. Collar Clip, 1.50. Cuff links, 7.95 pr. Knife, 7.95. Boston link key chain, 9.95. Beautifully made, in ENDURING KREISLER QUALITY.

Looks Better! Wears Better! Is Better!

All prices include Federal Tax!

The Engravers Group

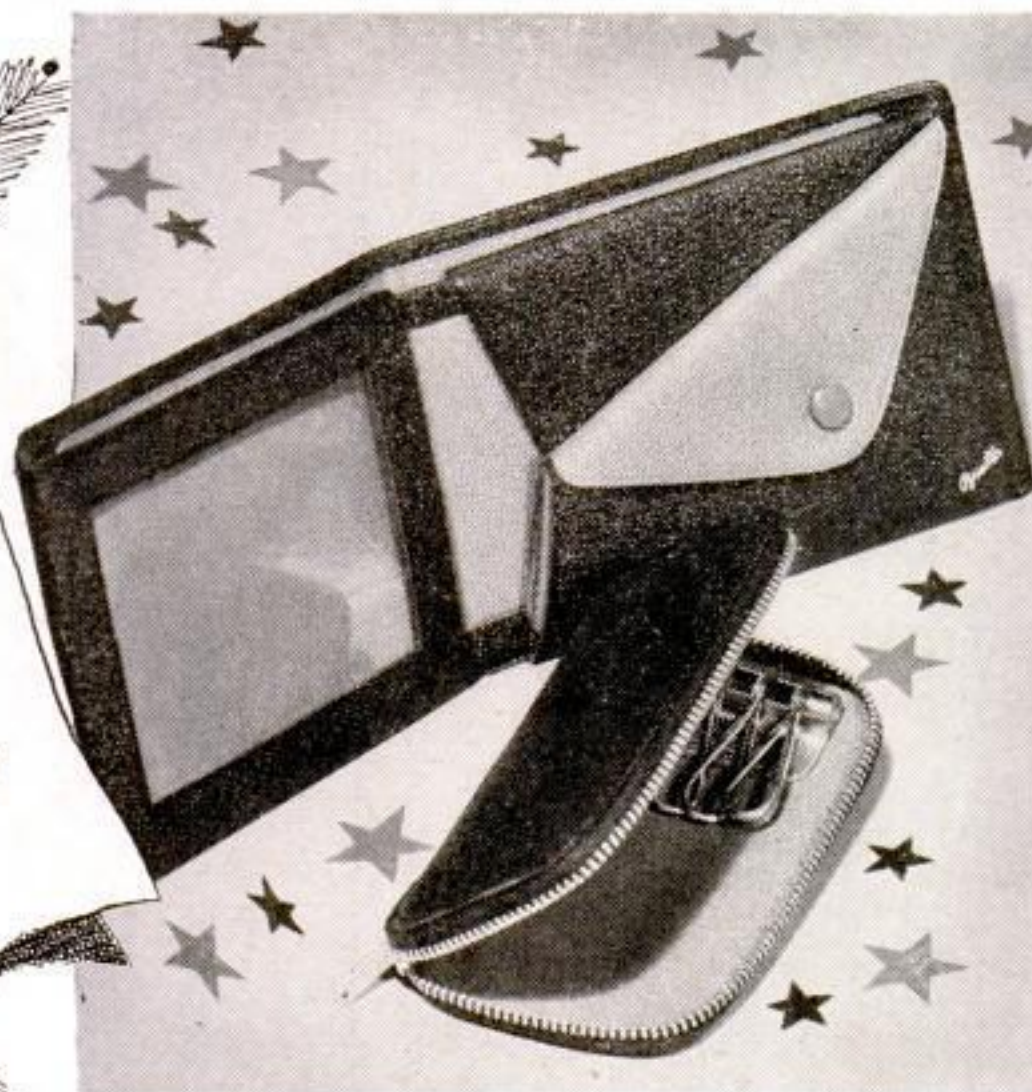
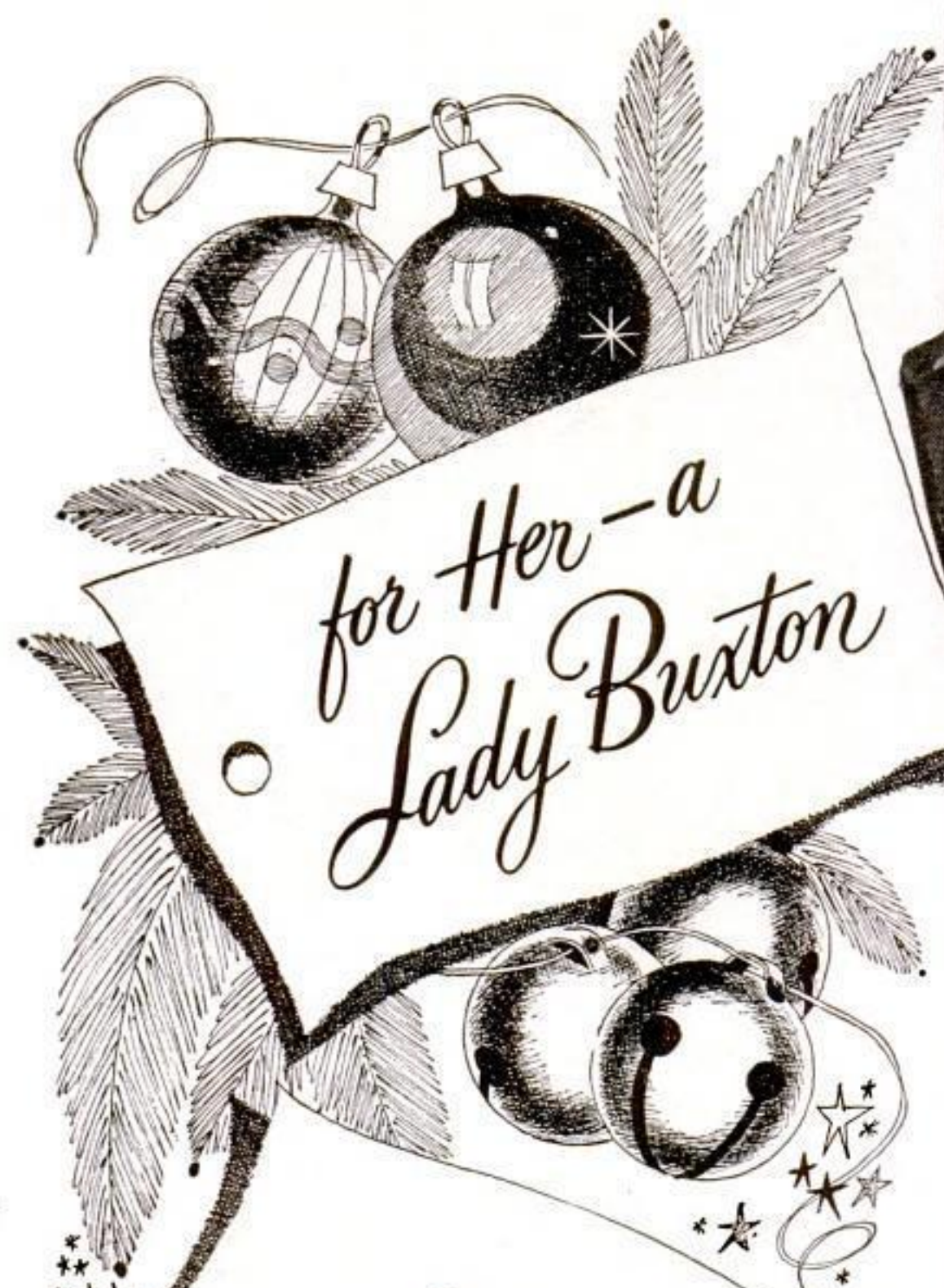
from the Jacques Kreisler Harmony Collection.*
All handsomely gift-boxed. At fine stores everywhere.
Also available in Canada.

Wonderweave® — New watch band style.
In colors to match your watch. In KREISLER
QUALITY, 12.95. In 14 kt. gold, \$115.
Prices incl. Fed. tax.

Jacques Kreisler

Jacques Kreisler, World's Largest Maker of Jewelry Watch Bands, North Bergen, N. J.

*TRADE MARKS • © 1947 JACQUES KREISLER MANUFACTURING CORPORATION



The Open Window Model

Shows off a snapshot or holds identification! Detachable Magic Purse! In long-lasting sheepskin, **\$2.75**. Matching Key-Tainer, **\$2.50**. Also boxed as a set!



The 3-Way in Glace' Goat

Smooth . . . shining . . . a Buxton exclusive! 3-Way Model with Magic Purse and Secret Hideaway, **\$6**. Matching Key-Tainer, **\$3**. Also boxed as a set!



The Open Window Stitchless

with new super-locked construction! Holds identification cards, photographs! In Levant Goat, **\$4**. Matching Key-Tainer, 6-loop zip model, **\$2.50**



The Zip Model in Havana

patented Zip-Guard guides zipper, keeps it from catching bills. In Havana Saddle, **\$6** Matching Key-Tainer, 4-loop zip model with auto license holder, **\$2.75**



Only Buxton* has the Super-Locked Stitchless . . . one piece of finest leather locked more firmly than ever before. Only Lady Buxton* has the Magic Purse . . . the Secret Hideaway . . . so many colors, leathers, styles! Only Buxton Key-Tainers are so safe, so easy to use! So give the gift that gives for years! . . . a Buxton Matched Set . . . Billfold plus Key-Tainer!

*Trade Mark of Buxton Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Give Handsome **BUXTON BILLFOLDS** with matching



Lady Buxton's Snap-and-Zip

Zips tight, snaps snug! Detachable Magic Purse and big open window! In good-looking sheepskin, **\$3.50**... Matching Key-Tainer, **\$2.50**. Also boxed as a set!



The Lady Buxton Snap Model

So many roomy compartments... Magic Purse! All set with matching Key-Tainer. In good-looking sheepskin... Billfold, **\$3.50**... Key-Tainer, **\$2.50**



3-Way with Separate Innerfold

The innerfold inverts to make a Secret Hideaway for big bills. Detachable Magic Purse! In sheepskin, **\$4.50**. Matching Key-Tainer, **\$2.50**



3-Way Super-Locked Stitchless

Separate innerfold inverts to form a Secret Pocket. In good-looking Pin Morocco Goat, **\$7.50**. Matching Key-Tainer... 6-loop button model, **\$2.25**



Hunt Club Saddle

Handsome set! Partition Billfold, **\$5**. Matching Key-Tainer, Twin Six model, **\$2.75**



The New Zippit with Pass Case

Three-sided zip guards valuables. Special Card pocket... detachable coin purse... place for keys! In rugged Mandalay Goat, **\$5**

The Super-wearing Sharkskin Set

Beautiful, long-lasting sharkskin with an exclusive Buxton finish that brings out all the natural grain-ing, resists scratching and wear. The Ascot for letters and business papers, **\$15**. The 3-Way Super-Locked Stitchless with separate innerfold, **\$15**. The 6-loop zip Key-Tainer with auto license holder, **\$4.50**



BUXTON KEY-TAINERS

GUARANTEED! If any Buxton Stitchless gives out in normal use before the fine leather itself wears out, we'll replace it free! All prices subject to 20% tax

BUXTON INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AND NEW YORK CITY

A GIFT FOR SOMEONE YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT

Because it will give the one who gets it so much use and beauty in the years to come

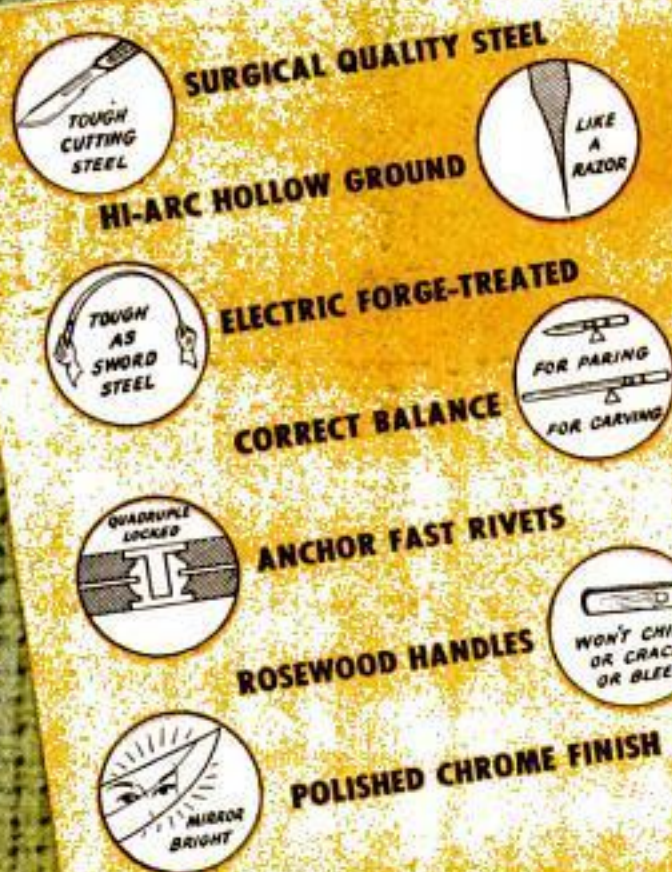
FLINT KNIVES

PRECISION-MADE BY EKCO

Flint Holdster Set... Six Flint Vanadium Knives in a handsome, hardwood Holdster. Hangs on kitchen wall or lies in drawer. **\$14.95**

Flint Carving Set... Carving knife, forged fork and steel with Pistol-Grip handles of ebony plastic in luxurious carving chest. **\$14.95**

Flint Host Set... Roast slicer, ham slicer, utility knife, in hardwood tray that sets off both formal and informal table arrangements. **\$6.95**



No knife made can beat FLINT* for sharpness and toughness

The gift you'll be thanked for as years go by is a set of Flint Vanadium Knives.

Because Flint Vanadium Knives are made from steel that is sharp. Steel that stays sharp.

Because the steel in Flint Vanadium knives is hard and tough—surgical quality steel.

Finest quality chrome-carbon-vanadium alloy steel. Steel so hard and tough it is used in machine tools to cut steel.

Then hollow ground like a barber's razor to cut better and sharpen easier.

And chrome finished—polished bright as a mirror. To keep looking new.

Remember—for sharpness and toughness—you can't give a better knife than a Flint Vanadium Knife—regardless of price.

Thanks to modern precision engineering Flint Knives can be reasonably priced.

To the ones you really care about give Flint Vanadium Knives.

Get Flint Knives in beautiful sets or open stock, wherever quality housewares are sold. You'll be glad you did.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, CHICAGO

Sold in Canada by Ekco Products Company (Canada) Ltd.

**YOU CAN GET
FLINT KNIVES
INDIVIDUALLY OR
IN MATCHED SETS**

Carving Sets . . .
\$13.95 to \$23.95

Steak Sets,
Table Sets
and Utility Sets . . .
\$3.25 to \$14.95

Knives for every
purpose . . .
59c to \$2.50





THE ELECTRA OF THE MOVIE'S TITLE, LAVINIA MANNON (ROSALIND RUSSELL), BROODS, CLOTHED IN SOLEMN BLACK, OUTSIDE HER FAMILY'S SORROWFUL HOUSE

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Mourning Becomes Electra

Eugene O'Neill's tragedy of vengeance in a New England family is a great forward step for cinematic artistry

"True tragedy," declares Critic Joseph Wood Krutch, "may be defined as a dramatic work in which the outward failure of the principal personage is compensated for by the dignity and greatness of his character." After Shakespeare, tragedy was almost a lost art in English until Eugene O'Neill wrote *Mourning Becomes Electra* in 1931.

O'Neill's story was borrowed from Aeschylus' *Oresteia*, first presented in 458 B.C., but his setting is New England in 1865. The characters are the wealthy Ezra Mannon, his foreign wife Christine

and their children, Orin and Lavinia. The action is divided into three sections. Prompted by jealousy, lust and incestuous thoughts—with deception, murder and suicide as their agents—Christine kills her husband (*Homecoming*) and is punished by her children (*The Hunted*). Then Orin commits suicide and Vinnie, the tragic Electra, dons the mourning she was fated for and enters the great house to live in solitary damnation (*The Haunted*).

This somber tale has been made into a movie for RKO with the loving care of Adapter-Director

Dudley Nichols. Since the original lasted six hours on the stage, the movie version is extremely long (nearly three hours) and—except for Michael Redgrave, who is brilliant as the son—seems only fairly well acted. Even so, *Electra* is a thrilling film which sustains an assault on the emotions as no other movie has ever done. Therefore and because—without being highbrow—it indulges in no cheap caperings for the sake of "mass entertainment," *Electra* stands as an artistic triumph and a landmark in the development of cinema artistry.

HOME COMING



VINNIE IS COURTED by a passionate mariner named Adam Brant (Leo Genn). She loves him but finds he is merely using her to disguise a real love affair with her mother.



VINNIE HATES her brazen mother, Christine (Katina Paxinou). She throws over her suitor, Peter Niles (Kirk Douglas), to devote herself to her beloved father, Ezra.

THE HUNTED



SON LOVES MOTHER with an unnatural affection, so much so that Vinnie only half persuades Orin (Michael Redgrave) that his mother is both an adulteress and a murderess.



CHRISTINE SHOWS guilt when Vinnie confronts her with the poison box on Ezra's bier. Now Orin, jealous because his mother loves another, sides with Vinnie.

THE HAUNTED



VINNIE AND ORIN assume their dead parents' identities. She has become passionate, he a puritan.



VINNIE LOVES Peter Niles again, but Orin, disregarding Peter's sister (Nancy Coleman), wants Vinnie to forsake the world, live only for him.



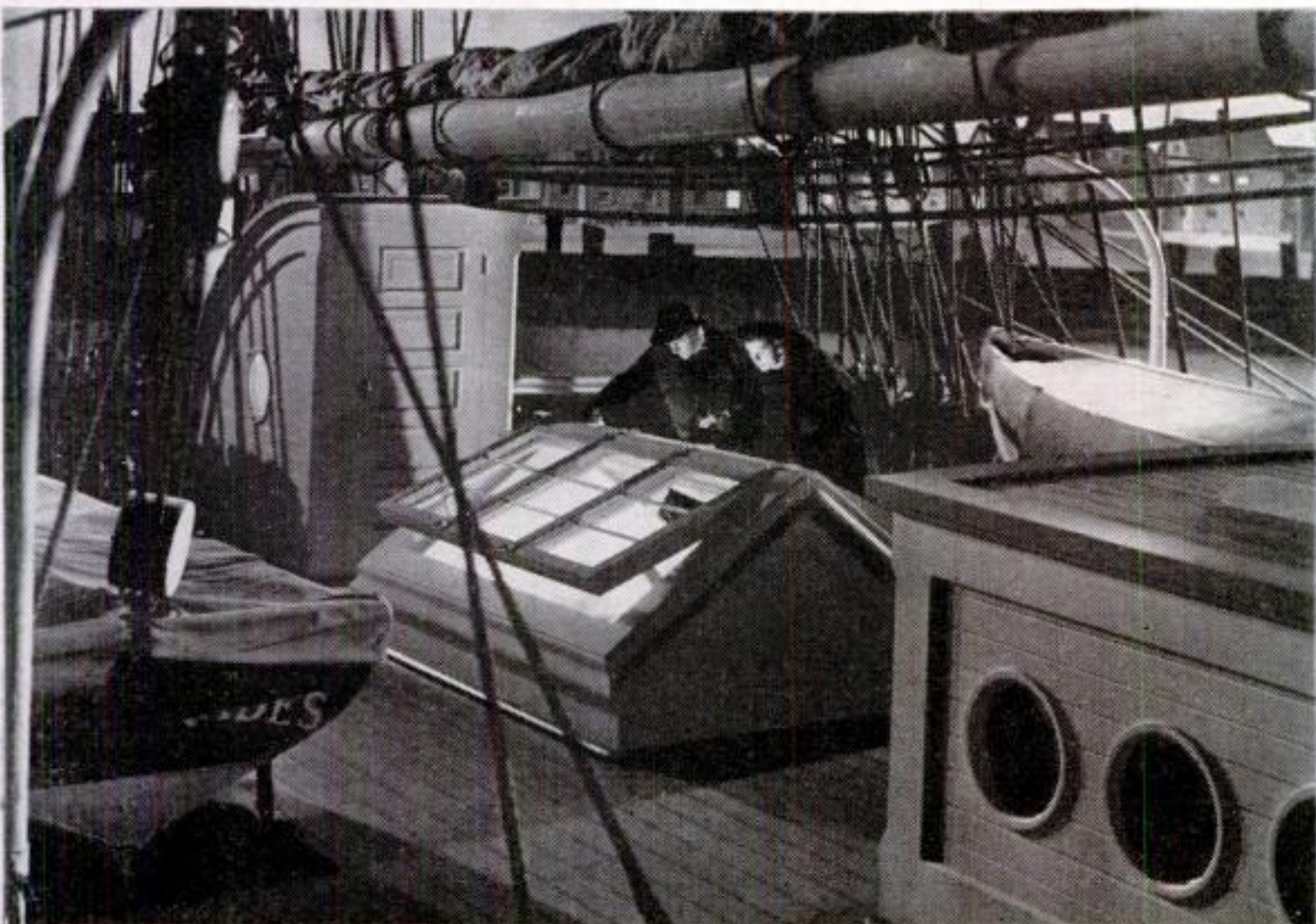
RECALLING their family past, Orin says he and Vinnie must be punished for their crimes.



HOME FROM WAR comes Father Ezra (Raymond Massey). He tries to make up with Christine, who has always hated him for his puritanism. Vinnie is ungovernably jealous.



EZRA DIES after Christine has poisoned him in order to marry Captain Brant. Knowing Christine is guilty, Vinnie swears to wreak vengeance on her passionate, unhappy mother.



ON BRANT'S SHIP Vinnie and Orin spy on their mother's lover. Then, goaded on by his vengeful sister, Orin lies in wait for Adam Brant below decks and shoots him.



CHRISTINE IS TOLD of Brant's death. Thus Orin punishes his mother for loving someone other than himself, and Vinnie revenges her father's betrayal. Christine kills herself.



VINNIE REFUSES to give Peter up. Orin, with all hope of happiness gone, kills himself.



BUT VINNIE TURNS puritan too, sends Peter away. Even though the past is dead, she knows happiness is not for her; she must pay for her sins.



"I'LL LIVE ALONE with the dead and let them hound me," says Vinnie, entering the house forever.

Of America's leading Cigarettes
one is

OUTSTANDING



PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke—filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos—gives you a smoother, mellow, more satisfying smoke.

*-and they are
mild!*

"Mourning Becomes Electra" CONTINUED

O'NEILL USED CLASSIC TRAGEDY TO EXPRESS MODERN VIEWPOINTS

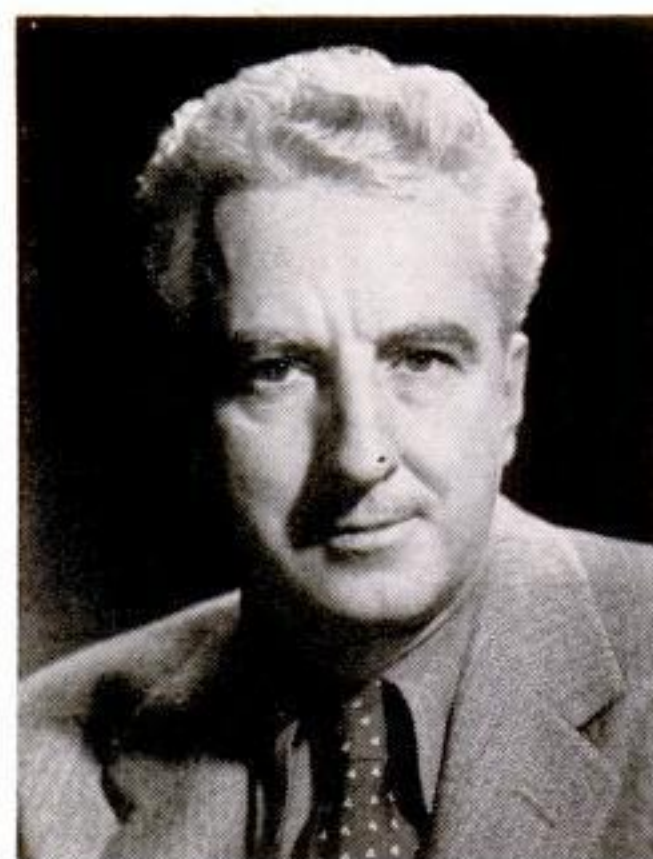
When Eugene O'Neill wrote *Mourning Becomes Electra*, he patterned his story after Aeschylus' classical tragedy of Agamemnon, Clytemnestra and their two children. The character of Lavinia followed Sophocles' conception of the daughter Electra. But there was one great difference. In Aeschylus the characters are ruled by supernatural forces and by Fate, which were highly understandable dramatic factors to the Greeks. O'Neill, believing that both are "poetic" and unreal to a modern audience, substituted modern psychology. In *Mourning Becomes Electra*, therefore, the characters are not motivated so much by outside influences as by their own desires, frustrations and repressions.

Since O'Neill has been influenced by the school of psychological thought founded by Sigmund Freud, it is not surprising to discover that *Mourning Becomes Electra* is, without being pornographic, a play about sex. Because Ezra and Christine are incompatible sexually, she turns to Brant. Because Orin loves rather than likes Christine, he revenges himself on Brant, who has stolen her affections, and ultimately turns to Vinnie, the reincarnation of his mother. On the moral level *Mourning Becomes Electra* deals with a problem which is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon: the conflict between puritanism and passion. Ezra, a Yankee, thinks that love is at bottom sinful. Christine and Brant, who have French blood, think it is healthy. The clash of these beliefs blossoms inevitably into the destruction of the Mannon family.

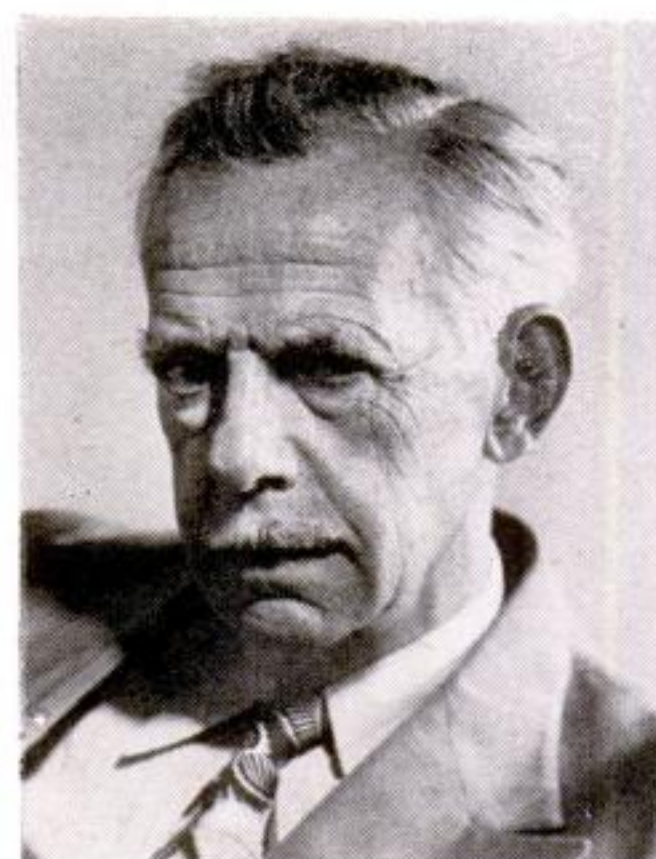
All these aspects of *Mourning Becomes Electra* are side issues, however, just as, for all their excellence, are the play's plottings, suicides and melodramatic scenes. The point of *Electra*—to which it is bent by psychological framework, moral purpose and writing technique—is to show that human beings are terrifying and heroic creatures when they lie in the grip of great passions and to make the audience feel admiration, pity and terror at the sight of them. This is not the purpose of such good dramatists as Ibsen and Chekhov or, contemporaneously, Lillian Hellman and Clifford Odets. These writers are chiefly concerned with the littleness of man. Their level is the level of drama and, after their final curtains, it is impossible to say, "How have the mighty fallen." Such words can only be spoken at the close of *Oedipus* or *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* which, being tragedies, are concerned with displaying the greatness of man. They are also appropriate during the closing moments of *Mourning Becomes Electra*.

Electra, in fact, is almost in a class with Shakespeare. The characters, the story and some of the scenes are easily as good as anything of the Bard's. Where *Electra* falls down is in its language. This does not mean that O'Neill's spare vocabulary is prosy but that moments which cry for a great line, like "Let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings," are not completely fulfilled.

On the screen *Mourning Becomes Electra* displays nearly all the attributes provided by its author. Adapter Dudley Nichols tampered with the original very little, only moving the action outdoors occasionally to provide a little movement. Whether or not the picture will have a commercial success commensurate with its artistic achievement is uncertain. Intellectuals will probably like it, but many moviegoers may be less willing to have their emotions pulverized for three grueling hours by something unlike any other movie ever made. Either way, Nichols feels good about the film. More important, so does O'Neill.



DUDLEY NICHOLS adapted *Long Voyage Home* by O'Neill for screen.



EUGENE O'NEILL wrote *The Iceman Cometh*, a Broadway hit last year.

Now your gift of a Kodak camera will capture MORE CHRISTMAS



With Kodacolor Film and blue flash lamps, it's easy to get—even with a Brownie.



"Takes a lot of doing?" No, just a Kodak camera with flash, and Kodak Verichrome Film.



For the full color of Christmas outdoors, Kodacolor Film makes all the difference.

All of the cameras shown here take both black-and-white and full-color pictures...day or night



Brownie Cameras, \$2.75 to \$9

Illustrated: Brownie Flash Six-20, \$9. Flashholder extra.

A Brownie is always a *buy*. For a child or beginner. For anybody who wants to get good snapshots the easiest way. The Brownie Flash Six-20 gets them day or night . . . and, with Kodacolor Film, in full color.



Kodak Reflex Camera, \$120

Price includes Field Case . . . Flashholder extra. For the reflex-camera "fan" who appreciates these superior features—twin *f*/3.5 lenses, both *Lumenized* . . . Flash Kodamatic Shutter, 7 speeds to 1/200 . . . rigid cast-aluminum body. A superb camera for color, flash—all modern picture making.

(Prices do not include tax)



Kodak Folding Cameras, \$17.50 to \$75

Kodak Monitors, \$60 and \$75; Kodak Vigilant Junior (without flash synchronization), \$17.50.

Illustrated: Kodak Vigilant *f*/4.5, \$53. Flashholder extra.

These famous favorites, providing 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 negatives in a camera that is compact, easy-to-carry, now make full-color snapshots (with Kodacolor Film) as well as black-and-white, and most of them may be equipped with flash for night shots.

"Kodak" is a trade mark

Kodak Miniature Cameras, \$50 to \$75

Kodak Flash Bantam *f*/4.5, \$50 Kodak 35 *f*/4.5, \$50

Illustrated: Kodak 35 *f*/3.5, with range finder, \$75. Flashholder extra.

For your "Miniature" fan who wants crisp negatives for enlargements, and, with Kodachrome Film, slides in full color for projection or full-color prints.



Kodak is making more cameras than ever before, but the demand is greater, too. Consult your dealer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak

each tiny whispering tick



GAIL—17 jewels, 10 karat gold-filled, \$55



PATRICIA—Platinum, ablaze with 30 blue-white diamonds, 21 jewels, \$750



OTIS—21 jewels, 14 karat gold. Matching mesh bracelet. Gold numerals, \$130



RENEE—21 jewels, 10 karat yellow gold-filled. Gold-finished numerals, \$71.50



repeats "I love you"

No need for words, when the Christmas-time gift is a Waltham.

Its eloquent beauty tells your love . . . repeats it again . . .

and again . . . in every whisper of its tiny heartbeat.

This Christmas, particularly, Waltham reveals your affection. For

there are more than 150 brilliant new designs ready for your choosing . . . blending, as always, superb Waltham craftsmanship and scientific precision. Each Waltham you select has at least 17 jewels. Each is fashioned-within to incredible perfection —

the new hairspring, for example, is made to limits of ten-millionths of an inch! As with all precious gifts,

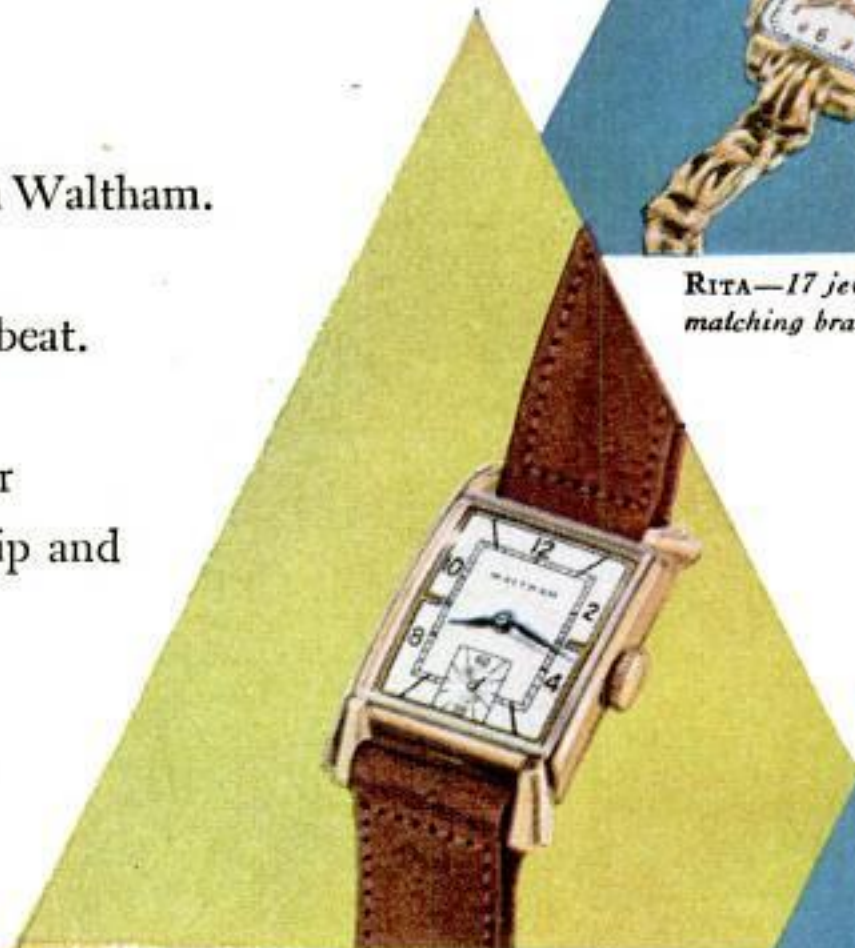
let your jeweler be your trusted adviser.

From \$39.75 to \$750, Federal tax included.

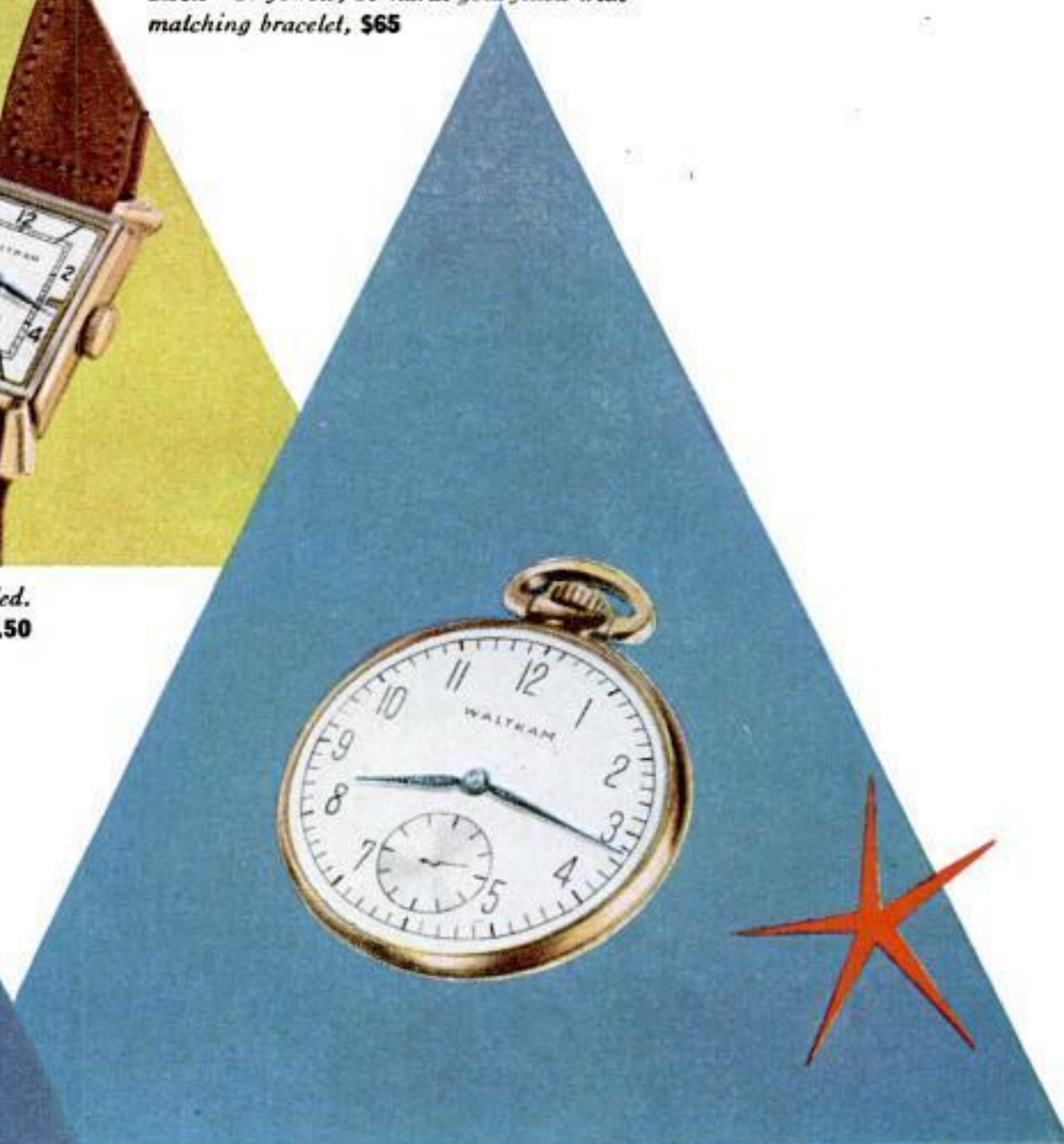
Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.



RITA—17 jewels, 10 karat gold-filled with matching bracelet, \$65



BENNETT—21 jewels, 10 karat gold-filled. Two-tone dial, gold-finished trim, \$71.50



WEBSTER—Slim, modern pocket model, 17 jewels, 14 karat gold-filled, \$71.50



ARTHUR—17 jewels, 10 karat white or yellow gold-filled. Silver dial, \$65



VICTOR—17 jewels, 10 karat yellow gold-filled. Raised gold-finished numerals on dial, \$52.50



EDNA—17 jewels, 14 karat white gold with twin blue-white diamonds, \$125

AMERICANS HAVE WORN WALTHAM WATCHES

SINCE 1850—LONGER THAN ANY OTHER

FINE AMERICAN WATCH EVER MADE

THE NEW

WALTHAM

FIRST AMERICAN WATCH ★ ★ ★ Made in America for 97 years

For the King of Holiday Drinks...



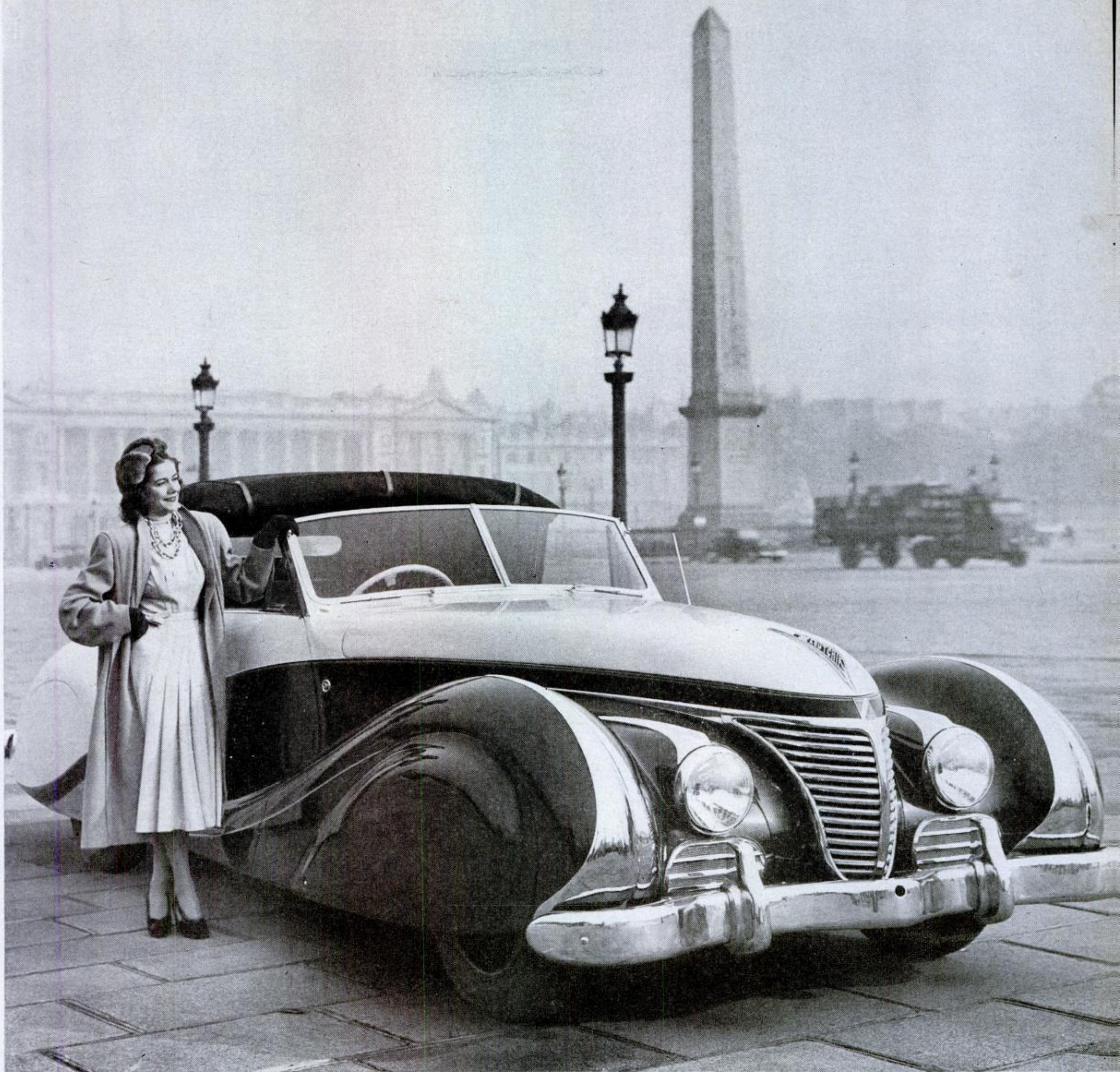
BROWN-FORMAN'S
KING
BLENDED WHISKY

From Kentucky

Treat yourself and your guests
to superlative holiday drinks,
made with Brown-Forman's
King Whisky—from KENTUCKY!

BROWN-FORMAN
DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 35% straight whiskies. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86 proof.



CUSTOM-BODIED FRENCH TALBOT, POISED ELEGANTLY IN PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, HAS SWEEPING, CHROME-ACCENTED LINES, WAS PRICED AT \$21,000 AT THE PARIS AUTO SHOW

AUTOMOBILE DESIGN

It is exciting in Europe but only promising in the U.S.

Once again in a few favored places throughout the world a man can ogle a new, well-turned fender and sniff the heady redolence that a new automobile's paint, metal and upholstery distill. After six carless war years and two years of uninspired "face-lifting" some really new cars are on display. Mostly they are European. The top Continental cars shown in Paris and Rome last month were lavish, beautiful and original in design. Although

far out of reach for most of the people who viewed them, they nevertheless might well be an inspiration to U.S. manufacturers. So far in America only five real postwar cars have appeared: the Hudson, Packard, Studebaker, Kaiser and Frazer. The long-awaited new cars of the Big Three, GM, Chrysler and Ford, are still subjects of nationwide curiosity.

In spite of America's delay in new styling, U.S. cars are now and have long been the envy of the

world because of their roominess, comfort, dependability and unquestioned dollar-for-dollar value. Actually some of the most forward-looking trends in U.S. design may come from the ferment of new makes, many of them midgets, already beginning to appear.

On these pages LIFE reports some of the automobile style trends observable in both Europe and the U.S. and shows some cars that embody them.

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RENAULT
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LABOUR



FRENCH GIRL SMILES PROUDLY ON AN ORANGE DELAHAYE WITH NATURAL LEATHER UPHOLSTERY WHOSE FENDERS WOULD COMMAND THE RESPECT OF ANY TRUCK DRIVER.

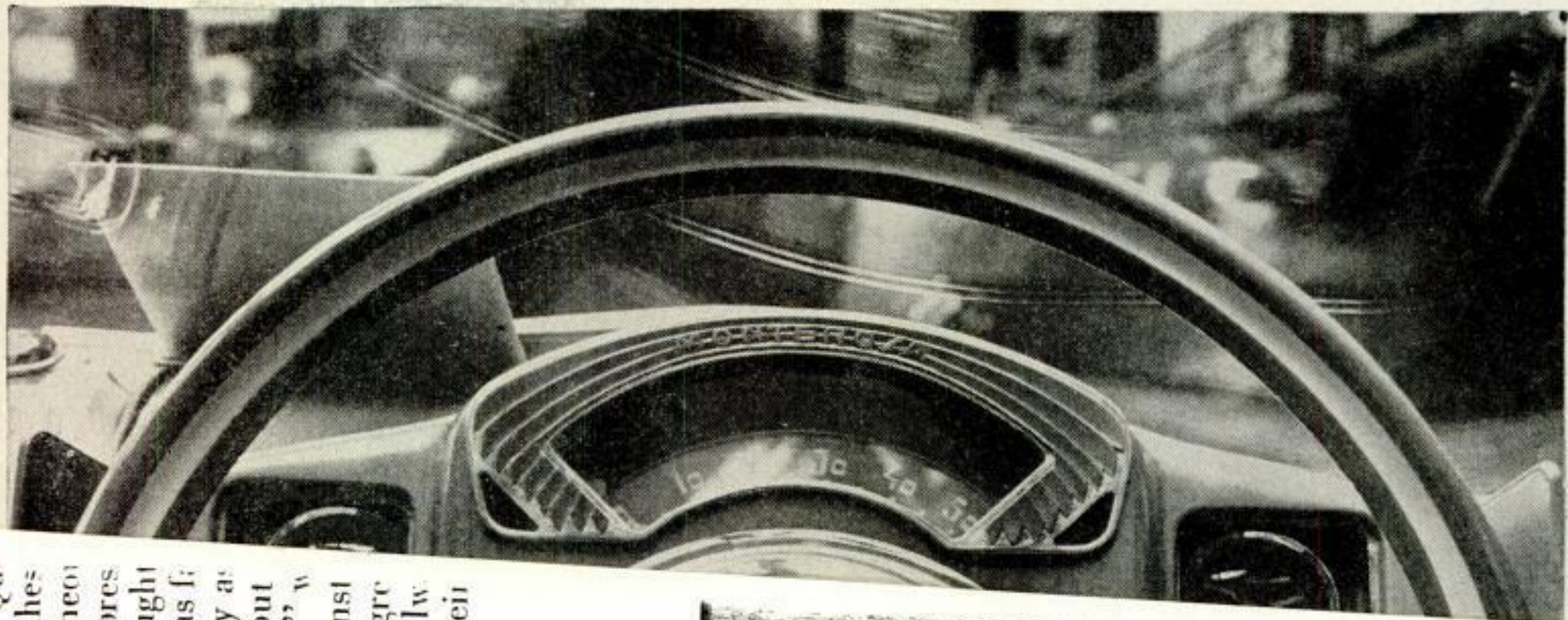
PARIS SHOW

It sets a new high for rich and splendid cars

The 34th annual Salon de l'Automobile in Paris last month brought together the first important assemblage of automobiles (90 makes, including 21 American; 900 models) since Hitler marched on Poland. The European cars divided into two groups: long, flaunting creations (above) produced in small numbers, with handmade bodies, costing as much as \$35,000, or imaginative but anemic little roadbugs designed for the "poor-man trade" (of which

Europe actually has none, only the middle class being able to afford even the cheapest cars like the Dolo at right or the Citroen).

Both groups were studied with avid interest by the more than one million spectators who attended. Prominent were such features as the molded Plexiglas roofs, the rear engines and the bar kits with which some tonneaus were equipped. The visitors also saw such stunning creations as Georges Irat's



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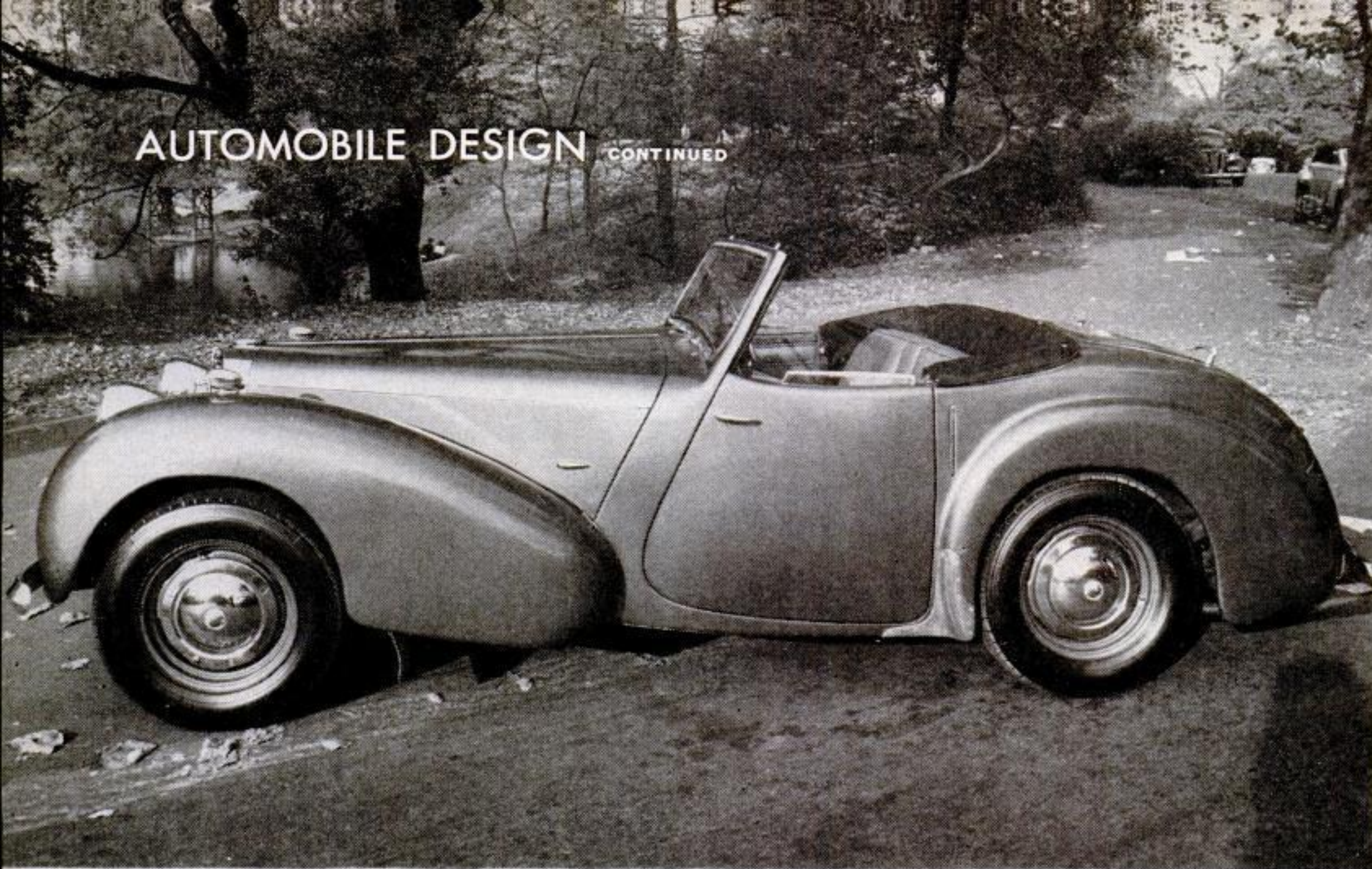
4 1/2
EDGE TO EDGE
(TRANS)

(TRANS)

THE FOUR GENERATIONS. The great Queen Victoria, who came to my christening, wrote of that event: "The dear fine baby, wearing the Honiton lace robe . . . worn by all our children and my English grandchildren, was brought in . . . and handed to

me. I then gave him to the Archbishop and received him back . . . The child was very good . . . Had tea with May, and afterwards we were photographed, I, holding the baby on my lap, Bertie and Georgie standing behind me, thus making the four generations."

SHOOT WHOLE SPREAD - 9 1/2" DGE TO EDGE (TRANS)



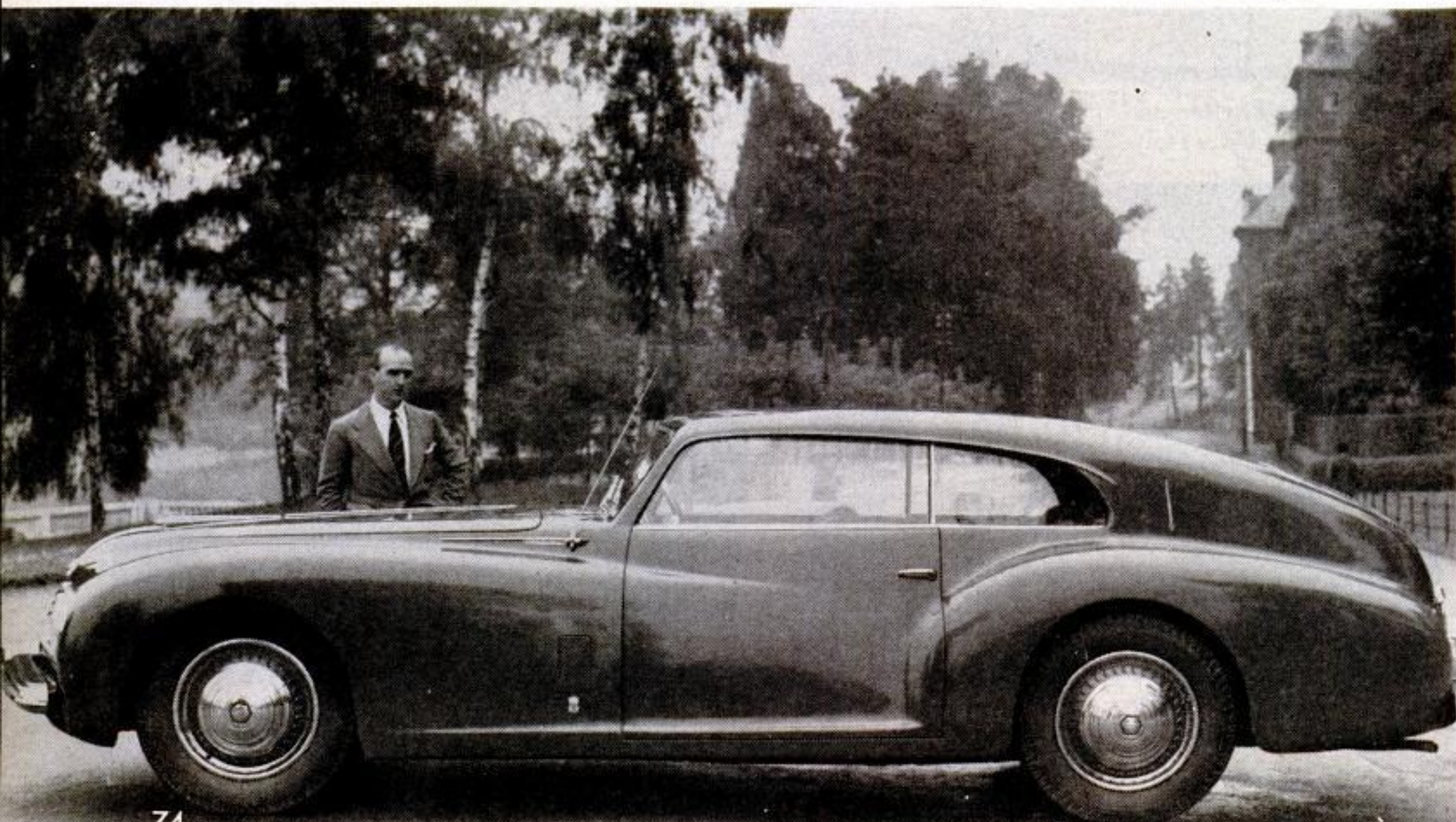
TRIUMPH roadster epitomizes the small, popular English sport car, well-suited to the narrow, winding English roads, racy and lively in appearance. It seats three in

front, has an old-fashioned rumble seat and a folding windshield for rumble passengers. Engine develops 16 European hp (65 U.S. hp). The price in the U.S.: \$4,150.



DELAKE (above, French) victoria has a raspberry-red body built by Figoni and Falaschi, famed European custom body makers, and a six-cylinder motor. Its natural-

leather seats hold four passengers. Price: \$15,000. Coupe body by Giuseppe Farina (shown with car below) on an Alfa Romeo sport chassis won a beauty prize in Italy.



FOREIGN DESIGN IS GAY, IMAGINATIVE, RADICAL

EUROPEAN vs.

Foreign aim is beauty while U.S. stylists

The two small pictures at the top of these pages illustrate the divergent trends in European and U.S. automobile styling. The sketch at left is a composite of the present outstanding trends in British and Continental auto design; the sketch at right synthesizes current U.S. designs. The U.S. pattern is stanch, blocky and commodious (*three cars, right*). The European pattern is fleet, graceful and narrow (*three cars, left*).

European designers care little for the dictates of production-line manufacture. Prizing originality and distinction, they use lines, masses and highlights as does a sculptor: for the sheer sake of beauty. They have the advantage of designing cars intended chiefly to carry their wealthy sportsman owners and a few friends in regal luxury. The results are lithe, hand-tooled vehicles, sure-footed and sensitively responsive to controls.

The U.S. designer, asked why he does not create cars on the European pattern, smiles wryly. He knows well that while Americans like such cars when they see them, they actually buy just what they need. What they need is a car that will carry an entire family and its possessions—groceries,



ROLLS-ROYCE is the conservative, elder statesman of British motoring. Its radiator silhouette has changed only slightly since the first Rolls appeared in 1904. Be-



U. S. DESIGN IS CONSERVATIVE, SOLID, SENSIBLE

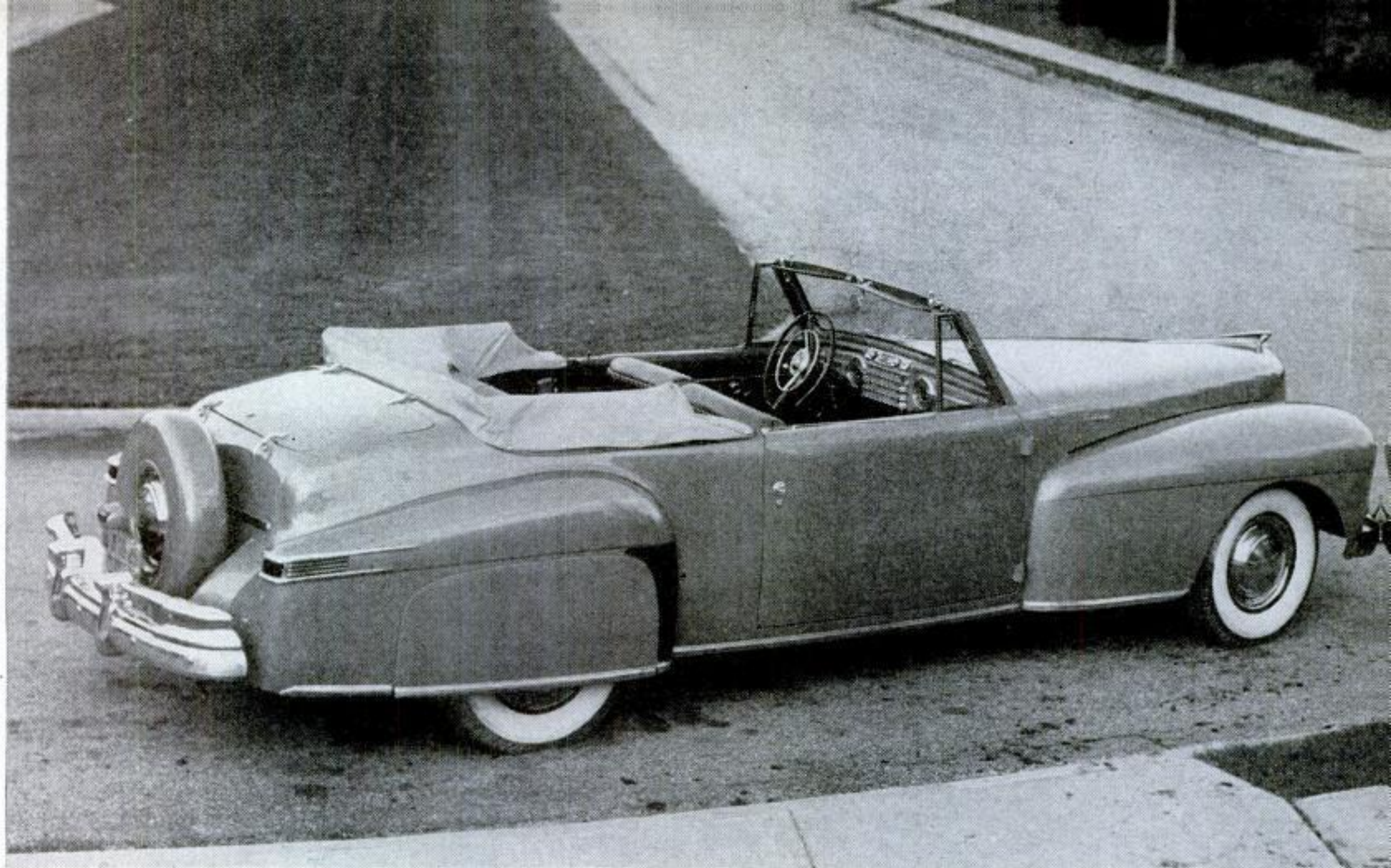
U. S. DESIGNS for beauty's own sake stick to practicality

camping equipment, suitcases—over long distances. So the U.S. produces such cars in great numbers through mass production, and they have a uniformly high efficiency in performance. But in appearance they merely have a high uniformity. Production men balk at major factory changes that radically new models necessitate, business offices shrink from the expense of retooling, sales managers quake at the thought of what an unsuccessful experiment will cost in sales. Instead Detroit pontificates, "Good cars develop not by revolution but by evolution," an expression which, translated into steel, means "No major changes this year."

U.S. automobile designers themselves, whether staff men or free-lancers, want racier, "sexier," automobiles. Europe's desperate and determined drive to sell its cars in this country for dollar exchange may, by familiarizing the U.S. public with more radical ideas, eventually create a demand for them. When that demand becomes large enough, U.S. auto makers will certainly strive to meet it. The real answer to the question of "Why can't we design cars like Europe's?" is "We can" (next page) and "We have" (Lincoln Continental, top right).

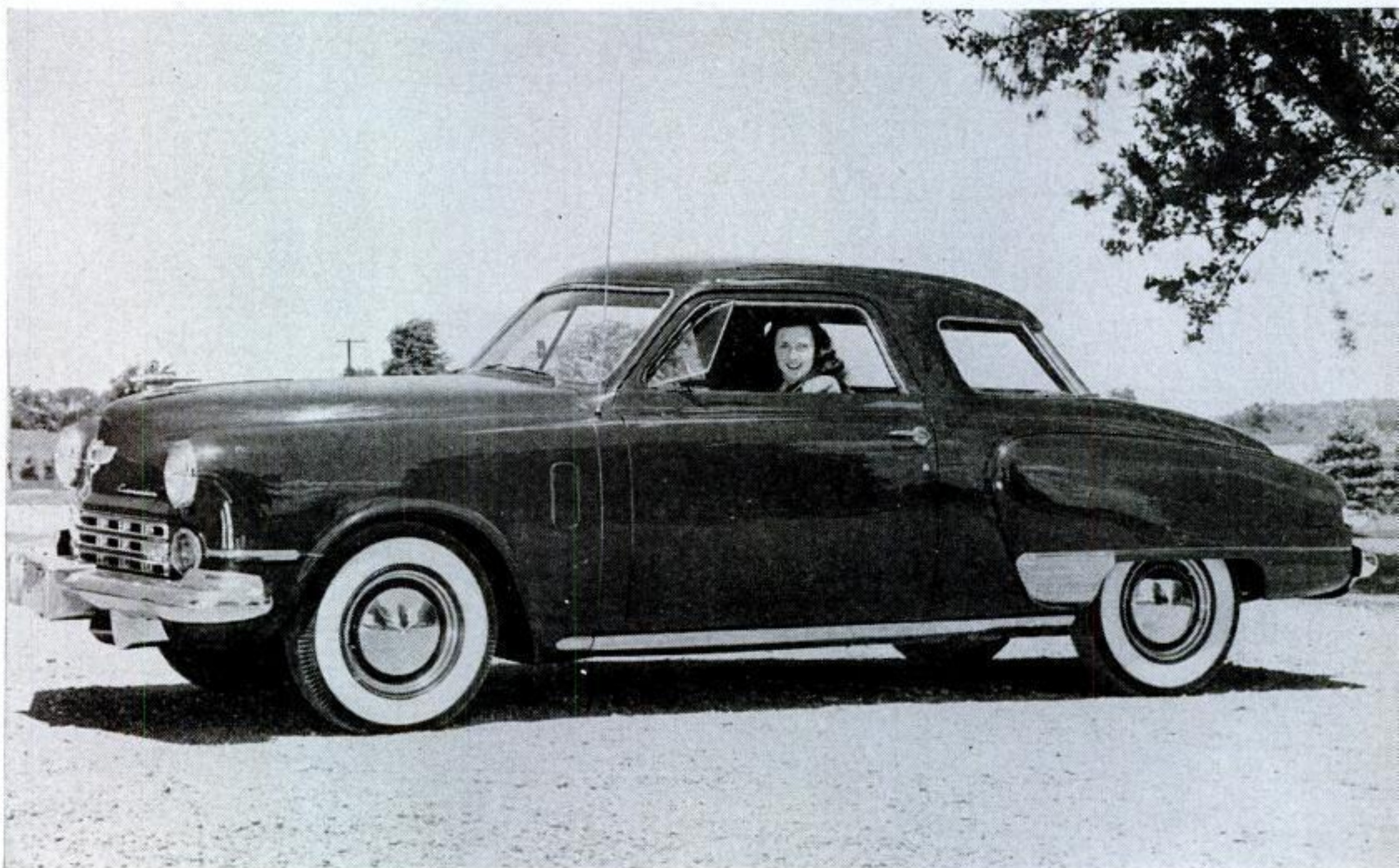


cause of superb workmanship, it is commonplace to find Rolls-Royces operating after 30 years' service. They cost from \$18,450 to \$19,200, are owned by kings and rajas.



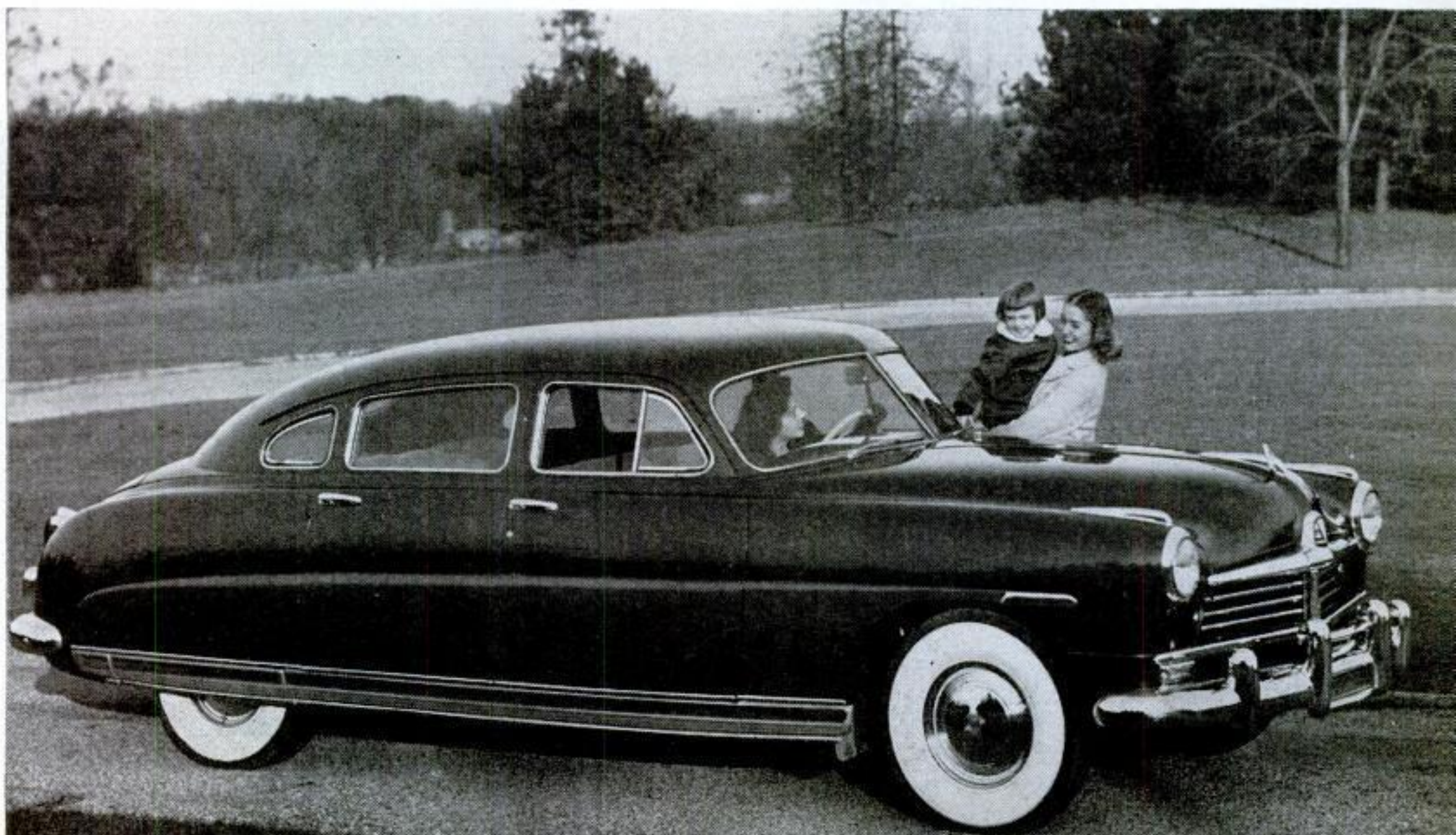
LINCOLN CONTINENTAL by Ford has low, clean silhouette, firmly drawn fenders and functional, compact rear deck. The late Edsel Ford helped to design it.

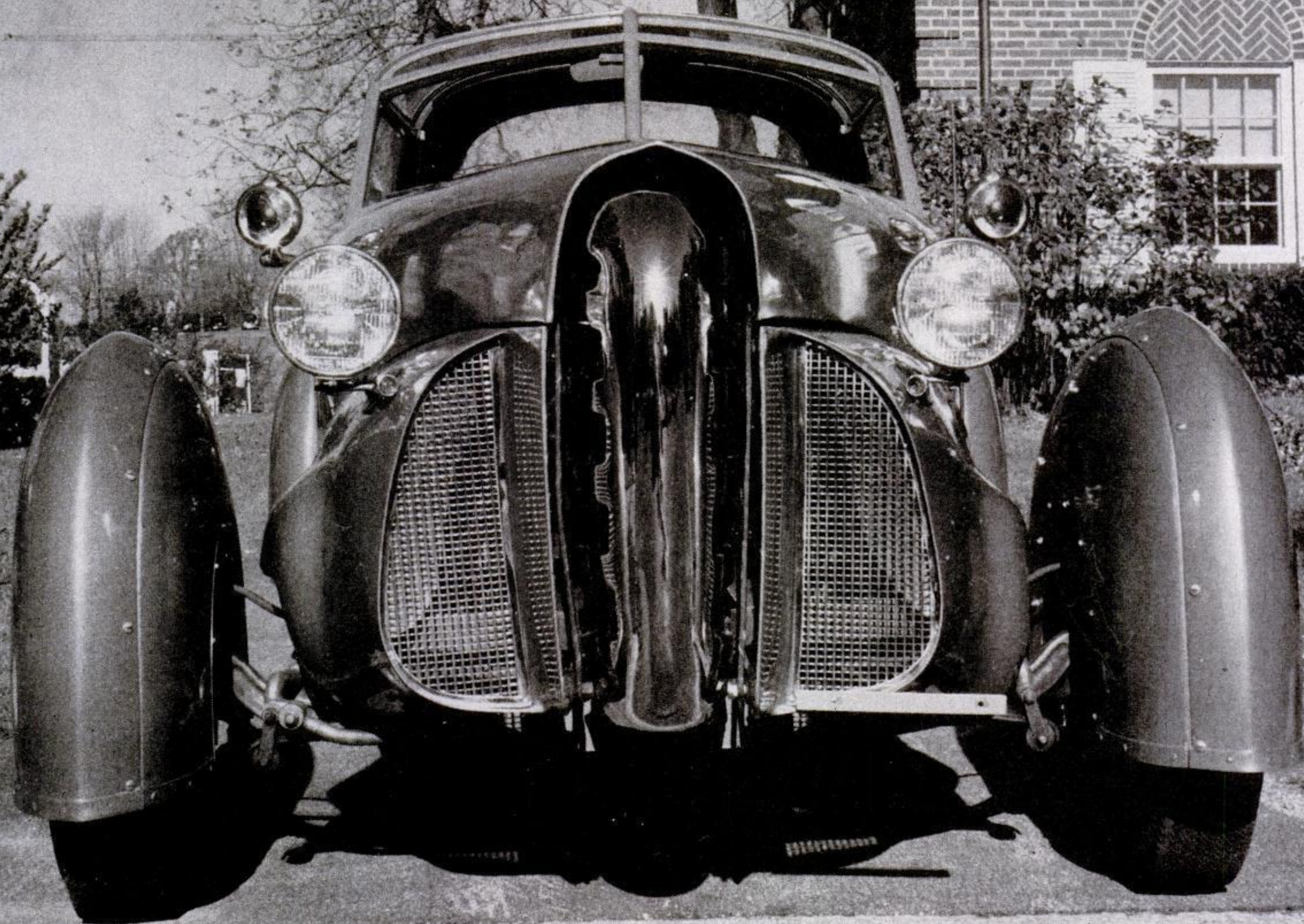
Despite its rather excessive grille, many designers regard it as the most beautiful U.S. car. The convertible model (above) seats six, has a 120 hp V-12 motor, costs \$4,900.



STUDEBAKER carried on a postwar trend toward blending fenders into the body and afforded ample rear vision with big windows. Coupe (above) seats five, has

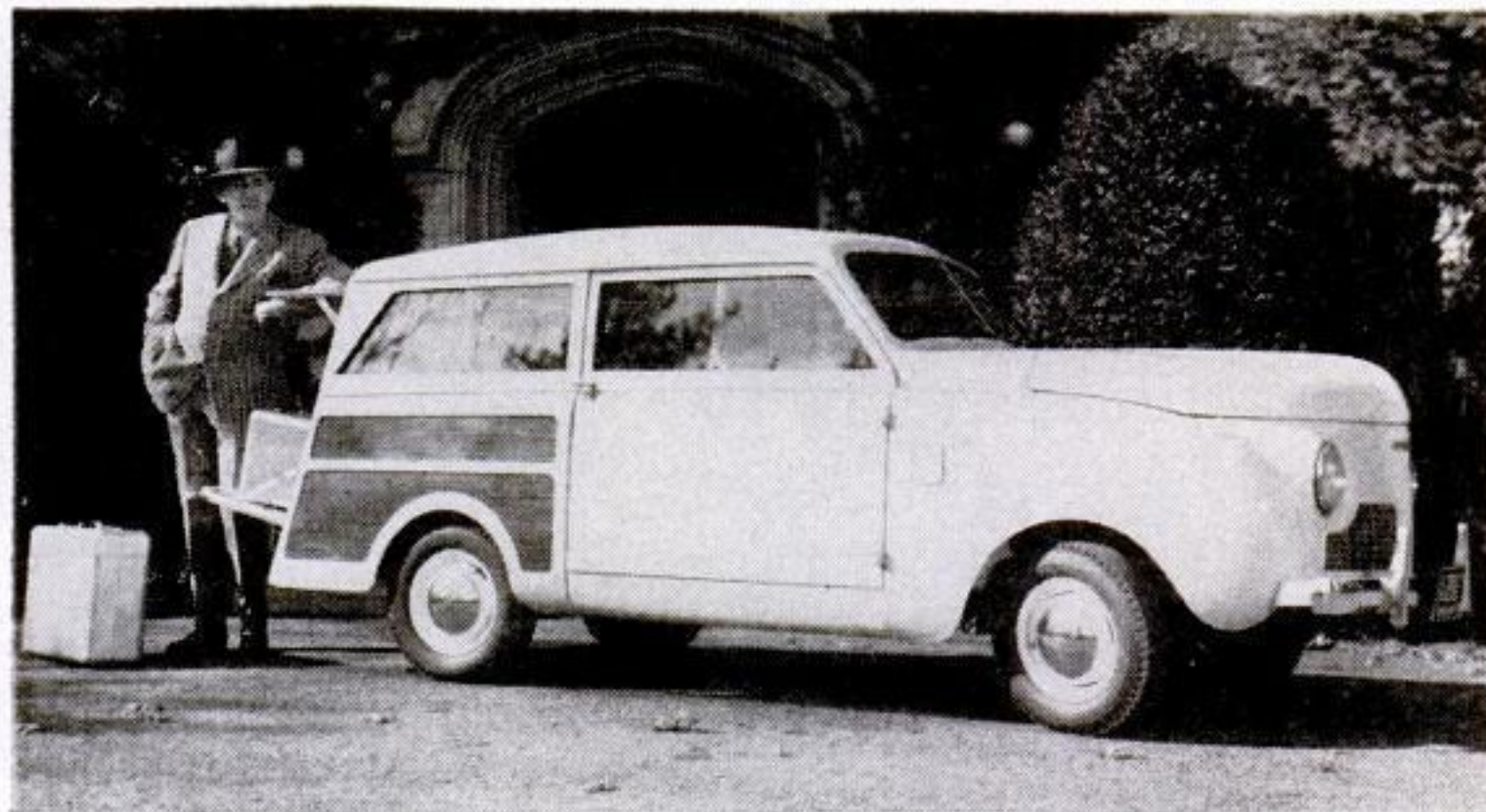
luggage space, costs \$1,942. New Hudson (below) achieves low center of gravity by making the body and frame one unit so passengers sit between wheels. Price: about \$2,000.





NEW SPORT CAR developed by Gordon Buehrig, designer of the old Cord, will be built on Mercury or Packard chassis. Pilot model (*above*) has a special body by Derham,

biggest U.S. custom body builder. Production plans call for 100 to 500 a year, selling at \$7,500. Gleaming radiator cowlings act as bumper. Plexiglas roof panels are removable.



CROSLEY, one of first U.S. ultrasmall-car builders, now makes a four-passenger station wagon at \$929. It will make about 1,500 a month. Left: President Powel Crosley Jr.



WILLYS has added to its jeep line a sport phaeton, fire-engine red and seating five, at \$1,400. The versatile wartime jeep helped popularize small cars in big-car-loving U.S.



NEW DARRIN, by California custom body builder, has plastic body for tests, is prototype of proposed \$3,000 car.

EXPERIMENTS

U.S. makers try a few

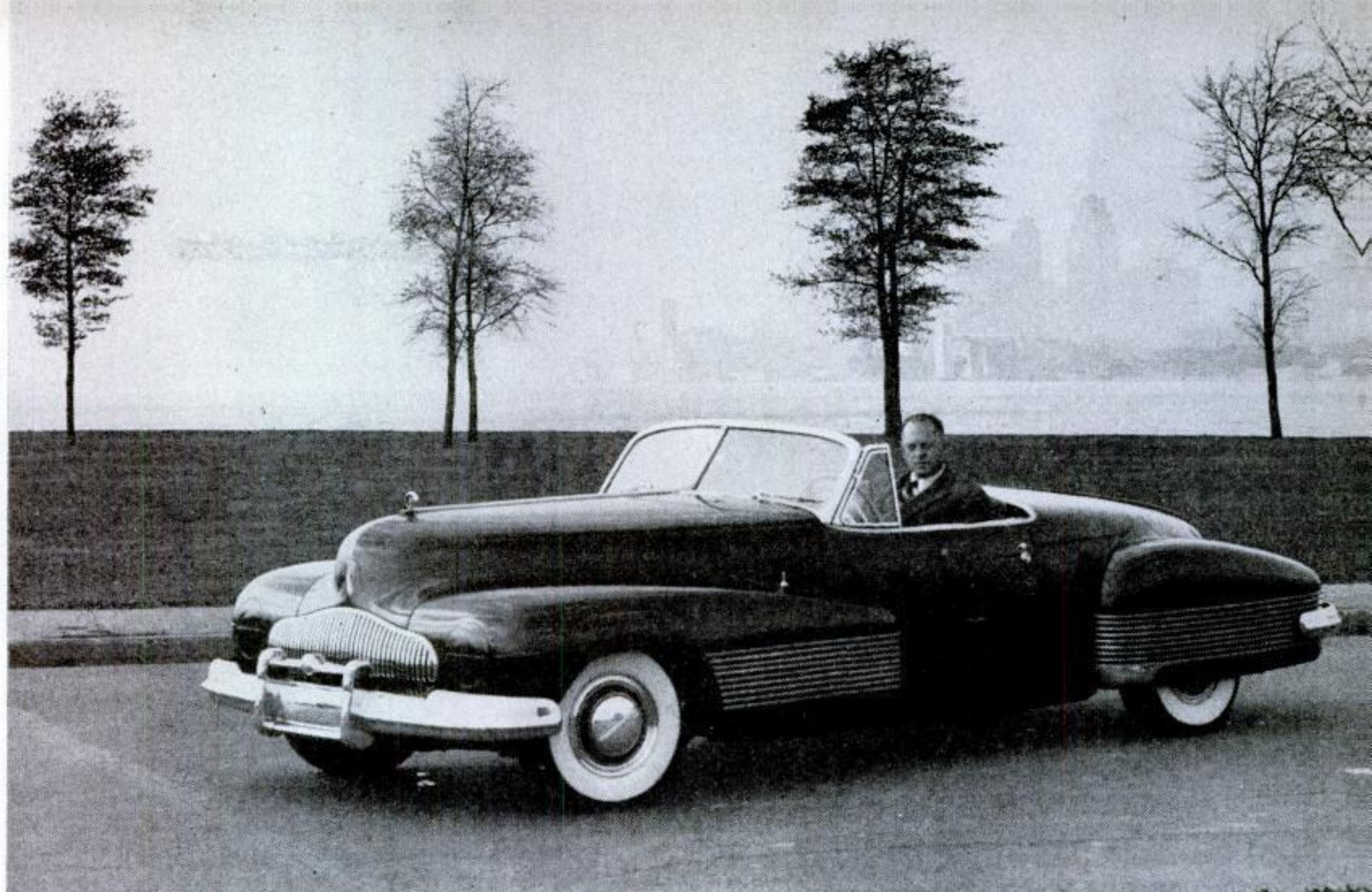
Despite U.S. makers' emphasis on evolution, mutterings of revolution are currently being heard. In the immediate future U.S. cars will simply grow lower, wider, have less chrome, lower grilles. But the rear engine, promising new lines, greater roominess, looms on the horizon. Ultrasmall cars are appearing (*bottom*). Ace designers have built handsome test models (*right*). While the recent history of automobile innovation in this country is dismal, 1948 will see a new crop of experiments by independent makers. What they do to U.S. design will depend in the last analysis on what the public does about them.



AIRPLANE STYLING of new Buehrig car is especially noticeable in body lines, cockpitlike instrument panel.

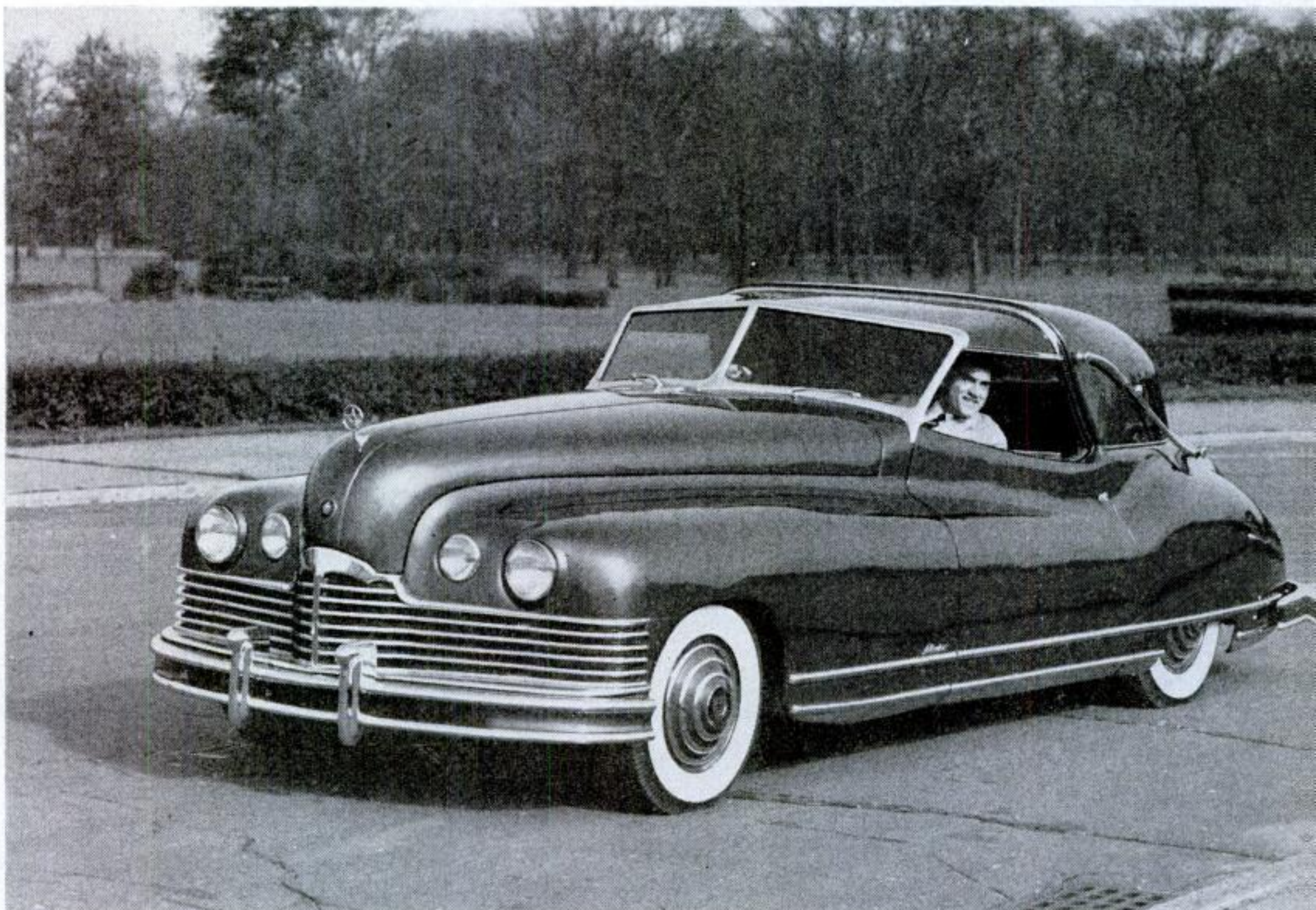


KELLER, another newcomer, has a station wagon at \$1,095. In other models it offers the buyer a choice of front or rear engine. The new Tucker car will also be rear-engined.



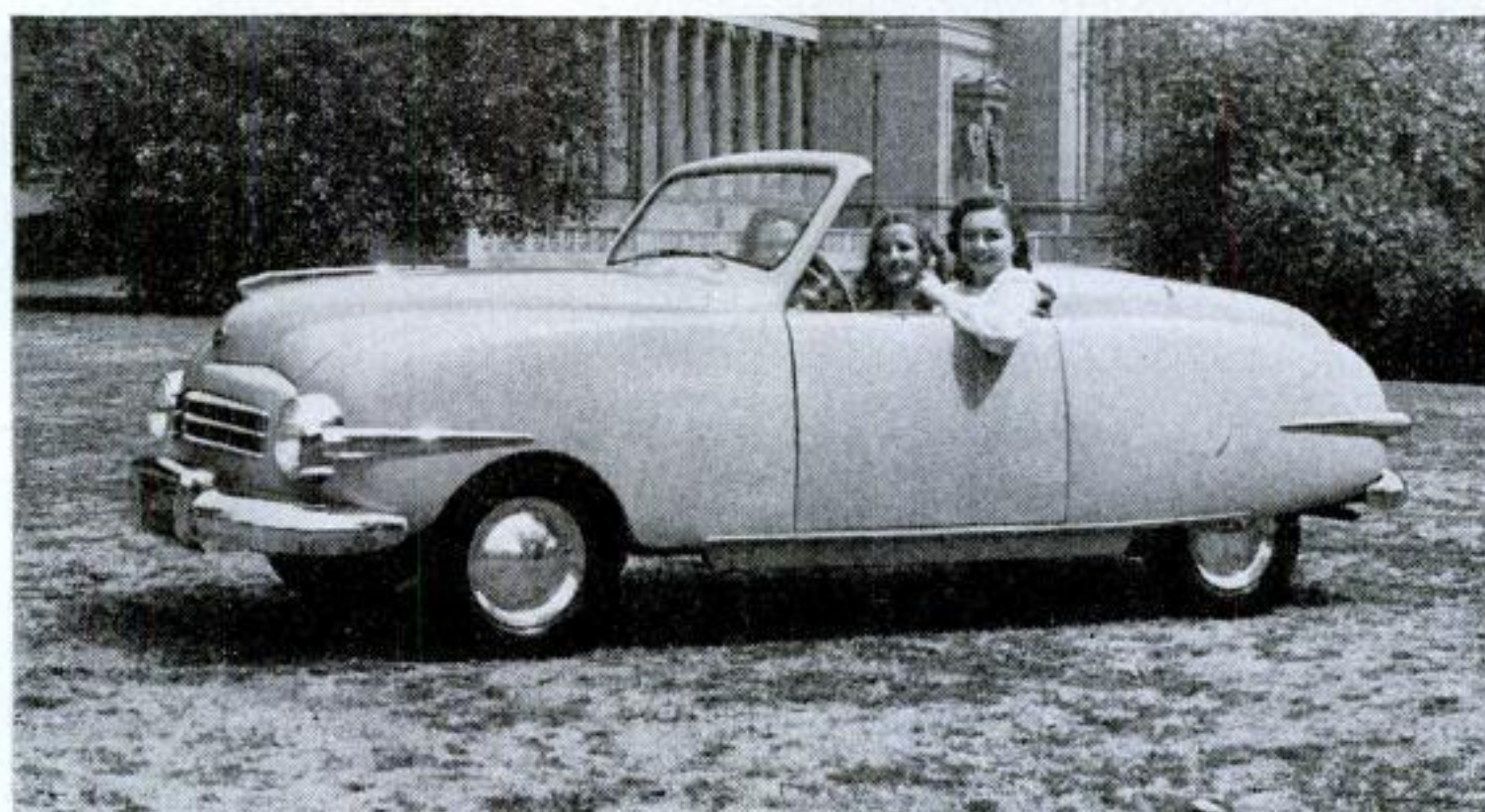
EXPERIMENTAL BUICK was built in 1940 for Harley Earl (*at wheel*), GM vice president in charge of de-

sign. It has the first wrap-around bumper, a power top and shows how far advanced U.S. ideas were even then.

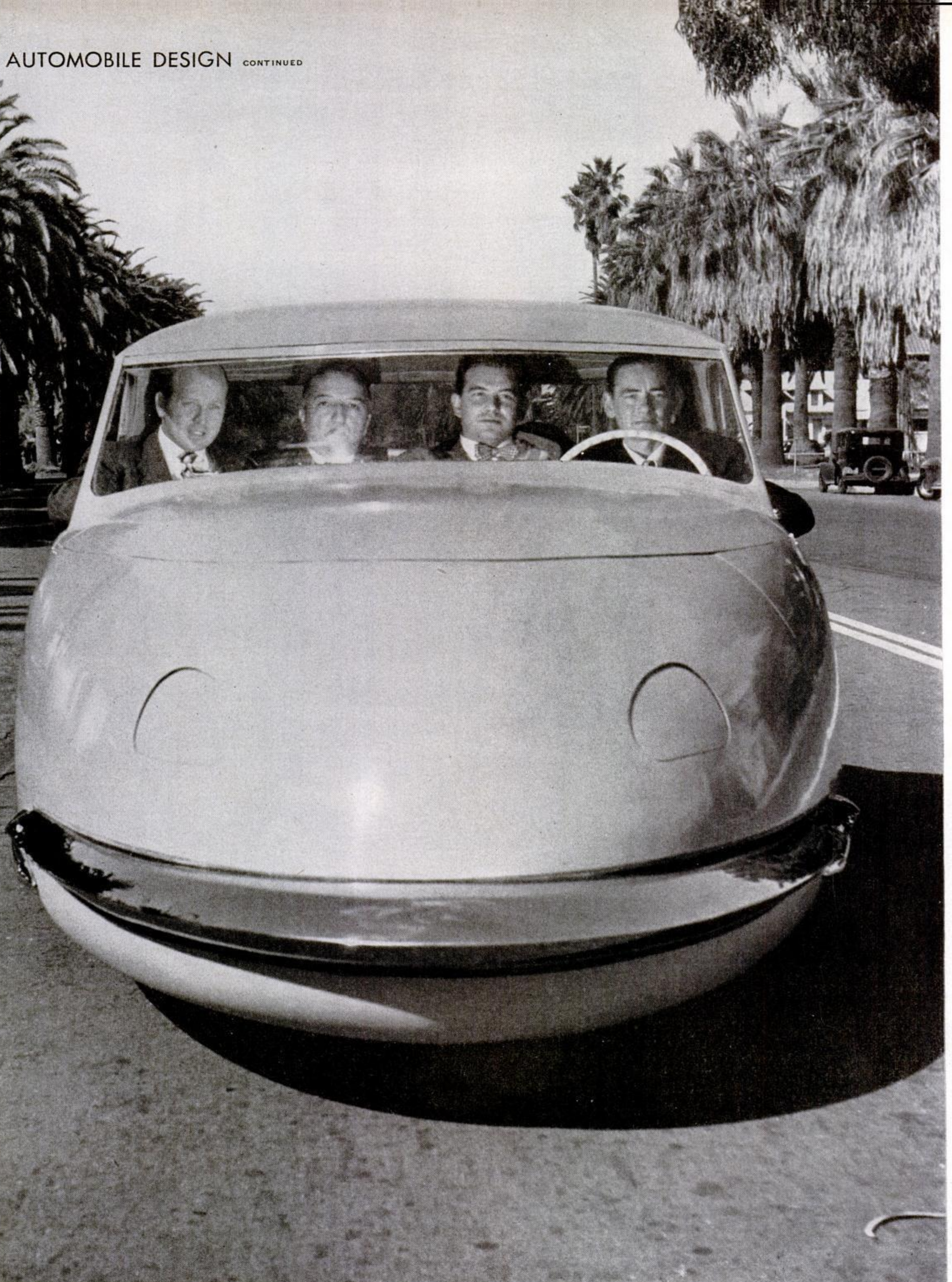


EXPERIMENTAL PACKARD "Phantom" was built in 1940 by Designer Edward Macauley (*at wheel*). It has

"mouth organ" grille, lines like '48. Experiment's findings: fog lights too high, button door handles impractical.



PLAYBOY, which weighs 1,900 pounds, will be produced in only one model, seating three. It will cost \$985 f.o.b. Buffalo, has an all-metal top and is wider than it is high.



DAVIS, another new small U.S. car, a pilot model of which rolls here along a Los Angeles street, seats four in its one, wide seat. It has only three wheels, two in the back

and one in the front, but the very low center of gravity makes it almost nontippable. When production begins next year it is expected to sell for \$995 on the West Coast.



CANDLELIGHT—An exquisitely styled occasional clock in the finest General Electric tradition. Beautifully cased in sparkling black glass, ground and polished to shimmering elegance. \$19.50, plus retail tax.

CANDLELIGHT—The same clock, but with a different case. Your choice of velvety, glowing, brown East India lambskin, or pigskin, bordered by white saddle-stitching. A superb gift! \$19.50, plus retail tax.

*This Christmas—Give the clocks
most people want most!*

General Electric "Gift Clocks"—from \$535.00 to \$4.95.

A clock for every purse and purpose!

Each General Electric Clock shown here is a perfect gift clock . . . an enduring source of happiness . . . a chronicler of time and the giver.

Each of these clocks has these *wanted-and-awaited-for* General Electric features:

1. *No need to wind*—runs electrically.

2. *Noiseless*—no distracting ticktock.

3. *Accurate*—electrically checked by your Power Company to correspond with official Arlington time.

4. *Dependable*—on time, all the time. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.



MORNING GLORY—Beauty wedded to utility! This attractive General Electric Alarm Clock's flawlessly cast metal case has a soft, satiny butler silver finish and gold-colored fluted brass feet. Its bell alarm is melodious, but positive! \$17.95, plus retail tax.

GAY HOUR—A beautiful alarm clock with the General Electric feature—"Select-A-Larm." This gives the user the choice of personal volume control. Alarm can be set to ring "soft," "medium," "loud" . . . or any volume in between. \$7.95, plus retail tax.

HERALDER—An especially acceptable LOW-COST GIFT ITEM is The Herald, with "Select-A-Larm" feature! One of our most popular alarm clocks, and only \$4.95, plus retail tax. Available with luminous hands and hour dots at \$5.95, plus retail tax.

THE ADAMS—A truly magnificent grandfather clock of 18th century design—even to weights and pendulum. The superb mahogany case is authentically styled. There is a special "moon dial," and the Westminster chimes sound each quarter hour on 5 tubular bells. \$535.00, plus retail tax.

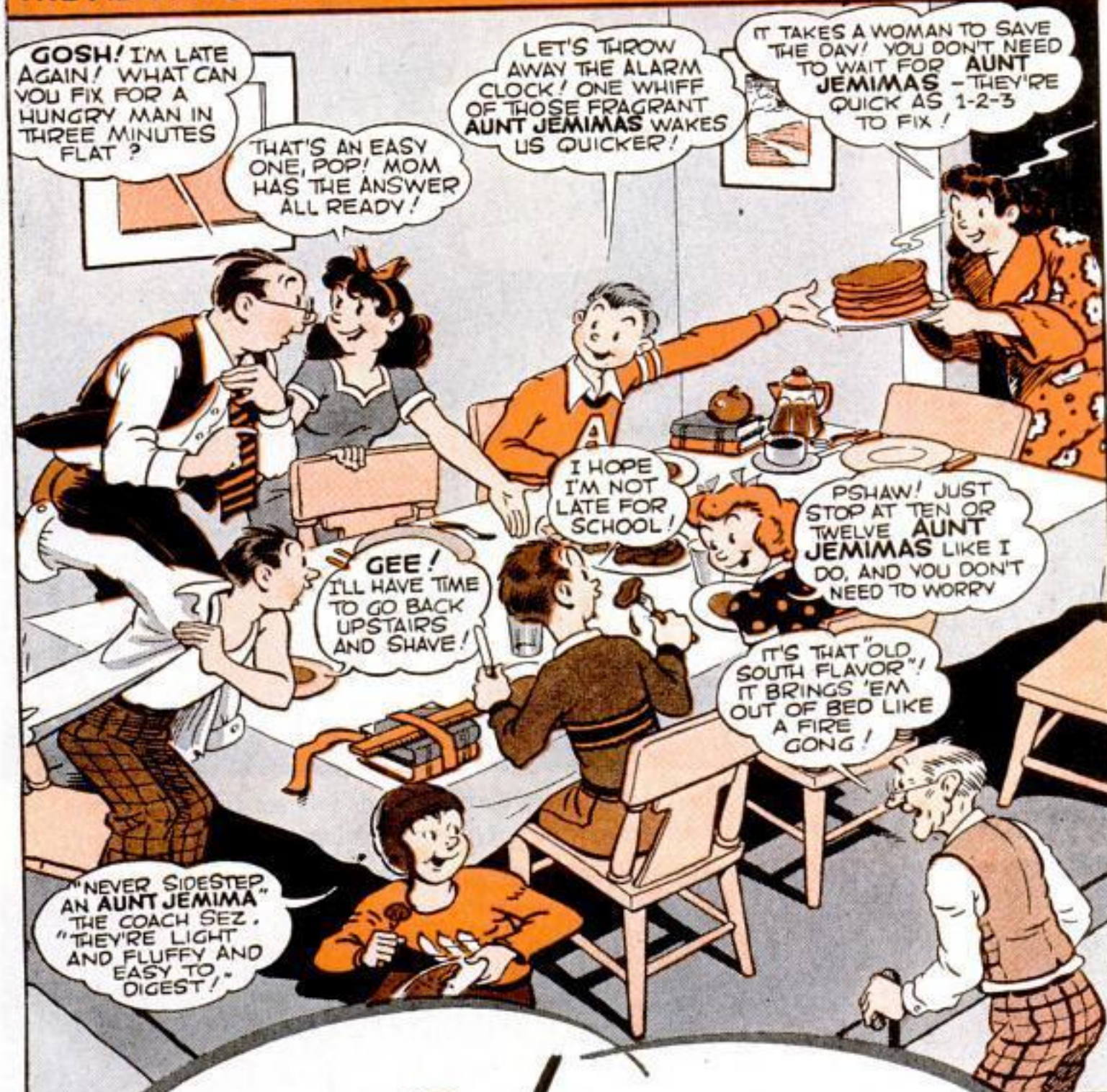
RIDGEFIELD—A beautiful mantel strike clock. This Colonial reproduction brings a note of graciousness into every room. Faithfully accurate in design, it strikes both the hour and half-hour on a deep-toned spiral gong. \$32.00, plus retail tax.

RHAPSODY—Elegant in form, this new General Electric mantel chime clock has a diagonally grained mahogany case burnished to a rich, satiny sheen. Full Westminster chimes, in all their subtle beauty of tone, strike the quarter hours. \$55.00, plus retail tax.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and FORGET IT!

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

THE ALARM CLOCK FAILS-BUT AUNT JEMIMAS RING THE BELL

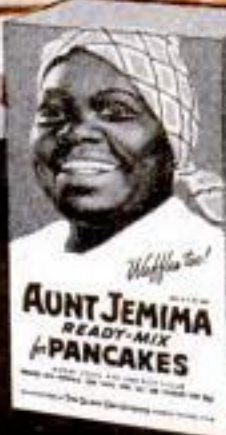


Glory Be!
There's always time
to Fix Temptilatin'
Aunt Jemima
Pancakes!



M E N U
Sleep-Late Breakfast
Grape-Fruit Juice
Aunt Jemima Pancakes* Jelly
Coffee Milk

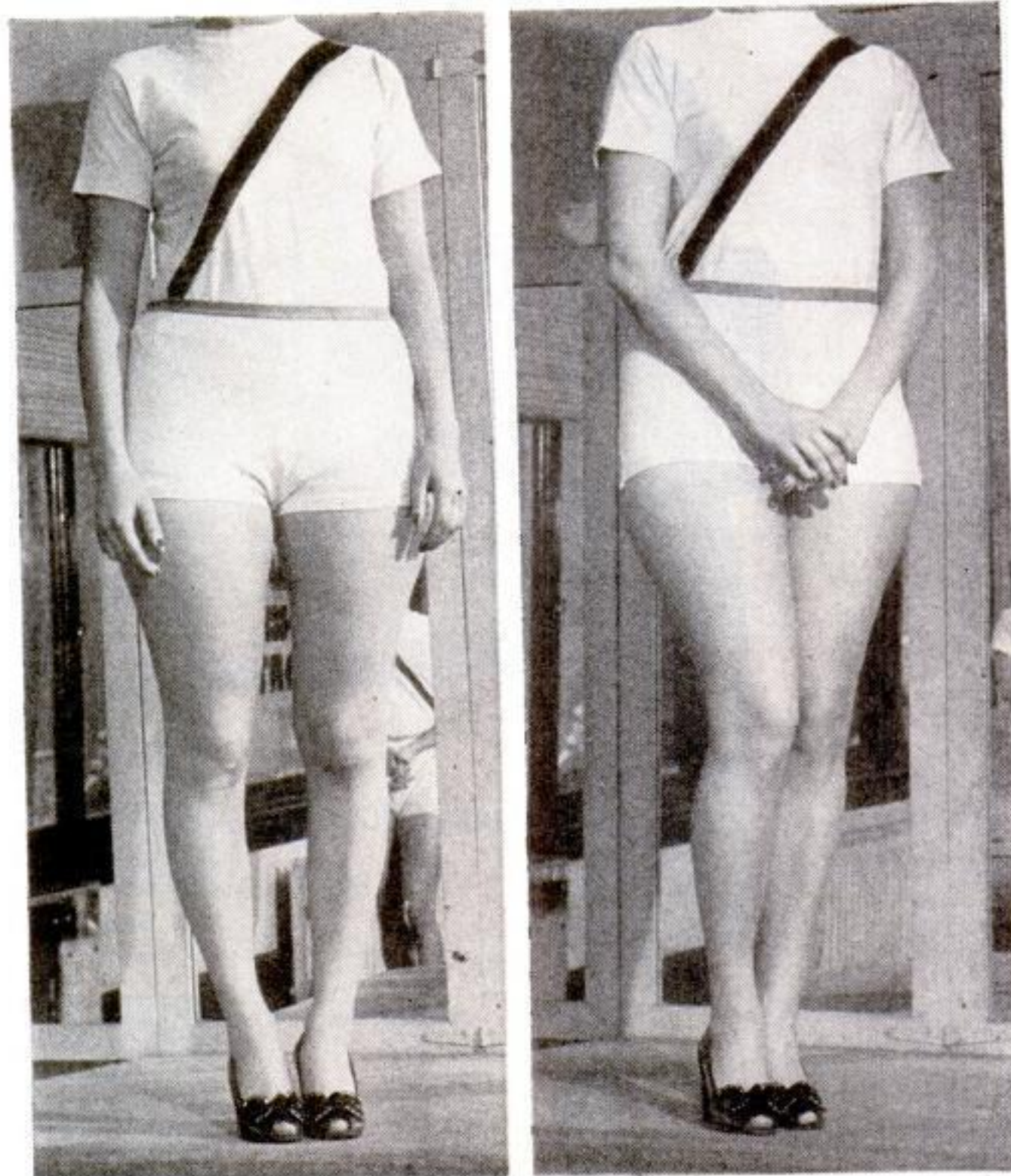
*Less than 3 minutes from package to griddle!



For Happifyin' Variety...
GET BOTH KINDS

the red box for pancakes and waffles,
the yellow box for buckwheats.

Air Hostesses CONTINUED



BOWLEGGED STUDENT looked awkward (left) before school taught her how to stand (right). Students can also learn how to camouflage knock-knees.



HANDLING A DRUNK is taught in classroom in cutaway airliner. First, hostess politely takes bottle (top) and then tilts seat so drunk will go to sleep.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

you can rent a NEW CAR FROM HERTZ as easy as



It's really amazingly easy, and so convenient, to rent and drive a car from Hertz. Thousands of traveling men, business concerns, and people who just drive for pleasure, find it so. Many salesmen use plane or train, and in each city they visit, rent cars from Hertz to make calls faster, comfortably, and save money. You can also make arrangements for car reservations at your destination under the new RAIL-AUTO and PLANE-AUTO TRAVEL PLANS by consulting your local train or plane ticket seller. Hertz is the only nation-wide rent-a-car system, now in 250 cities from coast to coast and in Canada. New cities are being added to the Hertz system rapidly. It's a dependable system, its cars beauti-

fully conditioned and properly insured. When you rent them, they are filled with gas and oil, all ready to drive.

Call your local Hertz station listed in the telephone classified section for com-

plete information about the Hertz easy rental plan. For FREE Directory of *all* Hertz stations throughout United States and Canada, write Hertz Drivurself System, Dept. 2127, Pontiac, Michigan.



IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT:

The Hertz Drivurself System has under way a Plan of Expansion to serve more cities and towns. Licenses are being awarded to qualified local interests to operate in the Hertz System, the world's largest drivurself organization. Write Hertz Drivurself System, Dept. 2127, Pontiac, Michigan for complete information about this unusual profit opportunity.

FROM COAST TO COAST AND IN CANADA. . WHEN YOU RENT A CAR FROM HERTZ YOU GET A FINE CAR. . AND COURTEOUS, DEPENDABLE SERVICE



Pard made a pard of my dog...

Dog owners, breeders and veterinarians acclaim Pard, the "one-dish-dinner" that's got everything! That's because Pard's nutritionally correct formula is based on feeding studies, conducted by experts in Swift's research laboratories — no additional meat is ever needed. Get a supply of Pard now!



SWIFT MAKES PARD
rich in meat proteins!

Air Hostesses CONTINUED



HOW TO CHANGE DIAPERS is taught with a practice doll. Most planes now carry throwaway diapers for use in emergency when the plane is in flight.

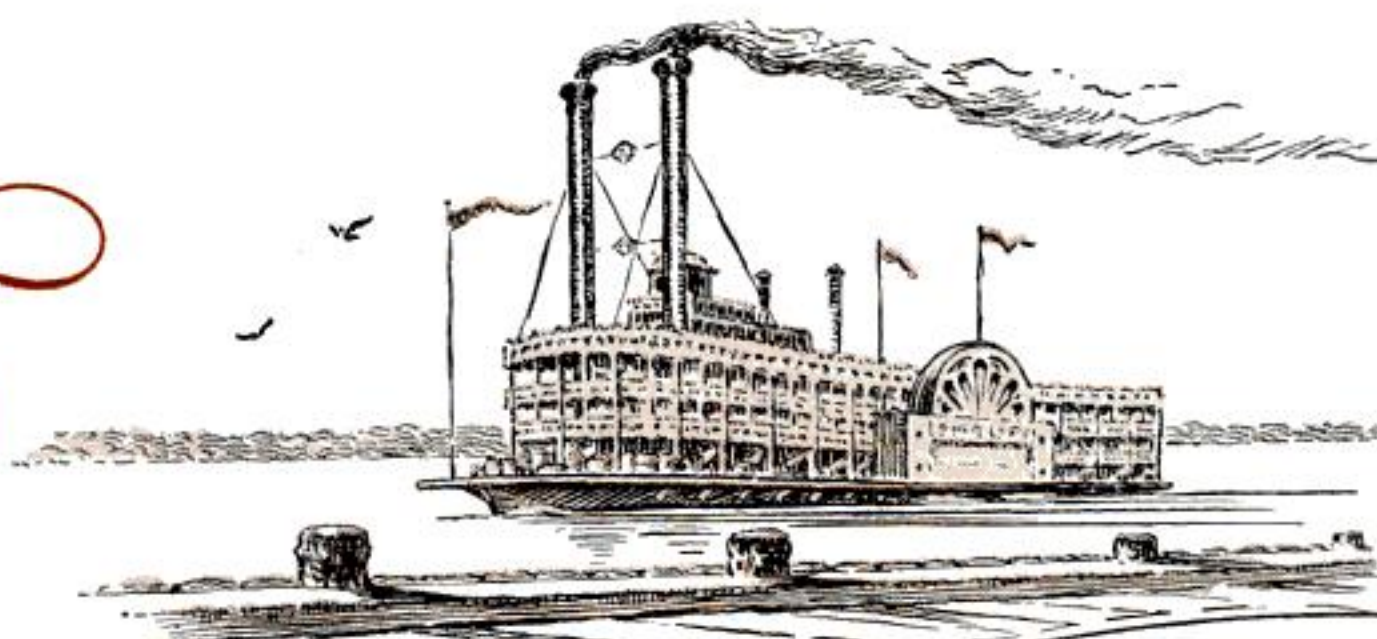


HOW TO SQUAT in narrow aisle without bumping passengers is shown by model. At top, she bothers male passenger. Below: she uses correct procedure.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

*"Down the **MISSISSIPPI**"
... went many a barrel of James Crow's
famous whiskey*

To the far corners of the land, Colonel Crow's
superb Kentucky whiskey carried his fame. Today, it is known
and enjoyed throughout the world.



Those in the know...ask for
OLD CROW



A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT - BOTTLED • IN • BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York



**Your best buys
for "4 to 18" Guys!**

For Christmas . . . get him the best buys of the year for year-'round wear . . . smart Reliance Boys' Wear! Colorful cotton plaid shirts, corduroy slacks, sport shirts (checks, solids), wool jackets in bright plaids, jumpers, dungarees! School, play, or dress-wear for every "4-18" boy . . . by Reliance, the brand that proves fine Boys' Wear need not be expensive!

At Better Stores Everywhere

Reliance

BOYS'
SHIRTS • PAJAMAS
JACKETS • SLACKS
PLAY GARMENTS

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING CO. • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Air Hostesses CONTINUED



HOW TO GET READY FOR BED is elaborate ritual learned at school. Here student brushes hair correctly—a hundred times with head at heart level.



THREE STICKS OF GUM should be chewed nightly to avoid any trace of double chin. Students are forbidden to chew in public or smoke in uniform.



NIGHTLY BATH with special attention to back of arms, elbows, knees, and shoulders is taken while clothes hang near tub to steam out any wrinkles.

"So...o...o if you can afford a washer
you can afford a **BENDIX!**"



Hard to believe, but a million owners know it's true! Here's a gift of *luxury* that's a gift of *thrift* as well!

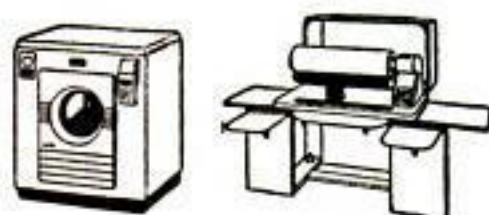
Luxury, because the better-washing Bendix brings washday leisure never known before. *Thrift*, because it's actually more economical on hot water, soap, clothes. And it's priced lower—by as much as \$90—than new, unproved automatics.

Just **RELAX** while your Bendix does all the work! It pre-soaks, washes, rinses three times and damp-dries the clothes. Simply set the dial, add soap, and you're through.

You'll be dollars ahead on hot water and soap! Amazing! Fresh, clean suds for every load of clothes, yet

you save up to \$10 a year on soap alone! Yes, compared to an ordinary washer, the Bendix uses gallons less hot water—and only 1/5 as much soap—on a single 9-pound load of clothes. For "Tumble-Action" is the thriftiest way to get clothes cleanest.

Keeps clothes "like new" longer. No other method does such a thorough washing job so gently. *Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend 24, Indiana. Dealers throughout the United States and in Canada and Mexico.*



See the new Bendix Dryer and Bendix Ironer, too.



BENDIX
automatic
Washer

Is Santa's statement really true? One of the first million Bendix owners is your neighbor. Ask her how beautifully clean it gets her clothes... how thrifty it is with soap and hot water. Then see one in action at your nearest dealer's store.

THE ROBE

Novel of early Christianity has become a popular classic



NOVELIST LLOYD CASSEL DOUGLAS

ONE day about seven years ago Hazel McCann, a department-store clerk of Canton, Ohio, was reading a Biblical account of the crucifixion of Jesus. In John 19:23-24 she read: *Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be. . . .*

This account aroused Mrs. McCann's curiosity. She wanted to know the rest of the story. According to St. John, Jesus had worn the Robe, and after he was nailed to the cross the Roman soldiers in attendance had gambled for it. But what had happened to it? She decided to ask her favorite novelist, Lloyd C. Douglas (*Magnificent Obsession*, *White Banners*), who, in addition to being a successful writer of fiction, was a Lutheran minister with 26 years of experience in the pulpit.

Dr. Douglas could not answer her question, but it aroused his curiosity too. Certainly, he reasoned, the Robe was an undoubted relic of the Savior. Probably it had had a subsequent history. Since no one knew what that history was, it might be possible to invent one . . . and Dr. Douglas' fictional mind began to take over.

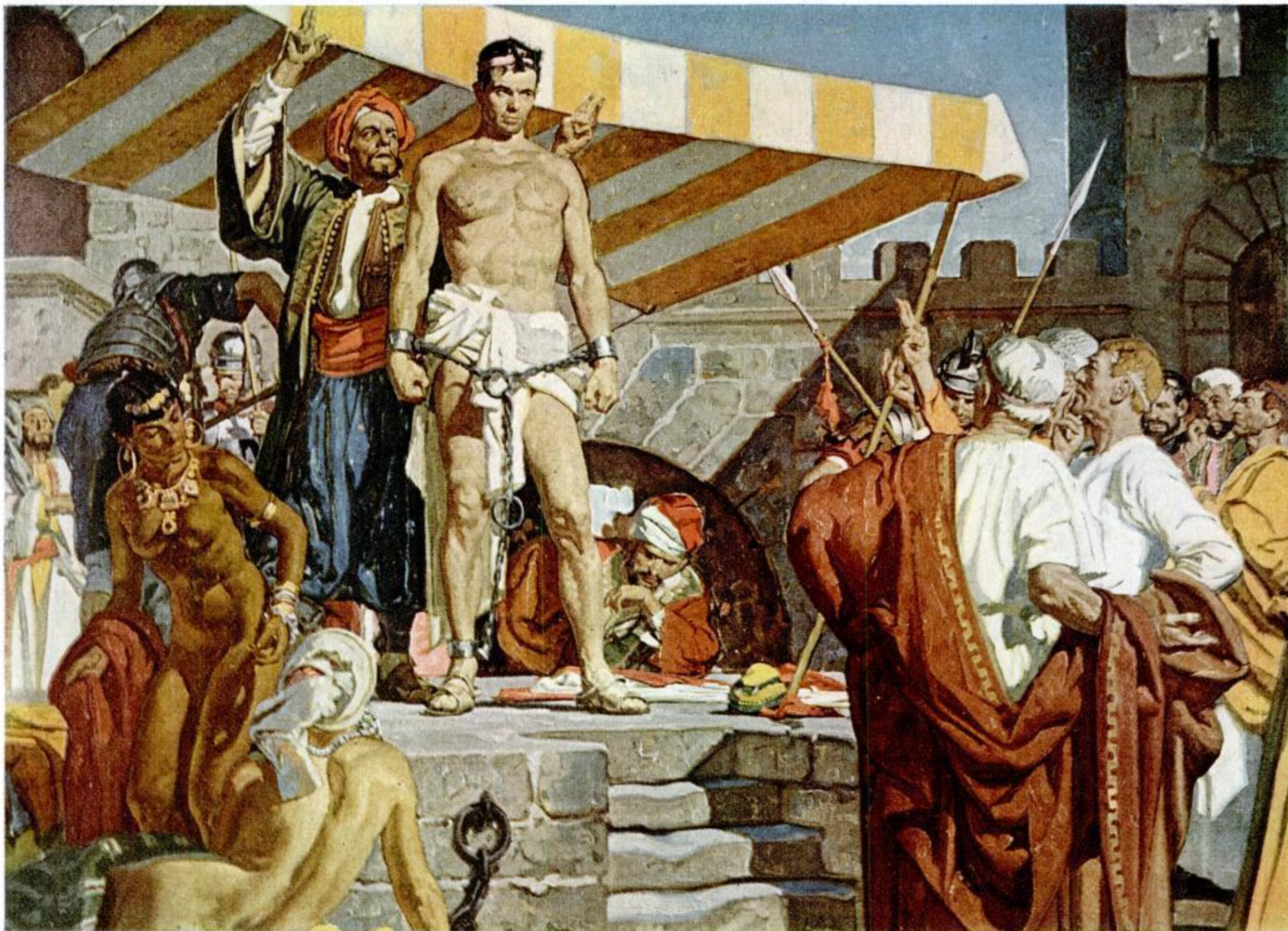
The result of his mental speculations, set down in 208,280 words and 508 pages, was a novel called *The Robe*, which was published in 1942 by Houghton Mifflin Company and immediately took up a lengthy residence on the best-seller lists. In the following five years *The Robe* sold 2,075,000 copies and still is clicking along at the very satisfactory rate of some 3,500 copies a month. These figures have been exceeded by few other novels, and both author and publisher believe that *The Robe* has the kind of appeal that will keep it in public favor for years.

The novel's hero is a young Roman named Marcellus, who, according to Dr. Douglas, commands the soldiers charged with crucifying Jesus and wins the Robe in the dice game on Golgotha. Soon afterward Marcellus begins to detect a spiritual power in the Robe and feels constrained to investigate the life of the man who once wore it. He travels extensively in Greece and Asia Minor, talking to men who knew Jesus. Under their influence he becomes a Christian himself and undergoes many of the sufferings which Imperial Rome visited upon early followers of the new religion. Ultimately Marcellus is confronted with the choice of disavowing his beliefs or dying for them. With the Robe still in his possession to give him strength, he chooses death and is led away, inwardly triumphant, to become one of the earliest Christian martyrs.

Few literary critics have found a great deal of merit in this story. Many of them have been inclined to write it off as merely an inspirational popular novel. This does not bother Dr. Douglas, who thinks most critics are frustrated novelists anyway. Now 70, he lives in Las Vegas, Nev., eschewing the local gambling hells but enthusiastically attending meetings of Rotary. Currently in progress is a sequel to *The Robe*, which he plans to call *The Big Fisherman*. Its central figure will be the Apostle Peter, who appears in *The Robe* and is the last man to possess the sacred garment.

On the following four pages LIFE presents a group of pictures illustrating Dr. Douglas' novel. They were painted by Dean Cornwell, who was commissioned to do the job jointly by the publisher and by RKO, which will release the movie version of *The Robe*. As yet the studio has set no date for making the picture, which will be an expensive one, principally because Tyrone Power and Gregory Peck, either of whom would be an ideal Marcellus, are both committed to other companies.

PAINTINGS BY DEAN CORNWELL



IN THE SLAVE MARKET at Rome a Greek captive named Demetrius is bought by Gallio, a rich senator. Gallio presents Demetrius to his soldier son Marcellus, a roistering wastrel in his early 20s. Soon Marcellus, while drunk,

insults the Emperor Tiberius' stepson, and all the influence of the Gallio family is insufficient to save him from the consequences. Marcellus is ordered to a remote Palestinian outpost of the Roman Empire. Demetrius accompanies him.



IN PALESTINE Marcellus finds that the fort he was sent to command is a shambles, garrisoned by drunkards and rebels. To assert his right to authority Marcellus is forced to fight a duel with his predecessor. Marcellus (*right*) wins

and successfully re-establishes discipline at the fort. Several days later he rides with a troop of men to Jerusalem to stand guard and prevent riot at the Jewish Feast of the Passover and meet the Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



MARCELLUS IS CONVERTED from atheism to Christianity when he meets the Disciple Peter who, by telling how he thrice denied Jesus, relieves Marcellus from feeling forever damned because he killed the Son of God. Still

carrying the Robe, Marcellus returns to Rome, hoping to convince the polytheistic emperor that Christianity is the one true faith. He also plans to marry Diana. But meanwhile Tiberius dies and the insane Caligula becomes emperor.



BEFORE CALIGULA Marcellus and his wife Diana are sentenced to death for refusing to renounce Christianity. They have been picked up in the great persecution of Christians conducted all over the Roman Empire, from which

Demetrius miraculously escaped. Marcellus still has the Robe. Before dying he predicts Christianity will one day replace the empire in Rome. Then Diana gives the Robe to an undiscovered Christian who promises to take it to Peter.



929 men in America are eager to show you the sensational NEW all-in-one SONOTONE

- the most beautiful hearing aid you ever laid eyes on!
- engineered in the WORLD'S LARGEST RESEARCH LABORATORIES exclusively devoted to hearing aids!
- ALL-IN-ONE with batteries inside . . . so small and feather-light it's no more trouble to wear than your wristwatch!
- yet giving a smooth, easy, natural hearing quality!
- a NEW, 3-LEVEL ENVIRONMENT CONTROL, adaptable at a finger's touch!
- an exclusive, new-type regenerative circuit, which with a Sonotone high-efficiency receiver develops more power with 22½ volt batteries than most other hearing aids with 30- and 45-volt cells.
- and a unique construction permitting plug-in of economy "A" battery when desired, cutting operating costs almost in half!

For the hearing *thrill* of your life, look in your 'phone book for the nearest of the Sonotone offices and make a date to see this new Sonotone "900". It's the finest *all-in-one* hearing aid, we think, that has ever been made!

But when you go, remember that when you buy a Sonotone, *you buy hearing and not just a hearing aid*. That's Sonotone's basic policy . . . and has been for many years!

Engineered in the world's largest research laboratories devoted exclusively to hearing aids, this new Sonotone is the most advanced hearing correction science knows how to give.

The man who individualizes it to your personal hearing needs uses a fitting technique developed in dealing with more than 400,000 cases of hearing

deficiency over the past 15 years.

When you go into his office, you are dealing with a responsible, national organization and can be sure that office is *permanent* and will be there whenever you need it.

And, that almost anywhere you go, you can always find another of the 300 Sonotone offices to give you that same *standardized* service.

Your Hearing Deserves the Best!

Your hearing is too precious to risk with "unknowns". Your hearing deserves the *best*! Be sure with a Sonotone! See the new "900" the minute you can . . . and mail the coupon NOW for a fascinating, 24-page book, "FREEDOM FROM FEAR", on how Sonotone gives you *uninterrupted* hearing.

11 features of the new Sonotone "900"!

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COUPON NOW ➔

REMEMBER—
more people have been fitted
with SONOTONE than any
other hearing aid

Sonotone, Box 70,
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I want to know how your new all-in-one Sonotone will improve my hearing, protect my earning capacity, give me so much more fun with my family and friends! Rush me a free copy of "FREEDOM FROM FEAR".

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So Soft as 'Sofskin'

*In 32 seconds by the clock
change your Dryskin Hands
into 'Sofskin' Hands...
smoother, softer... thrilling!*

The greatest news in hand care in many a Christmas Day! *In only 32 seconds*, your Dryskin Hands can be 'Sofskin' Hands... softer, smoother, whiter-looking 'Sofskin' Hands! Because Sofskin Cream boasts a special mollescent action. Helps smooth flaky-dry surface skin... relieve soapy-water dryness, hard-water roughening. Not sticky. Not greasy. Even the first application flatters working hands with a born-to-luxury look.

Keep Sofskin Cream in kitchen, in bath, too. It's a jarful of wonder-cream, a jarful of 'Sofskin' Hands for you!



Here's "Softie" . . . sleepy little kitten, tiny bundle of softness. As silky-soft as your own hands can be when you use Sofskin Cream!

Hands

"Sofskin best," say beauty salon experts

According to recent nationwide survey among beauty salon experts, Sofskin was preferred over any other hand cream — 2 to 1! Just wait till you use Sofskin . . . you'll see why! Its special mollescent action works into dry surface skin. Changes your Dryskin hands into lovely 'Sofskin' Hands . . . in only 32 seconds by the clock!



*Merry Christmas
from
"Softie"*



Gift-wrapped . . . in holiday red!

Say "Merry Christmas" with Sofskin Cream! Looks impressive, yet it's yours at a "little gift" price at any drug or cosmetic counter. A festive gift to warm a girl's heart . . . and bless her hands. Will be enjoyed long after Christmas. Shop early for Sofskin Cream . . . red-wrapped for Christmas!

Softens, smooths your Dryskin Hands!

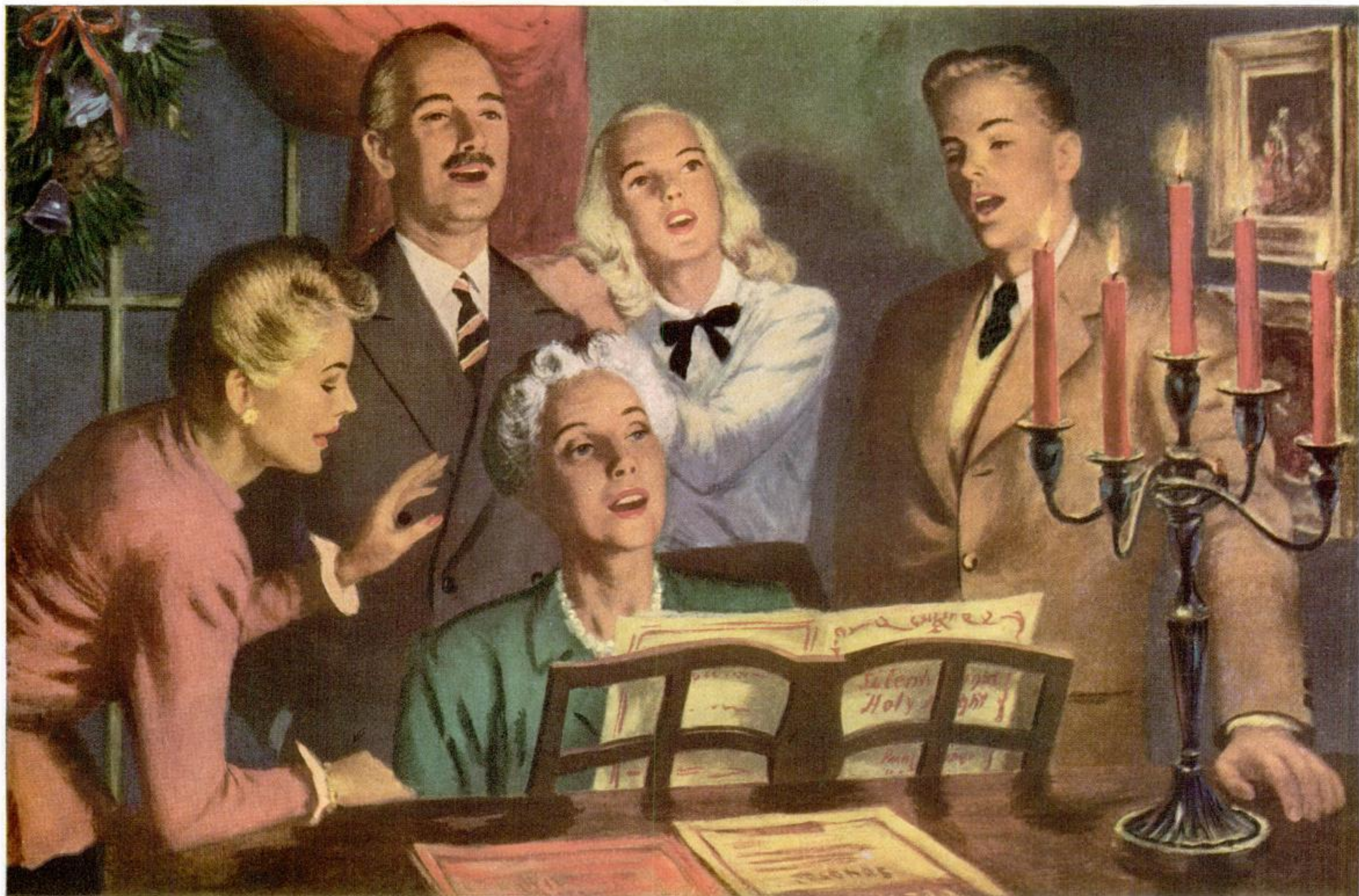
Sofskin

C R E M E

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Make this an extra-special Christmas

(Below are some extra-special people in your life who deserve an extra-special gift this Christmas—a fine, accurate Hamilton Watch)



MOTHER. Does she always think of everyone at Christmas—except herself? Take her breath away this Christmas with an exquisitely designed, amazingly accurate Hamilton Watch. The CLARA (below) has 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold-filled case.....\$60.50.

FATHER. Want to tell him how thrilled you are about his promotion? Give him a Hamilton—the Fine American Watch. Below (left), the WESLEY—19 jewels, 14K gold case, Medallion movement...\$180. Below (right), the NORMAN—19 jewels, 14K gold-filled case...\$66.

DAUGHTER. Did she make the Honor Roll her very first term at college? She deserves something super special this Christmas—a precious Hamilton Watch. The lovely LANA (shown below) is a suggestion—17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case.....\$71.50.

GRANDMOTHER. Ever since you can remember, has she had a way of picking the one gift your heart was set on? Give her the gift her heart is set on—a beautiful Hamilton. "Diamond set" Hamiltons such as the one below are priced from \$120 to \$5,000.

SON. Is he making good in his first job? Show him how proud you are by putting a good-looking Hamilton in his stocking. Below (left), the MYRON—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case...\$55. Below (right), the MARTIN—17 jewels, 10K gold-filled case.....\$52.25.

The watches below were picked to suggest Hamilton's wide variety of styles and prices. See your jeweler for other appropriate Hamilton gift watches from \$52.25 up. Prices include Fed. Tax.



The finest hairspring ever developed! It's the exclusive Hamilton Elinvar Extra—anti-magnetic, rust-resisting, true at all temperatures. First used in Hamilton Railroad Watches, then in Hamilton war timepieces, it now assures greatest accuracy in every Hamilton made. Send for FREE catalog and revealing booklet, "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. B-8, Lancaster, Penna.



AT REHEARSALS COWARD CAUTIONS LAWRENCE NOT TO HURL HERSELF TOO ENERGETICALLY INTO HER PART. SHE BEAMS AND PROMISES TO DO JUST AS HE SAYS

NOEL AND GERTIE

Coward coaches Lawrence revival
and tells her to ping more quickly

The two international stars shown above have been close friends ever since 1913 when they were billed in an English repertory company as "Little Gertie Lawrence" and "Master Noel Coward." She was 14 and he was 13. Said Coward, "She gave me an orange and told me a few mildly dirty stories and I loved her from then onwards."

This winter, mainly for old times' sake, Noel Coward directed a revival of his famous one-act-play series, *Tonight at 8:30*, in which he and Ger-

trude Lawrence costarred on Broadway back in 1936. Lawrence is acting her old parts with two other actors in Coward's original roles. After a tour on both coasts the program of six playlets is scheduled to wind up on Broadway in March.

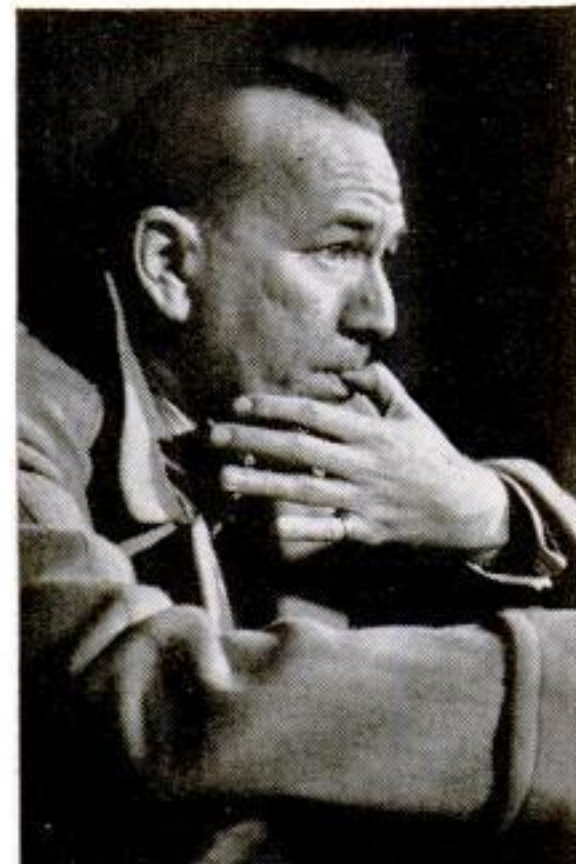
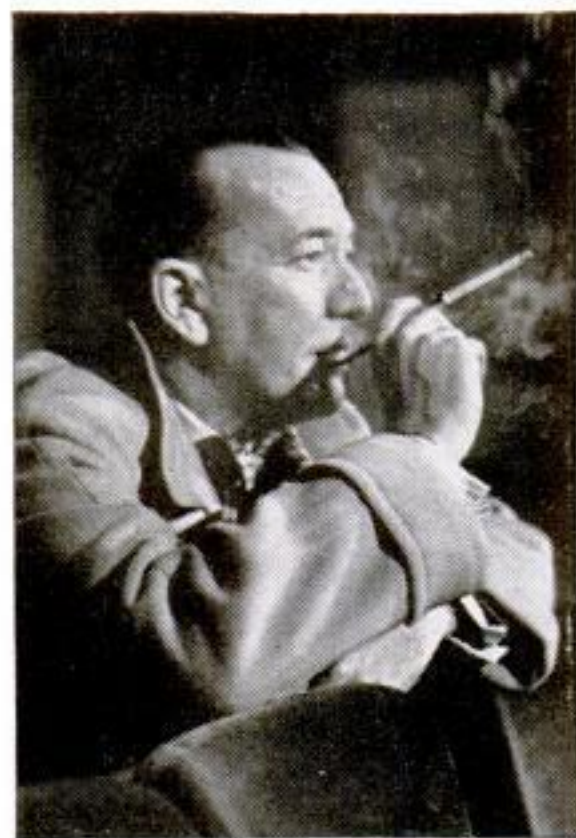
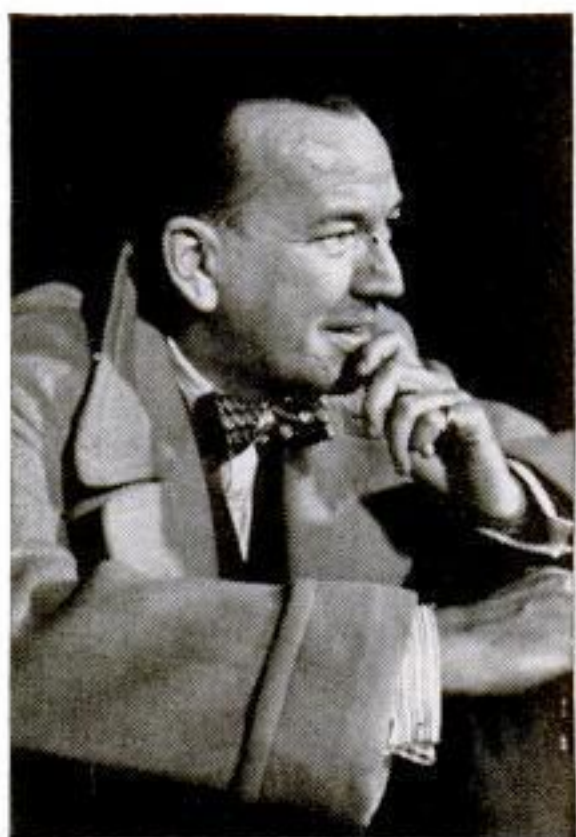
On these pages LIFE shows what a lark these two old friends had during rehearsals. Coward criticized Lawrence only when she spoke her lines a bit too strenuously. "You're trying to do too much with it," he said. "Ping the lines more quickly."



WING STEP is directed by Noel Coward (right) for his playlet, *Red Peppers*, with Gertrude Lawrence and Graham Payn, who acts part originally played by Coward.



PULL-AWAY is one of Coward's favorite capers in *Red Peppers*, which is full of old music-hall dance routines Coward and Lawrence used to do before they became stars.



WATCHING Gertie rehearse a song, Coward is delighted (*top*), then offers a suggestion, awaits her response and bites his nails as it turns out to be a false note.

COACHING Gertie and Actor Payn in the art of the dance, Coward (*left*) bobs up like a jack-in-the-box; Miss Lawrence squeals with amazement and approval.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

Three Keen Gift Ideas —

FOR HIM — FOR HER



For Him

A—Rich 24 Karat Gold Plate Handle.

World's finest shaving instrument. A Gift of Unusual Distinction. In Handsome Gift Box... with 20 blades... Federal Tax Included... **\$500**

B—An Inexpensive Extra Gift.

Gay Christmas Package. Just right to put in his stocking. \$1.75 value... with 20 blades... **\$125**

For Her

C—Only Razor Ever Created To Make Legs Look More Beautiful.

EVERSHARP's smart new Fashion Razor, beautifully designed in the rich colors of gold and white, slicks away unwanted hair on legs and under arms without scraped or roughened skin. **Note to Wives.** You can snatch your husband's Schick Injector Blades for your Fashion Razor. **Note to Husbands.** One for your wife will keep her from borrowing yours. With 10 Blades... **\$395**

**WORLD'S ONLY RAZORS
WITH AUTOMATIC
BLADE CHANGER**

Don't just change to a
different brand of blades,
change to a better razor
—an EVERSHARP-Schick.

No blades to unwrap.
Fingers never touch the blade.

Nothing to take apart.
Just push-pull-click-click!

Out goes the old blade—
in goes the new!

To clean, just rinse under faucet.

EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR



**For gifts
that ring bells
and go places...
TruVal!**



TruVal's handsome broadcloth with the famous collar that looks starched, feels soft. A wonderful gift that goes over with every man, goes with every suit. Sanforized.
250 to 395

TruVal's exclusive woven designs in a wide range of stripes and patterns flattering to any man, young or old. Features the popular collar styles. Sanforized.
395



TruVal Pajamas — still scarce, but a prize when you get them! Cotton, flannel and luxurious fuji rayon. Smart, comfortable.
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Here's a gift that really rings the bell! TruVal's luxurious fuji rayon shirt. Looks like silk, launders like cotton. Pre-shrunk.
495

Fireman Red Sport Shirt, 100% wool, 2 button-down flap pockets, adjustable cuffs. Also in 5 other popular colors, 7.50.
Other models from 2.95

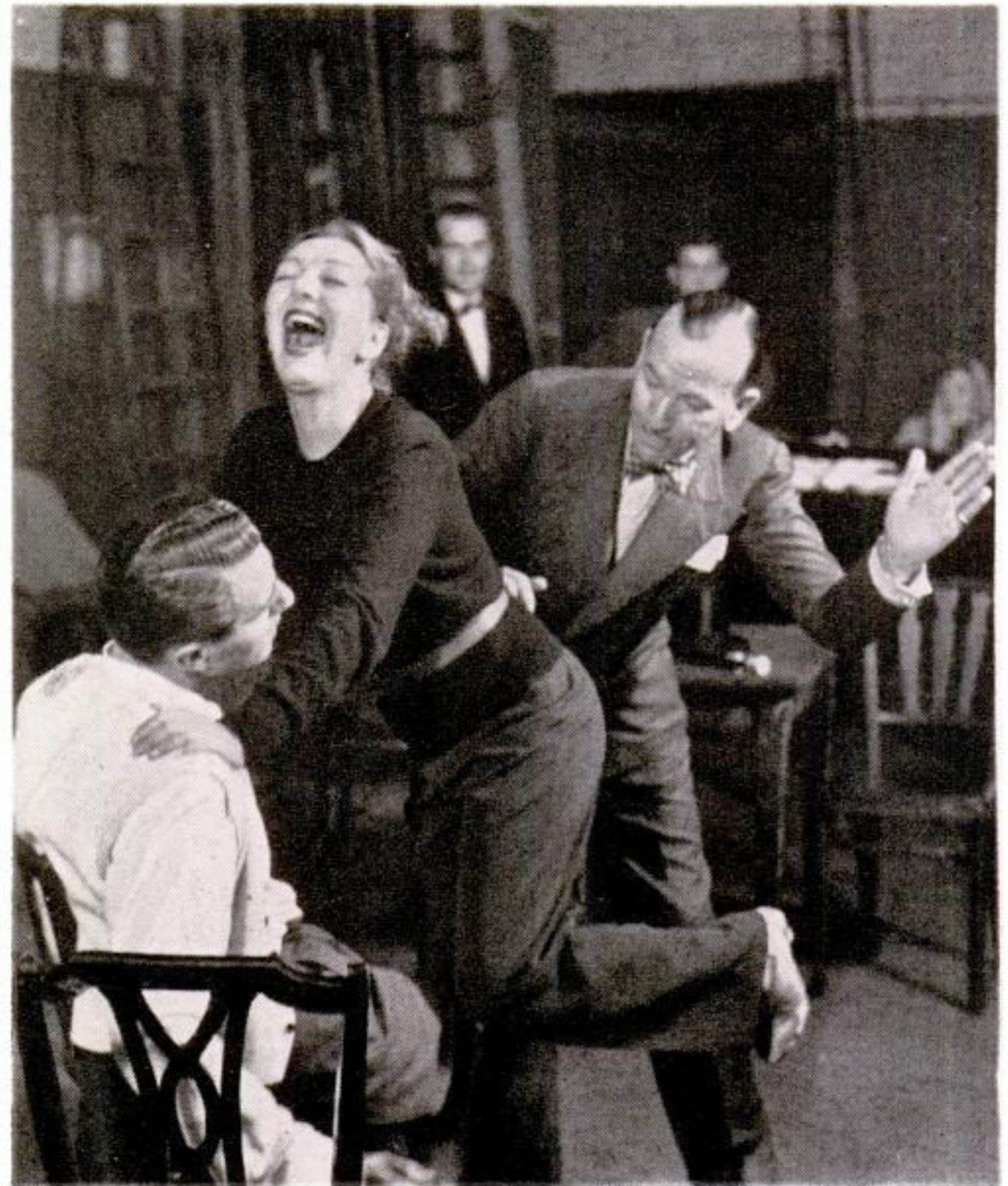


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SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTSWEAR

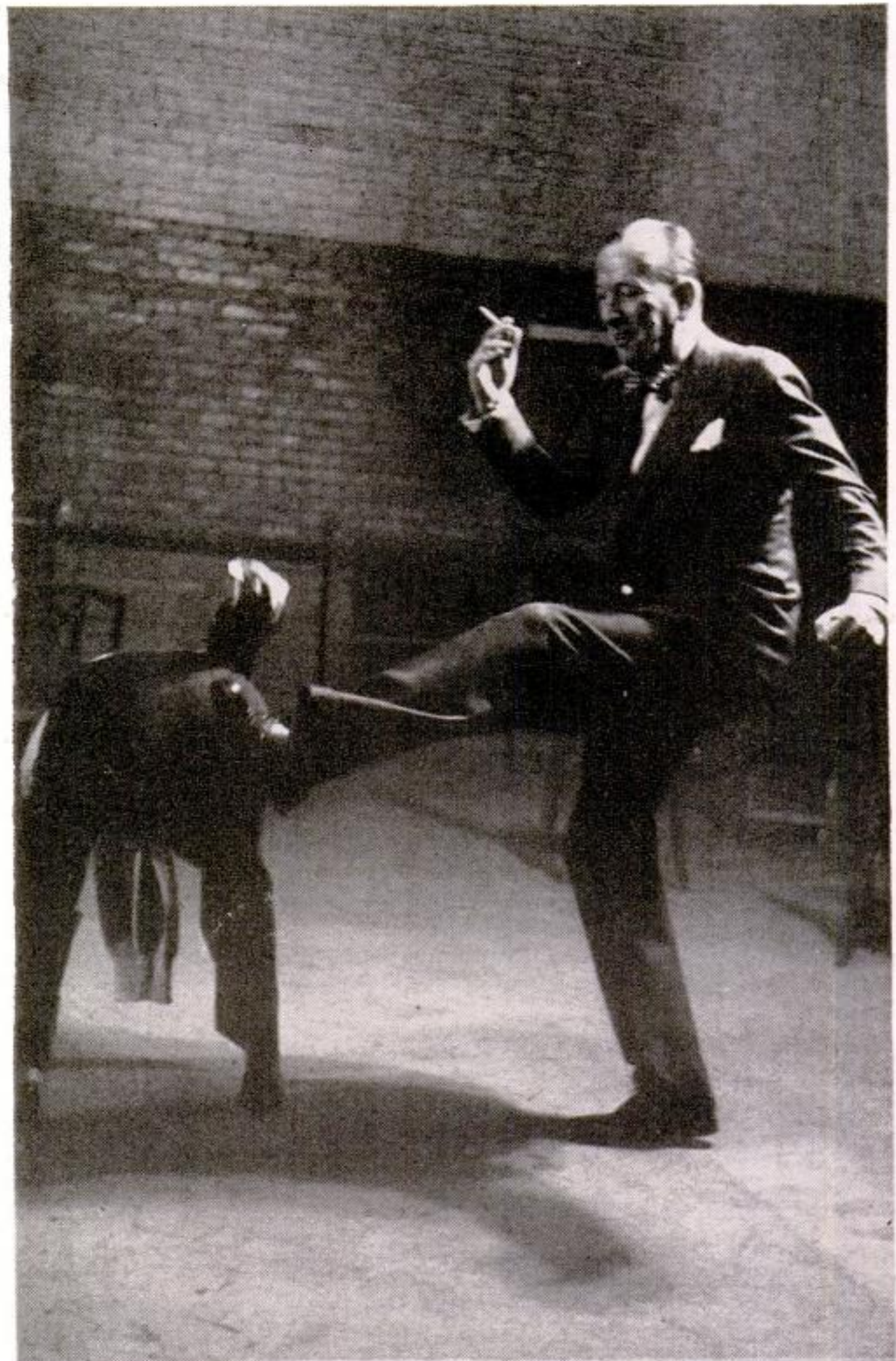
Dollar for Dollar Your Best Gift Buy

TruVal Manufacturers, Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16, Division of Publix Shirt Corp.

Noel and Gertie CONTINUED



STAGE BUSINESS was injected into the playlet *Ways and Means* when Noel Coward demonstrated how they used to do a scene together. "You know Gertie," he said, "here's where I used to give you a little whack on the bottom."



STAGE HORSEPLAY went on relentlessly during the rehearsals, much to the enjoyment of young actors who were awed by the stars' reputation. When Lawrence bent over invitingly Coward couldn't keep himself from kicking her.



merry fragrant christmas

When you're in love, send "Muguet des Bois," in romantic pink and green. 3.25

"Vigilante" Kit, with 9 favorite make-up and beauty aids, in simulated reptile case. 6.50

Precious quartette in Emeraude, the jewel fragrance. 5.00

The alluring fragrance of L'Aimant, in a gorgeous red-and-gold package. 7.50

Charmed circle of fragrant accessories: Emeraude L'Origan L'Aimant "Paris" 14.75

Slalom set, for the young-in-heart crowd. L'Aimant and Emeraude perfume on skis! 6.50

Surprise! Emeraude perfume ready to hang on her Christmas tree. (Also in L'Aimant, "Paris," L'Origan) 3.50

Sweet duet of Face Powder and Eau de Toilette: L'Origan, L'Aimant • Emeraude • Paris 3.50

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Give the season's cheeriest greeting . . . a friendly gift of glorious Calvert Reserve! For what other whiskey offers such agreeable smoothness . . . *with* such amiably rich flavor? You'll agree for gift-giving to your *very* best friends . . . or for lending perfection to the festive flowing bowl . . . holiday tradition says . . .



Calvert Reserve
CHOICE BLENDED WHISKEY

86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City



SURROUNDED BY SKIRT FULL OF HER OWN PRETTY FACE, MODEL NORMA RICHTER SHOWS OFF DRESS MADE ESPECIALLY TO DEMONSTRATE PHOTOGRAPHIC FABRICS

PHOTOGRAPHIC FABRICS

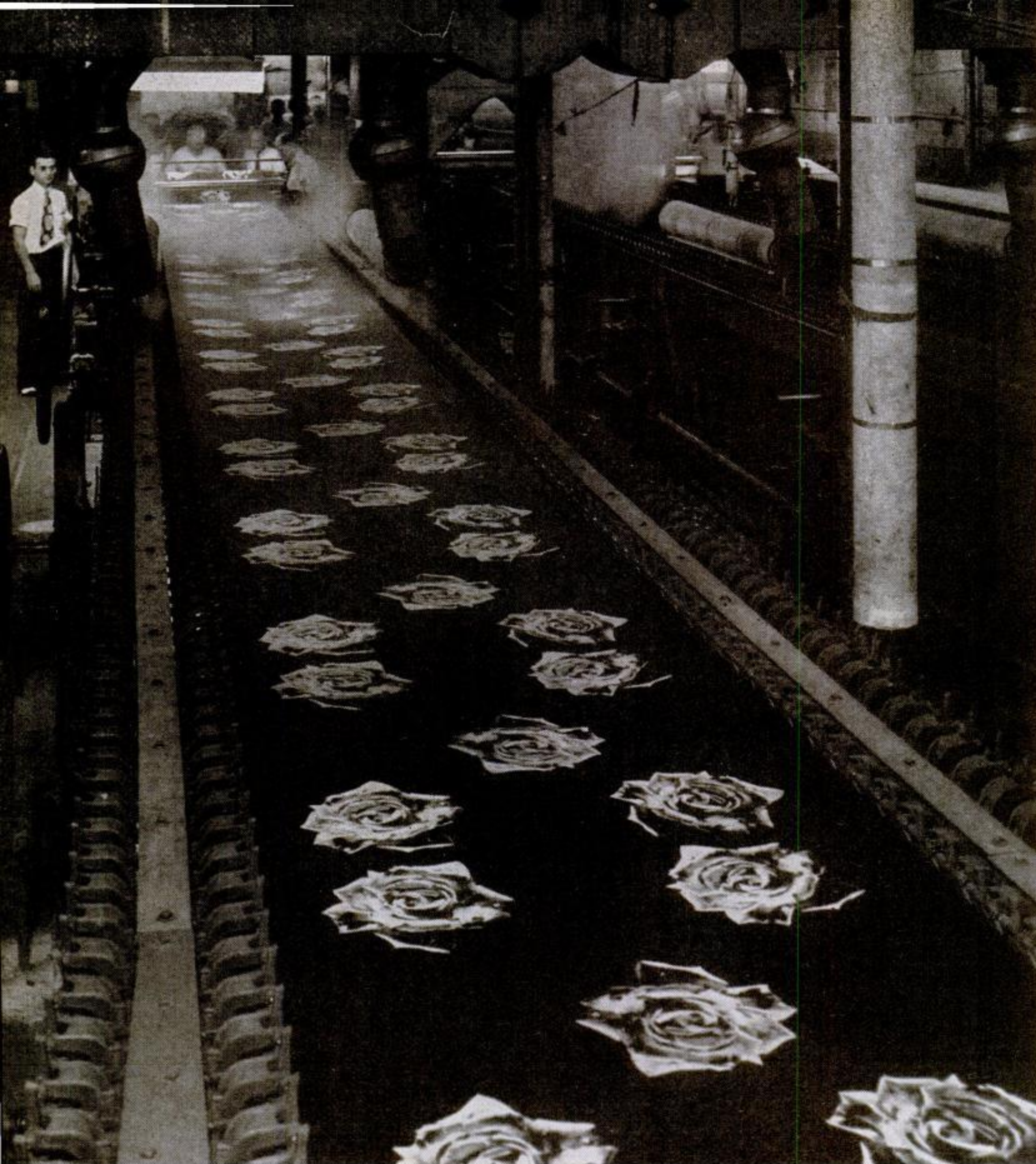
Two new processes are used to print pictures of almost anything on dresses, neckties and upholstery

Until now anyone claiming to have seen a dinner dress decorated with life-size photographs of the wearer would have met with breath-sniffing suspicion or clinical alarm. Today, however, such dresses can be made (*above*) and photographs of everything from animals to pearl necklaces are being printed not only on dress fabrics but on upholstery, pillows, ties, bathing suits and lingerie.

These photographic fabrics are currently being produced in quantity by two new and rival processes. Both methods depend on a series of secret chemicals and dyes with which fabric is impregnated to make it light-sensitive. In the Foto-Fab process used by Leize, Inc. of New York a light shining through a negative film makes a positive print on cloth. In the Photone process of Ross-Smith

Corp., also of New York, a positive film is used.

For the textile-printing industry photographic fabrics are the big news of the year. Although now limited to a group of restrained monotonous, both pioneering companies are working to develop techniques that will give them full-color photographs on fabric and an opportunity to compete vigorously with traditional methods of printing fabric.



YARDS OF RAYON embellished with enlarged photographs of rose are stretched on frame during manu-

facture. The cloth was previously dipped in sensitizing solution, squeezed with rollers, exposed and developed.



FRANK SINATRA PICTURES, printed on huge bolts of rayon, are trundled from the factory. Cloth will

be used to cover pillows for adoring bobby-soxers. Pillows will be sold by Macy's in New York for \$2.98 apiece.



HEDY LAMARR PILLOW is cuddled by a Lamarr fan. Hedy's face is very lifelike and about twice life size.



ROSE DRESS made from the fabric shown in picture at left was designed by Martini to sell for about \$70.



SKYLINE TIE was made from picture of New York's Chrysler building, visible beyond wearer's shoulder.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

New lotion sensation works wonders for your whole hand!

SOFTENS CUTICLE

because New Hinds is enriched with wonder-working lanolin—helps avoid unsightly, ragged edges—keeps your manicures lovelier longer!

BEAUTIFIES SKIN

because New Hinds has special "skin-affinity" ingredients—makes hands feel softer instantly—gives longer-lasting protection!

"SATINIZES" PALMS

because New Hinds helps protect them from work-roughness—soothes and helps soften calluses ... yet never feels sticky!

SMOOTHS KNUCKLES

because New Hinds contains effective emollients that absorb ... "work into" roughened knuckles—soothing and smoothing miraculously!

Now in NEW Beauty Bottle



NEW LOVELINESS for your "whole hand" *instantly* with New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream! Scientific, *longer-lasting* protection—no matter what your work or the weather!

NEW SMOOTHNESS for elbows, arms and legs with New Hinds! It's marvelous as a powder base, too ... makes cosmetics go on *smoothly*, cling hours longer! Now in new, *larger* Beauty Bottle—four sizes, 10¢ to 1.00.

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

Hinds

Honey and Almond
Fragrance Cream



Life
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for magnetic glamor
all the way

It blends your entire figure into one fluid, glamorous line. For no other foundation combines the firm control and supple comfort of Life Bra and Life Girdle all in one piece. No wonder more women wear Formfit creations than any other underfashions!

Life Foundations, \$7.50 up. Be fitted today.
At better stores everywhere.

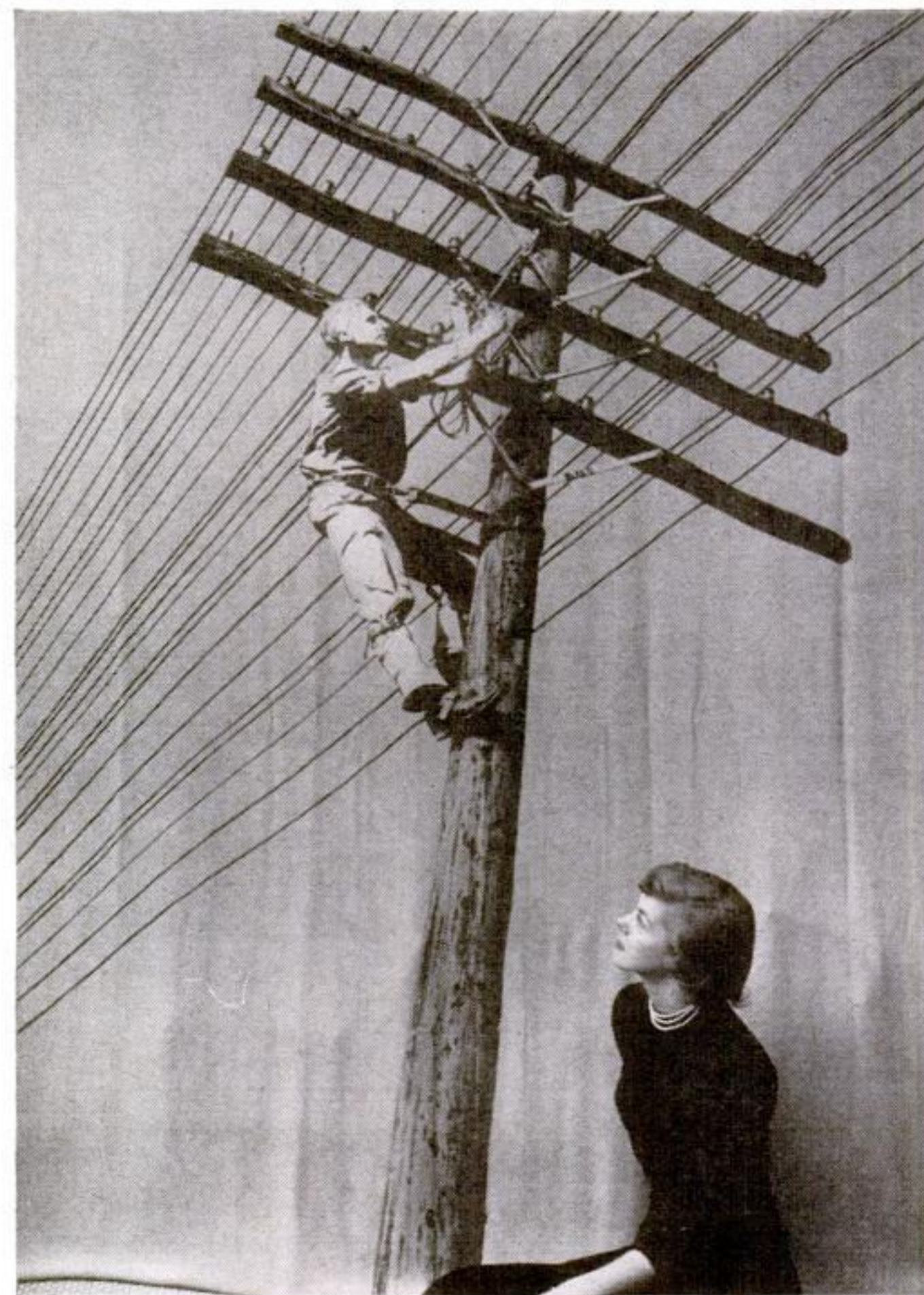
A Formfit CREATION

MADE ONLY BY THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

Photographic Fabrics CONTINUED



STATUES OF DIANA AND APOLLO were photographed on upholstery design. Leize, Inc. makes custom designs from people's favorite photographs.



WALL HANGING showing lineman at work was made for American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It hangs in company's New York boardroom.



THIS YEAR GIVE WISELY—

Give Norge!



Only Norge has automatic defrosting!



Electric cookery at its best!



Zero-store and save more!



Something new in gas ranges!



Now you'll always be in hot water!



Clothes come cleaner, last longer!



Home is where the heat is!

There's great satisfaction—great comfort—in owning or in giving a Norge appliance. For a Norge performs its appointed task so well that it rapidly becomes "one of the family." Each Norge product—electric range, refrigerator, washer, gas range, home heater, home freezer and electric water heater—has exclusive features which distinguish it from the average . . . lift it from the commonplace. So shop wisely this year, for yourself and for others. . . .

"The best dealer in town sells Norge" and you will find him listed in the classified section of your telephone book.

Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan.

Norge products, distributed worldwide, are typical examples of the values made possible by the American system of free enterprise.

SEE
NORGE
BEFORE YOU BUY

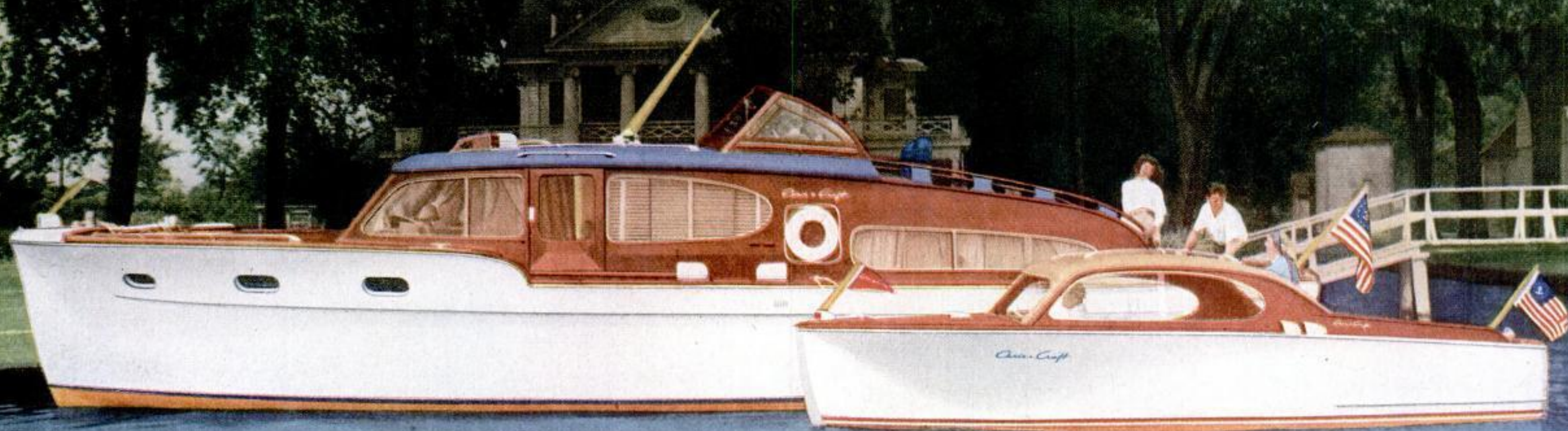
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New 1948 Chris-Craft 46-ft. Double Cabin Enclosed Cruiser with Flying Bridge, living quarters for 9 people, speeds to 24 m.p.h. World's finest cruiser.
New 1948 Chris-Craft 22-ft. Custom Sedan (in foreground) with speeds to 34 m.p.h. Great boats, great values, sailors!



Make a date for '48



Cast off in a new Chris-Craft 16-ft. Special Runabout for 1948. World's lowest-priced quality runabout—speeds to 37 m.p.h.



Enjoy dream drives in this snappy 17-ft. De Luxe Runabout—popular boat—popular price—plenty of speed (up to 39 m.p.h.).



Be there in a new 1948 Chris-Craft 20-ft. Custom Runabout, postwar design, a honey to handle, speeds to 39 m.p.h. Try it!



Fly over the waterways with this new 25-ft. Sportsman (speeds to 40 m.p.h.). Big carrying capacity. Comfort and class!



Meet "Miss Fast," world's lowest-priced express cruiser! Great boat for fun. Speeds to 29 m.p.h., 23-ft. overall, 2 berths.



Vacation in style in this new '48 Chris-Craft 25-ft. Express Cruiser. Swell sea boat with 2 berths forward, speeds to 36 m.p.h.



Get the feel of fine cruising in this popular design 27-ft. Super De Luxe Enclosed Cruiser with Dinette. Speeds to 22 m.p.h.



Treat yourself to fun in this '48 Chris-Craft 30-ft. Sedan Cruiser. New streamlined design—speeds to 24 m.p.h.



Follow the sun in a 36 ft. Double Cabin Enclosed Cruiser! Big deckhouse, living quarters for 6 people, speeds to 24 m.p.h.



New 1948 Chris-Craft 33-ft. De Luxe Enclosed Cruiser, a big new beauty with wide cruising radius and speeds to 22 m.p.h. Oceans of eye and buy appeal, skippers!
New 19-ft. Racing Runabout with speeds to 43 m.p.h. (foreground). The world's lowest-priced quality-built racer.



with a Chris-Craft!



Look forward to fun in this new 16-ft. De Luxe Chris-Craft Utility, speeds to 30 m.p.h. World's most popular low-priced boat.



Hitch your happiness to a new 18-ft. De Luxe Chris-Craft Utility. Big, beamy boat. Loads of fun. Speeds to 34 m.p.h.



Take a tip from thousands of owners—buy a Chris-Craft 22-ft. Sportsman! Speeds to 33 m.p.h.—the finest utility afloat!



Cruise contentedly in a new Chris-Craft 34-ft. Express! Forward cockpit, Navy Top curtains (no extra cost), speeds to 28 m.p.h.



Thrill to new wonders in this Chris-Craft Semi-Enclosed Cruiser. Speeds to 32 m.p.h. Curtains form snug enclosure.



Picture yourself in this new 26-ft. Enclosed Cruiser with Dinette! Sleeps 4, big aft cockpit, speeds to 20 m.p.h.



Make a date with this swell seagoing 40-ft. Chris-Craft Double Cabin Enclosed Bridge Cruiser with speeds to 23 m.p.h.

SAILORS!

Make a date for '48 with a new Chris-Craft Runabout, Sportsman, Express Cruiser or Cruiser. Do it NOW! Current prices begin at \$1590. See a friendly Chris-Craft Dealer today. There's one in every important port in the world.

Command a NEW 1948

Chris-Craft

CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION, ALGONAC, MICH.

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS

"Between the covers of this album is a
performance very close to my heart."

Lionel Barrymore



Now on M-G-M Records *Lionel Barrymore* As Scrooge
In Charles Dickens' *"A Christmas Carol"*

Here is an unforgettable story-on-records that will become just as much a part of Christmas as holly and mistletoe and the laughter of children. Lionel Barrymore's great and tender

performance as Scrooge goes straight to the heart...for it comes from the heart of America's best-loved actor in his best-loved role. Album M-G-M 16-A. Four 10" records. \$3.75.

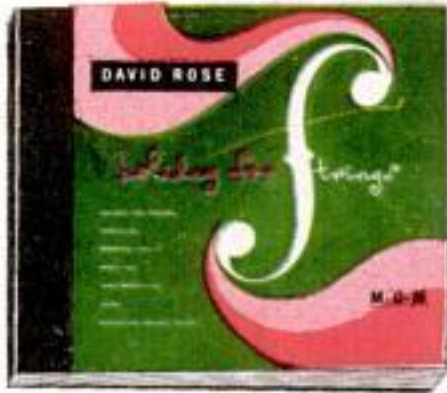
OTHER SUPERB GIFT ALBUMS FOR CHRISTMAS



**CHRISTMAS HYMNS
AND CAROLS**

The stirring Yuletide songs that are a Christmas tradition. Remarkably fine renditions by the Canterbury Choir. Album M-G-M 15. Four 10" records. \$3.75.

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Eight modern favorites arranged and conducted by David Rose...headed by "Sweet Sue", "Laura" and the classic "Holiday for Strings". Album M-G-M 3. Four 10" records. \$3.75.



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A new spirit in spirituals! Allen Roth and his orchestra and the Carolina Choristers bring you eight famous spirituals—in thrilling rhythm! Album M-G-M 2. Four 10" records. \$3.75.

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Records

The Greatest Name in Entertainment

Life Presents

THE STORY OF THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE

by

*Edward
Duke of Windsor*

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM HIS PERSONAL
ALBUMS, CAPTIONED BY THE AUTHOR



Last winter when the editors of LIFE invited the Duke of Windsor to write the story of a prince in the 20th Century, he answered, "But I was not the only prince in the world." Nor was he. All the same, no other prince of modern times so completely fulfilled in youth the storybook ideal of an almost vanished role. He grew up under the shadow of his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, whose training for Empire proceeded under Melbourne, Peel and Disraeli—the long-dead statesmen of Britain's century of power. He also became, as Prince of Wales, a brilliant and controversial personality of the prewar world—the knitter-together of Empire, a Prince Charming and later king with a mind of his own. His three articles, of which the first opens upon the following pages, were written last summer in France. Illustrated in part with photographs from his albums, they carry the story from his birth to the end of World War I when, already the most famous young man of his times, he set out from Great Britain on the first of his imperial tours. One might call these memoirs a backward look into yesterday—better still, the day before yesterday: a glance from the tension and disquietude of our tumultuous times into the life of a famous prince who was also a British boy in an age when boyhood seemed utterly secure and good.



THE FOUR GENERATIONS. The great Queen Victoria, who came to my christening, wrote of that event: "The dear fine baby, wearing the Honiton lace robe . . . worn by all our children and my English grandchildren, was brought in . . . and handed to

me. I then gave him to the Archbishop and received him back . . . The child was very good. . . Had tea with May, and afterwards we were photographed, I, holding the baby on my lap, Bertie and Georgie standing behind me, thus making the four generations."

A ROYAL BOYHOOD

by EDWARD, DUKE OF WINDSOR

IN my father's diary for the year 1894, there occurs the following entry: "WHITE LODGE, 23rd June—At 10.0 a sweet little boy was born and weighed 8 lb. . . . Mr. Asquith (Home Secretary) came to see him."

White Lodge in Richmond Park, Surrey, was the home of my maternal grandparents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and somehow I imagine that this was the last time my father ever applied to me that precise adjective. But in any case, since Herbert Henry Asquith's star was rising, circumstances favored that my first visitor should be a future Prime Minister of England. It was Ascot Race Week and on the night I was born my grandfather, then Prince of Wales and later Edward VII, was host at a large ball at Virginia Water, in Windsor Great Park, a short distance away. The news of my advent into the world caused a slight stir in that gay concourse. Stopping the orchestra, my grandfather announced, "It is with pleasure that I am able to inform you of the birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of York. I propose a toast to the young Prince." The dance, I like to think, went on.

I was christened Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David. Edward is a traditional English name and before me had been borne by six English Kings. Albert was in deference to my great grandmother Victoria's express desire that all her descendants bear the name of her beloved husband, Albert, the Prince Consort. I was named Christian for King Christian IX of Denmark, one of my twelve royal sponsors. The last four names are those of the patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, respectively. To my family I was and always have been "David." And I was brought up, in the simple English way, to call my parents "Mama" and "Papa."

It was a wonderful time to be born. Victoria at 75 was in the 57th year of her great reign and had been on the throne as long as all but the oldest Britons could remember. Britain was the most powerful nation on earth. Her seapower, industrial power and financial power were supreme. Her Empire covered a quarter of the earth's surface. Queen Victoria looked out upon a world not riven and shattered, but prosperous and teeming. The Courts of Europe were occupied in no mean measure by her numerous children and grandchildren. The formidable Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany was her grandson—"William." Another grandson, by marriage, "Nicky," was Czar of All the Russias.

Especially for Britons of the upper and middle classes, this was Britain's golden hour. Income tax was measured in the pence on pound sterling. Socialism was scarcely more than a theory. The first telephone had been installed in a royal residence only four years previously, and eight years would pass before my father acquired his first motor car, a small electric vehicle steered by a horizontal handle bar. It was hard to imagine that anything could shake the structure of the Englishman's world.

The recollections of my early life are very dim. My father, a career officer in the Royal Navy, did not give up his service at sea until 1898, four years after I was born. I passed immediately under the care of nurses and, reflecting Queen Victoria's instinctive attachment for all things Teutonic, one of these nurses was always a German. I learned English and German simultaneously. A nurse appears to have been to blame for an unfavorable first impression that I made upon my parents. It was their custom to have me brought downstairs at tea time. I was, after all, the first-born, and my father, as fathers do, rather looked forward to this interlude at the end of a busy day as an occasion of mutual pleasure and edification. But it seldom turned out that way. Before taking me into the drawing room this dreadful "Nanny" would pinch and twist my arm—why, no one knew, unless it was to demonstrate, according to some perverse reasoning, that her power over me was greater than theirs. The bawling and sobbing which this treatment evoked always ended in my running back to her arms, and in the necessity for my being removed lest I bring further embarrassment to the onlookers

of this seemingly pathetic scene. Eventually my mother realized what was wrong, and the nurse left.

My great-grandmother Victoria reigned on for nearly seven years after my birth, long enough to welcome into this world my brother Albert, now King George VI, who was born 18 months after me, my sister Mary, the present Princess Royal, and my brother Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

I can recall being taken by my parents for occasional visits to the great Queen-Empress at the three places where she spent her long life: to Windsor, whose historic Castle dates from Norman times and whence my family

and my dukedom take their name; to Balmoral Castle in Aberdeenshire, Scotland; to Osborne, that utterly un-English house in imitation of an Italian villa which she had built for herself on the Isle of Wight.

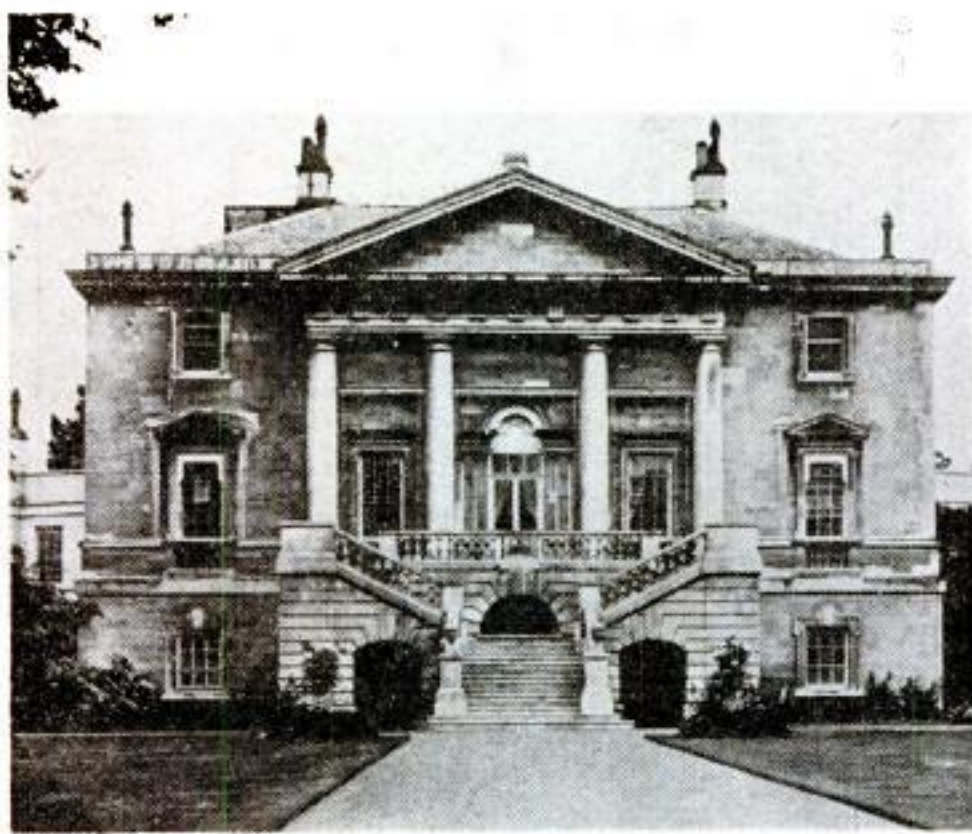
Although in her journal the great Queen mentions me with affection, the 75 years that separated us naturally prevented her paying me particular attention. In her white tulle cap and black satin dresses she was almost a divinity of whom not only the whole British people but her own family stood in awe. She wore shiny black shoes with elastic sides. But what fascinated me most about her was her habit of taking breakfast in little revolving huts, mounted on turntables so that they could be faced away from the wind. Weather permitting, she would ride over to these shelters in a little carriage drawn by a white pony led by a Highland attendant. Her family would gather around, and later she would

call for her secretaries and begin the business of the day.

When Queen Victoria died aged 81 at Osborne, my brother Bertie, my sister Mary, and I were all at our country home, York Cottage, Sandringham in Norfolk, getting over the measles. My father, having caught them from us, broke out with the disease while at Osborne where he had been summoned to her deathbed, and was himself very ill. He was therefore unable to attend her funeral at Windsor and, as my mother remained to nurse him into convalescence, it fell to my grandmother, the new Queen Alexandra, to arrange for us three children to witness the ceremony. As through a haze, I can still see the caisson bearing my great-grandmother's coffin being slowly dragged up the hill by sailors to St. George's Chapel. The day was cold and gloomy, the ceremony mournful and depressing. In the minds of those present there must have been a fleeting sense of the passing of a great era, a foreboding of the political changes that were bound to affect their lives and Britain's destiny.

Victoria stood not only for a reign but a way of life. Diligence and respectability had been the moral pillars of her Court. Yet at the same time her own self-imposed seclusion, which had evoked certain republican rumblings, had imposed upon my grandfather as Prince of Wales more responsibility for public affairs than would normally have been the case. In consequence, his London residence, Marlborough House, and his country estate of Sandringham, in Norfolk, had become the meeting place of diplomats, politicians, industrialists and bankers, artists and their patrons—the new society of Europe and America. With Victoria's passing it was natural that the gay little courts of Marlborough House and Sandringham should move tumultuously to Buckingham Palace, Windsor and Balmoral, where in Victoria's time only bishops, cabinet ministers, aristocrats and courtiers of dry esthetic interests had been admitted. The Edwardian era had arrived in the genial shape of my grandfather; and the effect upon the Victorian was the same as if a Viennese Hussar had suddenly burst into an English vicarage.

The exigencies of parliamentary government required the residence of the sovereign in London at prescribed intervals, a condition much to my grandfather's taste. Buckingham Palace, where Queen Victoria had spent only a few nights a year since her husband's death, needed renovating, and Windsor Castle, also Crown property, was in sore need of modern



THIS IS WHITE LODGE, WHERE I WAS BORN

conveniences. Balmoral, built by Victoria with family funds and deeded by her to my grandfather, had already been modernized to some extent. He always enjoyed brief visits to this retreat in the Highlands after his annual visits to the cure resorts on the Continent. The place he liked best, however, was Sandringham, in Norfolk, on the south side of the Wash. Sandringham consisted of an estate of some 7,000 acres. Much of it was flat, featureless agricultural land, lacking in the variety of the more beautiful English countryside. But he had built the Big House there for his wife and children, and the estate contained wonderful coverts for game, which was what mattered most to him.

The crowded "Cottage"

THE Big House, where my grandparents lived and in which my father grew up, was a rambling, red brick structure of an unfathomable style whose secret happily died with the Victorian architects. A quarter of a mile away, within the estate grounds, stood York Cottage, originally built as the Bachelors' Cottage to hold the overflow of guests from the Big House. My grandparents had given this house to my father as a wedding present. My sister and my four brothers were all born there—the last additions to the family being George, later Duke of Kent, in 1902 and John, the youngest, in 1905, both now dead—and in the process of making room for them the house suffered all the indignities of improvised enlargement. Even so, when the whole family was assembled under the roof, together with a lady-in-waiting for Mama and an equerry for Papa, a governess for Mary and one or two tutors for my brothers and myself, "The Cottage" was full to bursting, so much so that when a puzzled visitor asked where the servants slept, my father answered that he didn't know, but supposed it was in the trees.

My parents' rooms were notable during my childhood as possessing the only two baths in the house, reserved for them alone. Our weekly tub was given in the nursery and, later, after Bertie and I grew up, in our tiny bedroom on the second floor. The excitement when new bathrooms were added and electricity and a telephone installed was intense. To us children the most important room in the Cottage was my father's study, a small and cheerless room where he would work and relax after shooting, and to which we were summoned for punishment and reproof. It was memorable for the fact that the walls were covered with a dark red cloth—the same cloth used for the trousers of the French army of the period. My mother never knew where he got the idea that this pants material would make an original kind of wallpaper, nor whether the intent was to evoke a mildly martial atmosphere or merely to warm up a room with a northern aspect. But my father loved this red cloth, was oblivious to all criticism directed at it, and when one summer the moths got into it he was heartbroken over having to remove the last shreds.

If my family could be said to have had a home in the conventional sense it was this Cottage. We lived there 33 years; it supplied in coziness what it lacked in architectural merit. Close by was an ornamental lake, with tame ducks whose quacking supplied a pleasant pastoral note at dusk and in the early morning. And in front of the house was a park stocked with web-antlered and red deer. Their nightly roamings were a constant detriment to the greens of the golf course.

When my father became Heir Apparent and was created Prince of Wales, his responsibilities grew, and with them the upkeep of houses within the precincts of the King's residences. While York

Cottage remained his spiritual home, his London residence became Marlborough House. A stately red brick edifice, designed by Christopher Wren for Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, it stands in a spacious garden surrounded by a high wall. The halls and the staircases are decorated with vivid paintings depicting Marlborough's great victories. These fascinated me: for around the heroic and commanding figures of the Duke and his generals lay the debris of battle; dead and dying soldiers and horses, and shattered cannon. The agonized expression of some of the wounded Redcoats, painted with fine realism, haunted my boyhood dreams of a warrior's life; and the pathetic glint in the eye of a maimed animal is still imprinted in my memory.

But my father's commitments in the way of houses did not end here. When my parents followed the Court to Windsor they occupied Frogmore, a Georgian house in the grounds of Windsor Castle. Finally, Abergeldie, an old castle covered with white stucco which you could pick off with your fingernails, three miles down the river Dee from Balmoral, was placed at my father's



WITH MY FATHER AND MOTHER I posed at Osborne House when I was 6. I clearly hated posing.

disposal for the grouse-shooting and deer-stalking seasons. Its most ornamental feature was a big stone tower, inhabited by bats and, we always imagined, by the ghost of Kittie Rankie, a legendary witch who was burned on the mountain opposite.

While York Cottage and Marlborough House contained some modern conveniences and had electricity, the last two houses each had but one bath, situated, of course, in my father's rooms. The other inmates had to perform their ablutions as best they could with water carried by the servants in buckets from the kitchen. And I can still see the oil lamps being carried into the rooms at dusk.

Between these four different establishments, my family migrated with the seasons like a flock of birds. February and March would find my father and mother at Marlborough House. For Easter, they would go either to York Cottage or Frogmore for the best days of the lovely English spring. May and June would find them back at Marlborough House for the London season with its round of public and private dinner parties, presentations at Court, and balls, interrupted by a 10-day visit to Frogmore for the Ascot Race

Meeting. Then, as the social season waned, my parents would utilize the lull to tour different parts of Britain, inspecting housing developments, dedicating highways, visiting hospitals, opening fairs—the royal equivalent of the politicians' fence-mending circuit. Late in July my father would once more vanish from our childhood ken, not to be seen until the family all came together again late in August at Abergeldie. We would presently hear of him yacht-racing at Cowes. Then the opening of the grouse-shooting season on August 12th would find him tramping the moors of his friends.

During this summer period my mother would take us all to Frogmore for a quiet and restful month. We always had a wonderful time there, cruising up and down the Thames in our tiny electric launch with a white tasseled top, and climbing the roofs of Windsor Castle. Though we missed my father, his absence proclaimed something of a letup in the discipline and iron routine which he at all times enforced.

My boyhood was a strict one because my father was strict in his own life and habits. He was a perfect expression of the Victorian and Edwardian eras, those conjoined epochs to which his immediate forebears lent their names. He had the Victorian's sense of probity, moral responsibility and love of domesticity. He believed in God, in the invincibility of the British Navy and the vested privilege of the Royal Family. At the same time, he had the British flair for clothes and fondness for sport—from grouse to tiger shooting, deer stalking, and fishing. He was a fine shot, one of the best of his day; and there were few in England who could teach him anything about sailing a boat.

Father's rigorous schedule

YET through everything cleaved the sharp concept of duty summed up for him in the precept which, copied in his round hand, he kept on his writing desk: "I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it for I shall not pass this way again." These lines are attributed to an American Quaker of the early 19th Century, Stephen Grellet, and I was made, while very young, to memorize them and they have often influenced my actions in my varied career. If through my family's position my childhood was spared the mundane struggle that is the common lot, it was not devoid of conflict. For the concept of duty was drilled into me and I never had the sense that the days belonged to me alone.

Combined with this stern sense of duty was an almost fanatical sense of punctuality. Only through rare accidents was my father ever known to be late. His days were organized with railroad precision—even to the habit of a post-luncheon nap, a carry-over from his watchkeeping in the Navy. Such was the power of my father's will that he could fall asleep instantly and wake up exactly 15 minutes later, just as if an alarm clock had gone off inside his head.

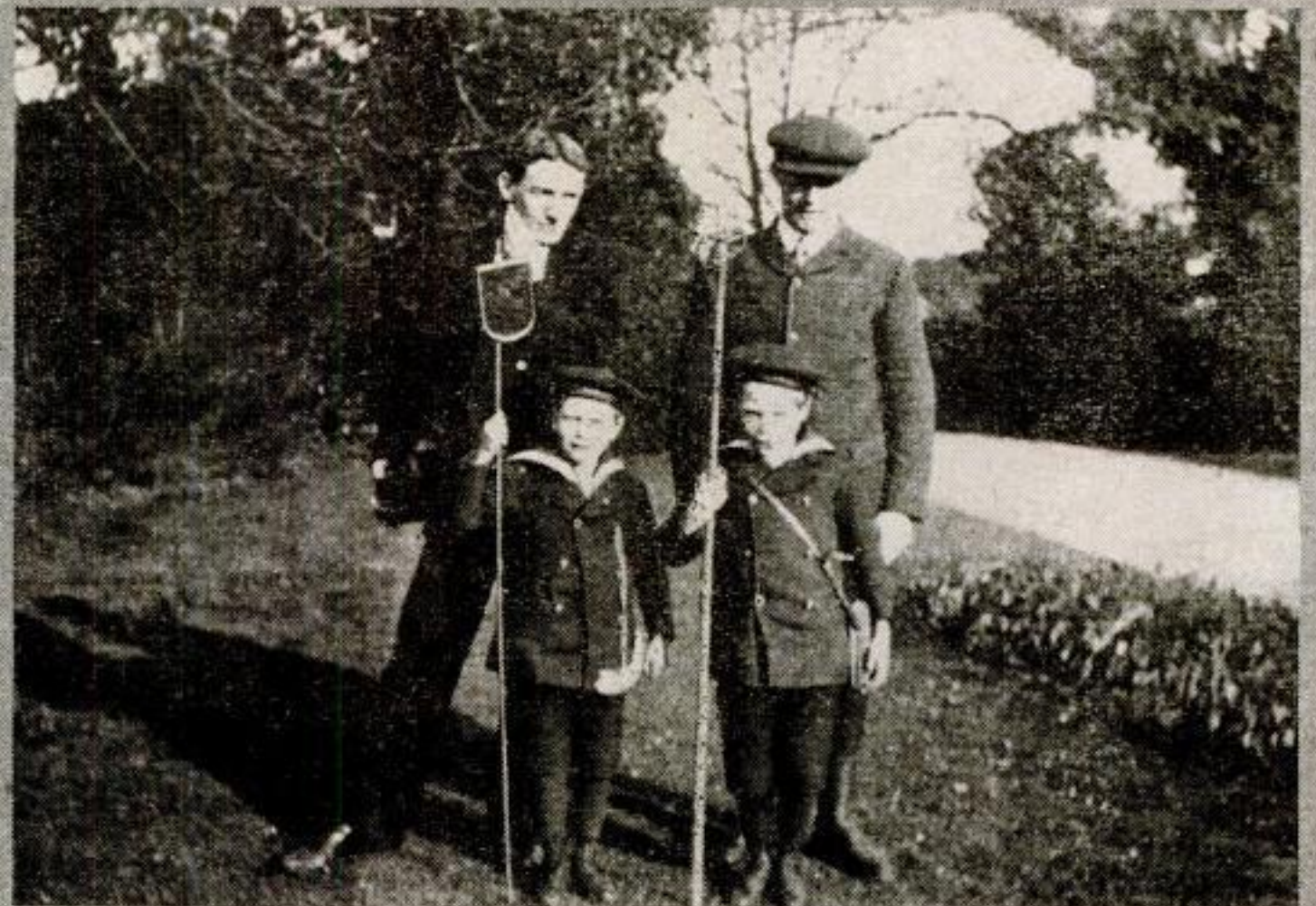
In my father's rigorous schedule we children occupied small, fixed niches. We were summoned to his study at breakfast time to say good morning, then we would go again in the evening after tea. He and my mother always popped into the nursery to say good night while on their way to dinner. My father, never demonstrative, would peer down at us gravely in the dim light, perhaps touch the covers gently, and then slip quietly out of the room.

I have often thought that my father liked children only in the abstract. Bertie and I, and mostly

SNAPSHOTS FROM A ROYAL ALBUM



H.P.H. Bertie. Self. "Happy."



Rev. H.E. Staveland. Bertie. Self. Finch.



Forsyth. Cameron. H.M.B.D.



Lady Kitty. Anna. Mary. Cameron. Self. Sir J. Reid.



Grandpapa. Self. Grannie.

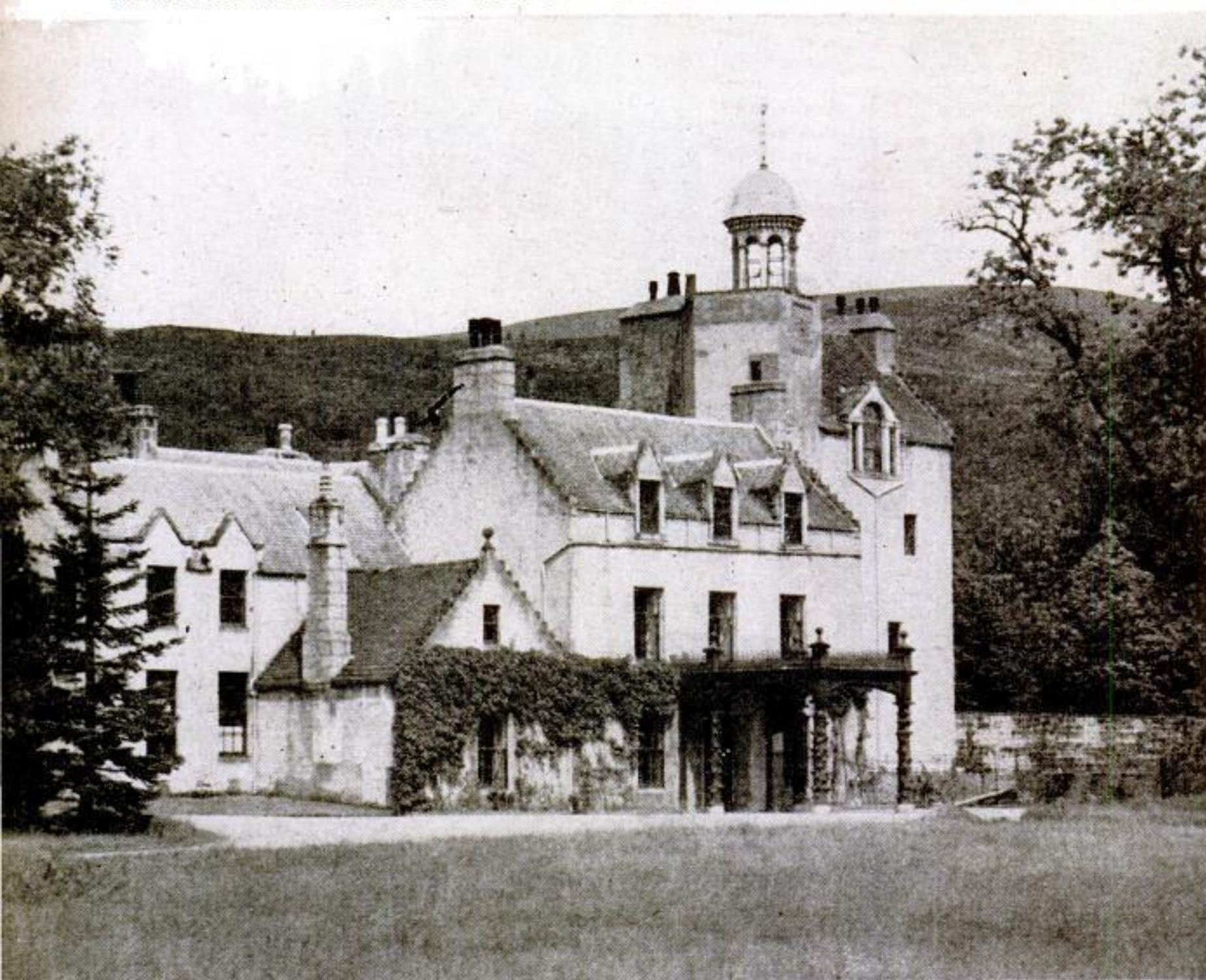
THESE FAMILY SNAPSHOTS show the life I led as a boy. My brother Bertie—the present King—and I grew up mostly at Sandringham. Two of the most important figures of our boyhood were Frederick Finch, our man-

servant (top right, wearing cap) and our tutor, Henry Peter Hansell, the tall man in the top left-hand photograph. Happy was my father's dog. The center snapshot shows Forsyth and Cameron, my father's Scottish servants, drilling

us on the lawn at York Cottage. They were childhood heroes. In Scotland we often went fishing (lower left). The snapshot of my grandparents (bottom right) was taken on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* at Cowes.



MOST OF MY BOYHOOD WAS SPENT AT YORK COTTAGE NEAR SANDRINGHAM



I ALSO LIVED AT ABERGELDIE CASTLE (ABOVE) AND MARLBOROUGH HOUSE



A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

I, came in for a good deal of scolding for being late or dirty, for making a noise on some solemn occasion, for wriggling and scratching in church, for not getting up when an older person entered the room. My father literally pounded good manners into us and we boys were taught to bow, and my sister to curtsy, to all our older relations.

Many of my father's highly individualistic habits and traits can be attributed to his naval upbringing in a hard, seafaring age when the sail was still regarded as a major and fully reliable form of propulsion. Long after his retirement to land, the Navy's tradition and outlook permeated his thoughts. It developed in him a gruff, blue-water approach to all human situations, and a loud voice. It gave him a fund of stories and reminiscences in which he delighted to indulge when we had as a guest a contemporary who had shared his sea experiences. And finally, he never lost the nautical habit of consulting the barometer and thermometer the first thing every morning and the last thing at night. No matter where he was—at York Cottage, in London, at Frogmore or Abergeldie, on his way to breakfast or to bed, he would make a beeline for these instruments. He would peer at the glass, tap the case sharply to make sure that the needle was not stuck and set it again.

My father had great fondness for Scotland and Scottish ways, liked to wear a kilt, and, with a view to injecting a Highland flavor to the household, engaged two Scottish veterans of the Boer War who swiftly became heroic figures of my youth.

One, Henry Forsyth, had been a Pipe-Major in the Scots Guards. The other, Findlay Cameron, of the Highland Regiment of that name, had the reputation of possessing more medals than any other British soldier. Every morning, in the Scottish manner, Forsyth would rouse the household with the skirl of his bagpipes rending the morning air. Cameron, ostensibly a footman, never became proficient in the art of serving at the dinner table; and I well recall one of his early entries into the dining room when, as a result of inattention, he tripped and catapulted across the room a large ham which missed my father by inches.

If an imperfect servant, Cameron, with his handle-bar mustache, was nonetheless an exciting companion, though in time my mother was to suspect that he carried the Scot's traditional preference for whisky to a point that made him a dubious example for impressionable young Princes. We loved to hear Cameron tell of his hand-to-hand battles with the Fuzzy-Wuzzies and shooting it out with the Boers. And when in London nothing else that Bertie and I ever did could match the thrill of having Forsyth and Cameron take us atop the wall of Marlborough House whence, across the street in Friary Court of St. James's Palace, we could watch the changing of the King's Guard. To salute the colors as they passed by became for us a veritable religion. A desire on our part to emulate this stirring drill inspired Cameron to organize my sister, myself and my next two brothers, Bertie and Harry, into a squad—a bit of make-believe which my father approved, thinking it would keep us from becoming round-shouldered. Armed with wooden guns, we would parade nearly every day, with Cameron barking orders from the drill book, and Forsyth playing marches on the pipes. It was great fun, especially at Sandringham; for my grandfather, the King, would sometimes walk down from the Big House to inspect us.

Learning to crochet

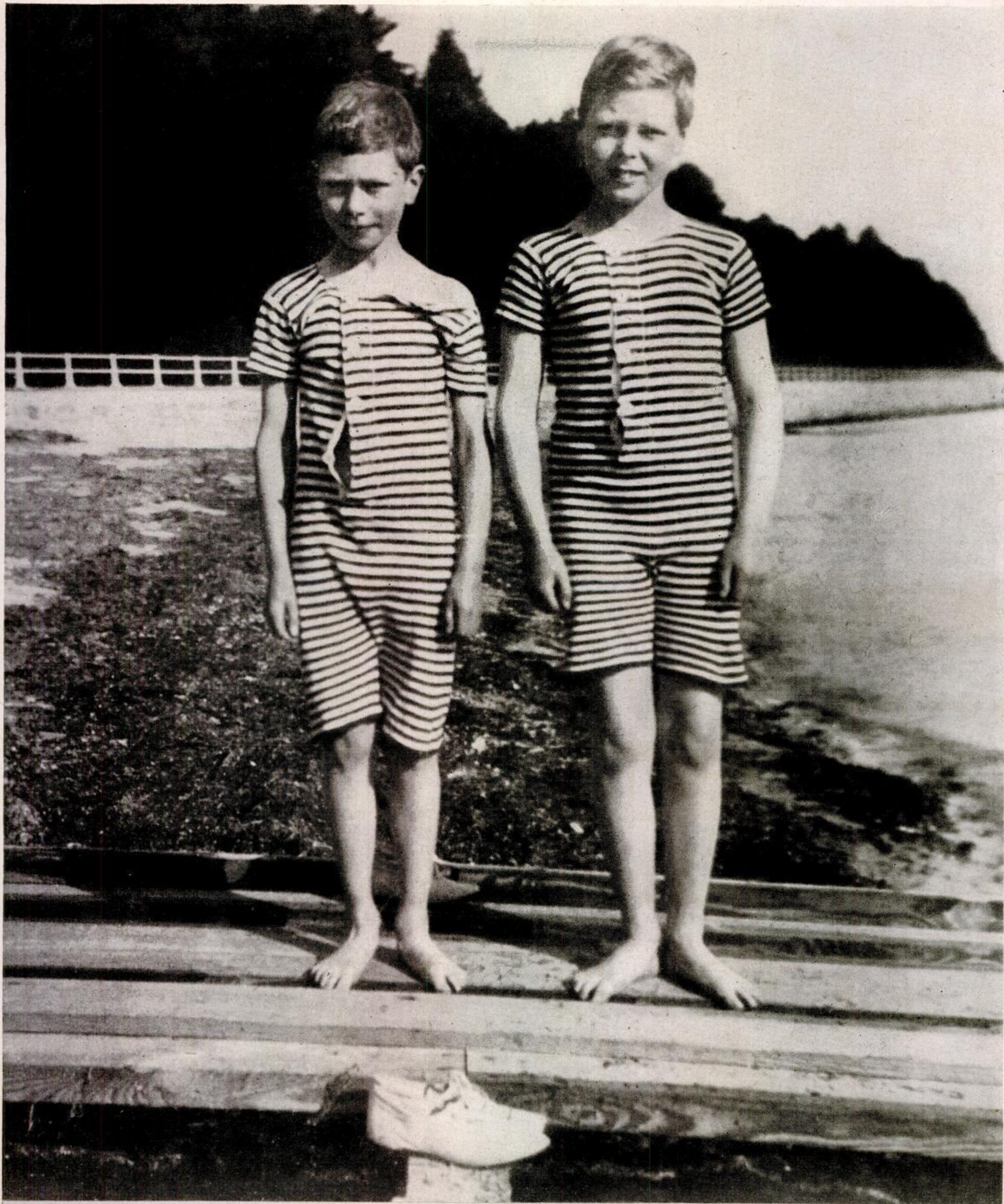
WITH Mama life reverted to a less martial tempo. We treated her with devoted respect. Although she backed up my father in all matters of discipline, she never failed to take our side when in her judgment he was being harsh with us.

Her own family being in more modest circumstances than my father's, she had been brought up in a simple English way. Long stays abroad on the continent of Europe had mellowed her outlook and from study and observation she had acquired an amazing sense of the historical and an almost professional knowledge of antique furniture and *objets d'art*. None of her relations could match her precise and encyclopedic memory, whether applied to the tangled genealogies of the ruling dynasties of Europe or the heirlooms and souvenirs of the family.

With the birth of each new child, Mama started an album in which she painstakingly recorded each of the progressive stages of our childhood—the dates upon which "Baby cut his (or her) first tooth," or took "his (or her) first step," with a lock of hair inserted on the day of the first haircut.

The thing that we children looked forward to most in the day was to gather around Mama in her room after our tea of muffins, jam and milk, the last meal of the day. She would be in a negligee, resting on her sofa, and she would talk and read to us. Her soft

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122



Bertie. Lelf.

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much easier—cuts
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CAPS FOR KIDS OF ALL AGES

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

voice, the cultivated mind, the cozy room overflowing with personal treasures, were all inseparable ingredients of the happiness associated with this last hour of a child's day.

But being also practical by nature, my mother taught us to employ this time making woolen comforters for one of her many charities. She showed us how to work these garments on round wooden rings with brass pegs. While she read, we busily wove the wool around each peg, and at the completion of a circle, slipped the yarn over each to form a crochet stitch, and eventually a comforter five feet in length.

As a small boy I enjoyed making these things more than did my sister or my brothers. Many years later, during an enforced period in bed while recovering from a riding accident, I became quite proficient with a crochet needle. At the beginning of the last war, when attached to a British mission with the French army, I was obliged to make long motor trips back and forth in the combat zone, I returned once again to my gentle diversion, as a means of killing time. This was during the period of the so-called "phony war," and I was understandably discreet about my hobby at first. It would hardly have done for the story to get around that the Duke of Windsor in the uniform of a major-general of the British Army had been seen bowling along the roads behind the Maginot Line, crocheting. Nevertheless, crocheting did for me what detective novels do for statesmen. It relaxed my mind and, incidentally, provided a number of anonymous but not unworthy samples for a charity my wife organized for the French army.



FROM WALTER JONES, village schoolmaster, I learned about nature.

When I was nearly 8 a new personality was injected into my life. Frederick Finch came from a line of family retainers in the service of the Dukes of Wellington. His father had been body-servant to the old Iron Duke himself. Beginning as my male "Nanny" he shined my shoes, nursed me when I was sick, scrubbed my hands and face and knelt with me when I said my prayers at night. As I grew older he became my valet—but a valet who played golf and shot and rode with me. Still later, he became my butler. Now retired, aged 77, he lives in a little cottage in Berkshire with perhaps more than his share of memories.

Not long ago Finch told a friend of mine that as a boy I had been a handful—"or, if I might use the word, a 'stubborn' character." He went on to describe an occasion when he played the role of "rod and pickle." Evidently, one afternoon when my sister was supposed to be taking a nap, I had gone into the nursery and kicked up a fuss. My father was out shooting, and no one dared to disturb my mother. My sister's harassed nurse, Lala Bill, stormed into Finch's room, crying, "That boy is impossible. If you don't give him a thrashing, I will." Finch marched me off to the bedroom, laid me face down on the bed, and while I kicked and yelled, laid a large hand upon that part of the anatomy which nature has conveniently provided for the chastisement of small boys. I sobbed a long time and swore to get even with Finch by threatening that my brother would tell my father what he had done. That night at tea time, my mother heard the whole story from Bertie and Mary, and I was sent back to Finch's room to apologize for having been such a nuisance. That, at any rate, is Finch's story; for myself I can only say that I have absolutely no recollection of the incident and may have rubbed from my memory a scene that I did not choose to remember. Finch is a man of probity; let his testimony stand.

In 1901 my father returned from an eight-month tour of the British Empire. Coming upon us afresh after that long absence, he was appalled to discover how little Bertie and I knew. I was then 7½—an age which customarily finds the sons of upper-class English families deposited in a fashionable preparatory school to be ruled by the classics and the master's rod. By tradition, however, the education of British princes had remained the province of the private tutor; and my father's immediate response to the nursery crisis was to import without delay a tutor of impeccable connections.

Thus one day there appeared in our midst a very tall, gaunt,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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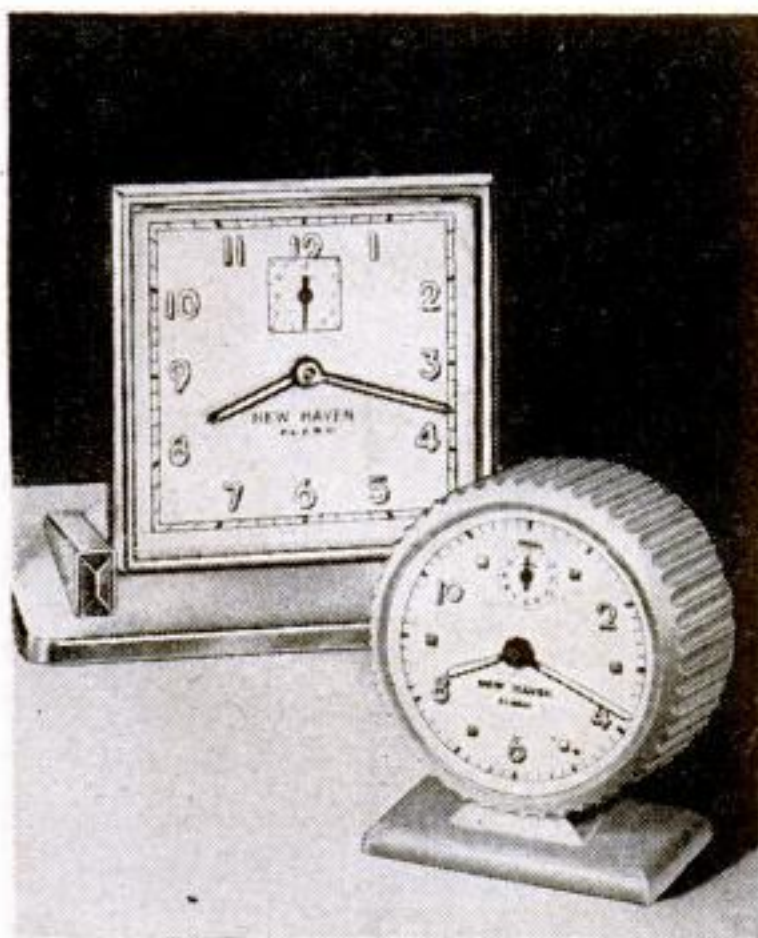


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THE RIGHT TIME  SINCE 1817

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A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

solemn gentleman, Henry Peter Hansell. A graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, Hansell was a typical English schoolmaster of a period which demanded of its fashionable pedagogues not only a broad command of the classics and Protestant doctrine but proficiency in several forms of athletics as well. He had played football at Oxford, was a six-handicap golfer and a crack rifle shot. He thus combined a mild and graceful scholarship with a muscular Christianity, accented by tweeds and an ever-present pipe. Needless to say he was a bachelor.

Save for the sporadic interventions of my parents, these two men, Hansell and Finch, brought me and my three brothers up, until one by one we went off to school. They made a good team, and of the two, I sometimes think that the servant had a stronger influence, possessing a livelier comprehension of a small boy's secret interests and of his inhibitions as well as his ambitions.

There was a "schoolroom" in each of the four houses we occupied at different seasons of the year. At York Cottage, it was a small room on the second floor overlooking the pond; at Marlborough House, a larger one on the first floor facing the backs of the tall buildings that form the courtyard.

Mary had her own governess, Mademoiselle José Dussau, and except when Hansell was on holiday and we joined her class, she did her lessons alone. Mary loved her governess, who was a great favorite with my parents. To us boys, however, "Mademoiselle" was a tattletale who spoiled Mary and kept us in a constant state of apprehension lest she give us away to our parents.

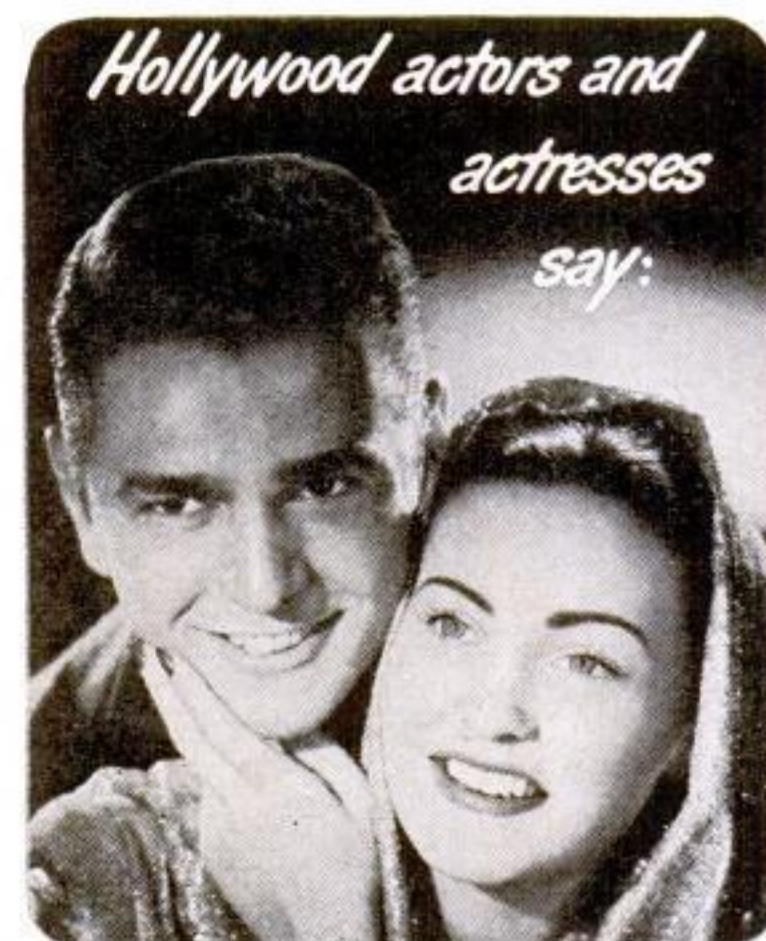
The tutor's secret hobby

PUNCTUALLY at 9 o'clock, Bertie and I would be at our desks and Hansell would enter the schoolroom with a schoolmaster's formality. A stranger observing his detached and impersonal air would scarcely have suspected that he had just finished having breakfast with us. We would study for two hours, then be let out for half an hour of play, with another hour of work before lunch. As a rule Hansell would lunch with us, as would Mary and her "Mademoiselle." On prescribed days only French would be spoken at meals. This was tough on Bertie and me, since Mary, speaking the language all day with her French governess, was far more practised in it than we. The afternoons were taken up with outdoor games, an hour or two of further study and, of course, tea. Saturday was our free day. Sunday morning always meant church and we never missed that.

That was the daily round of my childhood. In London, Hansell would vary the schedule with excursions to churches, historical buildings, museums or galleries in order to give us a sense of the people and times which were the subjects of our lessons. It gradually dawned upon us that Hansell had a secret passion. I would not call him a pious man, yet he loved churches, not so much as a worshiper but rather as a connoisseur of religious structures. He loved to wander around a church, contemplating the architectural details and savoring the tranquility. But far from being alone in this unique specialty, he was, we found, a member of a kind of club of cathedral lovers. We children considered this a strange and morbid hobby; yet we were obliged to participate in it, since Hansell, whenever he took us on a day's outing, would sooner or later head with a collector's zeal for some church he was anxious to examine. Many an hour that we would have preferred to spend in the warm sunshine was given to wandering around in Hansell's wake in the cold, dank, eerie atmosphere of vast naves and cave-like crypts.

Because mathematics was not Hansell's forte, and since it was also a subject to which I proved allergic, both he and I presently came under my father's censure. Thinking that Hansell's approach was too theoretical, my father tried to fire our interest with practical problems of his own devising, such as striking the average weight of his kill during the deer-stalking season. Made impatient by our inability to cope even with these problems, he engaged a special tutor to teach us nothing but mathematics. Mr. David, a Welshman with knock knees and a taste for Craven A tobacco, struggled with us in arithmetic, algebra and trigonometry, during his holidays from Tonbridge School. His gallant efforts were not entirely unrewarded. At Frogmore the formidable Canon Dalton of St. George's Chapel, who had been my father's tutor in the Navy, would stride down the hill to lecture us on the Scriptures, in a voice that boomed like Big Ben. It is a fascinating commentary upon the flexibility of British society that this man who played so influential a part in molding the character of a royal prince should himself have produced under the shadows of Windsor Castle a son, Hugh Dalton, who was until recently the Chancellor of the Ex-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126



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gift box
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Announcing THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE CAMERA MAKER'S ART



Only Filmo Auto-8 Camera
gives you
all these features

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Accurate Viewfinder . . . *What you see, you get.*

Two Filmocoted Lenses. $\frac{1}{2}$ " F1.9 and $1\frac{1}{2}$ " F3.5 in focusing mounts, for near and distant scenes.



Tell-All Lens-Setting Guide. For both color and black-and-white films; for all outdoor conditions.

Five Filmotruer Speeds including slow motion.



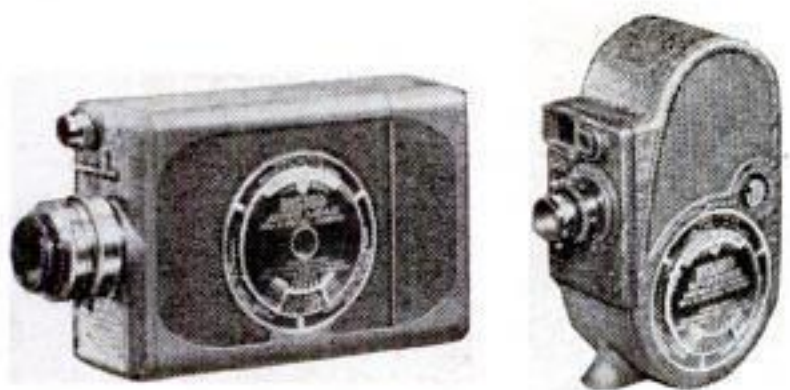
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A new 8mm magazine-loading movie camera
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For as you watch those precious scenes through the Filmo Auto-8 viewfinder . . . as you hear the film purr smoothly through this precision-built camera . . . you'll *know* that you're not taking a chance—you're taking a *movie*. A *top-quality* movie that will capture the things you want most to remember—in true-to-life *action* and in full natural color.

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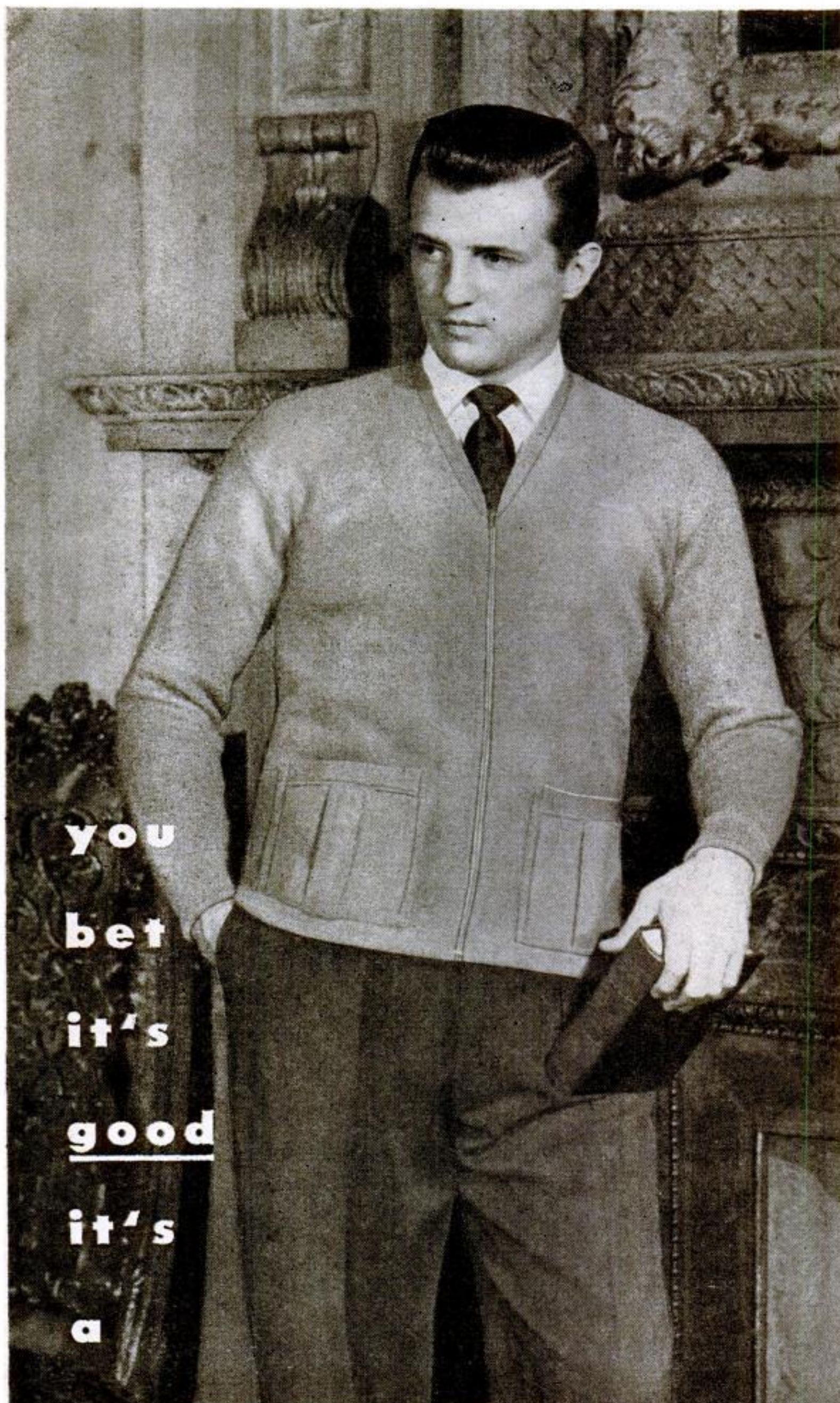
Leading photographic dealers will be supplied with Filmo Auto-8 as rapidly as possible. For earliest delivery, see your dealer now. And remember, Filmo Auto-8 is worth waiting for. Bell & Howell Company, 7141 McCormick Road, Chicago 45. Branches in New York, Hollywood, Washington, D. C., and London.



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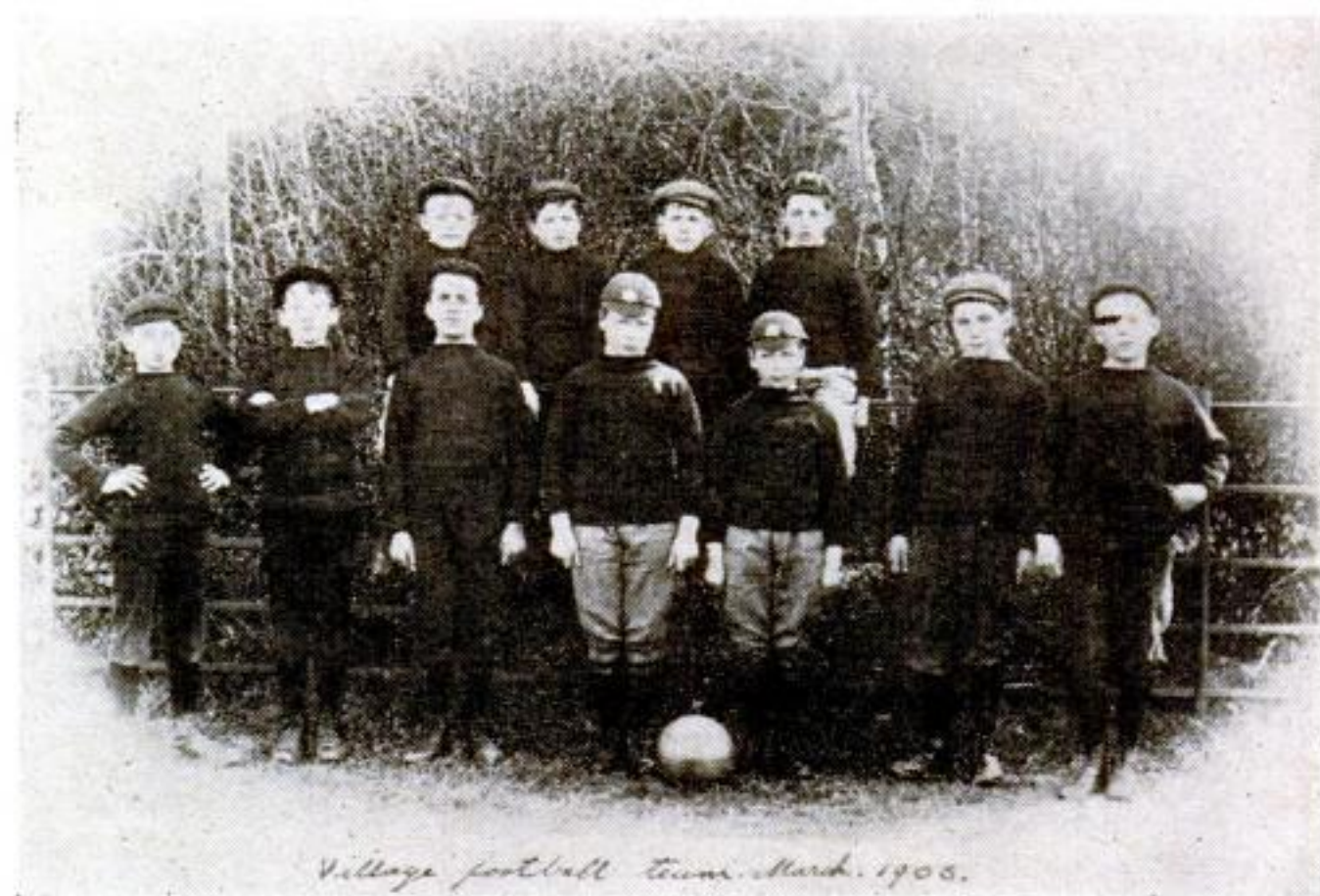
Brentwood

america's finer
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Here, outstandingly, is America's Number One sweater value for men. The zipper coat by Brentwood . . . trimly tailored, light yet warm, smart and practical for work or play. Finely knitted of choice all virgin wool . . . incomparably soft and rich. In snug-fitting or open cuffs . . . \$7 at most fine stores everywhere.



BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK



Village football team, March, 1900.

AT SANDRINGHAM Bertie (center right) and I played football in teams made up of the sons of the coachmen, gardeners, and gamekeepers.

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

chequer of a Socialist government. And to teach me French, the diplomatic language of the time, my father had resort to another of his old Navy tutors, a gentleman with a bushy, black beard, an enormous bald head and the improbable name of M. Gabriel Hua. Since he had achieved but indifferent success with my father, I was never able to understand why Hua was expected to succeed with me. He was a friendly man, yet like all French professors he did not escape the fate of becoming, at the hands of British schoolboys, the butt of crude practical jokes.

Frogs' legs and tadpoles

ONE day, at lunch, when we were at Frogmore, M. Hua digressed from a long-winded exposition of the subtleties of the French indefinite article to praise the excellences of French cuisine, dwelling with particular rapture on the succulence of frogs' legs. As we children had never eaten them, our immediate reaction was that Hua was making up a good story. But as he talked on his earnestness impressed us, and it finally dawned on us that not only did this annoying man eat frogs' legs; he actually preferred them above other food.

I think it was Mary who first had the idea of exploiting Hua's eccentricity, but my mother was in on it too. Armed with a fine mesh net and a bucket, we sallied forth to the lake in search of frogs. But as it was the spawning season, we had to content ourselves with a catch of tadpoles. These we carried triumphantly to the kitchen, and instructed the chef to broil them and serve them on toast that evening as a special savory dish for the French tutor.

M. Hua was, of course, completely ignorant of the plot, and when the time came for the savory and the footman passed the dish to the frog eater, I saw in a side glance that all the conspirators wore an expression of angelic satisfaction.

Of course it had never been our intention to let the professor eat the tadpoles, but before my mother could utter a warning he was attacking the toast with knife and fork and conveying the half of it to his mouth with a gesture of anticipation. Mama cried, "No, No!" and stammered that it was all a joke and that his special savory was not meant to be eaten. My impression is that M. Hua gallantly swallowed what was already in his mouth, but pure hatred was in the glance with which he swept the table; and with a curt bow to my mother that was like cocking a shotgun, he flounced from the dining-room. Mama's eyes twinkled. "I am afraid, children," she said softly, "that between frogs' legs and tadpoles the French gourmets draw a fine line."

From M. Hua, my brother and I learned one polite accomplishment—the ability to recite in French. This accomplishment was the origin of a novel way of saying happy birthday to my parents and grandparents on their individual birthdays. In advance of the family celebration, each of us would choose a poem, which we would undertake to memorize, and copy with painful care on long sheets of foolscap, which were then bound with bright ribbons. At the party we children would advance all in a row, recite our little pieces, and then present the copies. My parents usually so arranged it that these prodigies of memory were performed in the privacy of the family. But at Sandringham my grandparents liked to invite their guests to listen to the performance. My grandfather was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



Doctor? Lawyer? Merchant? Chief?

What will these babies be 25 or 50 years from now?

Many things and many people will shape their lives, of course. Parents, home, friends, teachers. And one big factor will be health.

Fortunately, babies born today enjoy far more chance of good health and long life than their parents or grandparents did. For example, only 30 years ago, one baby out of every 10 died before its first birthday. Today, the rate is less than one in 20. And over the same period, the average span of human life has lengthened from about 55 to 66 years.

This priceless gift of life and health has come largely through the skill and research

of the medical profession. And nutrition has played a part.

Good eating contributes to good health. Our knowledge of what to eat and when and why has vastly increased in recent years. It will grow even faster in the years ahead — aided by research in great laboratories like those of National Dairy. There, National Dairy men and women work constantly with milk, *nature's most nearly perfect food* — protecting its quality — creating new foods and products from it.

As medical and nutritional research advance together, they carry the hope of healthier citizens, and a better world.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food ... as a base for the development of new products and materials ... as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



These brands assure you of highest quality

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Frank Medico pipes have the replaceable filter that

- absorbs juices
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Only these patented filters have the 66 baffles that whirl smoke cleaner and cooler into your mouth. Replace filter when discolored.

Frank Medico V.F.Q. (Very Fine Quality) Bowls of rich-grained beauty. Wide variety of shapes. With 10 filters. . . . \$2 \$1

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S. M. FRANK & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22

Delight your young son with a warm, carefully made Chips Lounge Robe. A wonderful gift. Styled like Dad's in choice, colorful weaves in plaids and pastels. Sizes 4 to 12. About \$7.95

At notable stores everywhere

B. SCHWARTZ & CO., INC.
1107 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

THE HAPPY LOUNGER

Marlborough House
Pall Mall S W

July 12th, 1905.

Dear Papa and Mama,

Bertie and I are so pleased to hear that we have another little brother. I wish we were with you and able to see him. We enjoyed our selves

very much on Monday at Warren Lodge, it is a lovely place: we played in the hay, drove a donkey cart and came back here at a quarter past eight.

Our love to Mary, Harry, Georgie and Baby brother.

Your loving sons
David Bertie

JOINT LETTER of congratulation to our parents was written by me and Bertie when our youngest brother, Johnnie, was born in 1905. He died in 1919.

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

always polite in his applause, but no more so than my grandmother, who was stone deaf; hence I was never quite sure whether either one derived much pleasure from these acts of virtuosity. In any case, for us children the whole business was a nightmare, entailing hours of memorizing and copying until we were word and letter perfect.

"Upon the good education of princes . . . the welfare of the world depends." Thus expounded the Prince Consort in blocking out for my grandfather an educational program which in its severity and harshness seemed more appropriate for the rehabilitation of a criminal. To the extent that the end desired was a sober, learned and rigorous mind, that strait-laced program had failed notoriously in the case of my spirited grandfather, and on looking back over my first five happy years under Hansell—happy but curiously ineffectual years—I am forced to admit that by contrast a milder regime had little if any more success with me.

Preparing for the Navy

MY lack of progress used to worry my mother, who once exclaimed, "But these children are terribly ignorant!" My father in his more direct way attributed the trouble directly to my dumbness. Yet quite apart from the question of whether I possessed the intellectual equipment to make a good student, the circumstances of my birth combined with the constitutional constraints of a monarchical democracy to dilute and slow down my preparation for the modern world.

For one thing, I never knew the spur of competition until I was nearly 13 and had gone to a naval school. While its absence no doubt made my childhood pleasanter, those formative years were devoid of the sudden creative bursts and ranging interests that are normally inspired by the competitive association of young boys.

Then, too, the fact that I was destined from birth for the Navy tended to throw an iron ring around my education. Indeed, about the only condition enjoined on Hansell by my father was that I should be able to pass the entrance examination for naval cadets by the time I was 12½ years old. Because Greek and Latin were not required for the Navy, my father saw no sense in my learning them. Nor did I ever know those wonderful books that my friend, Winston Churchill, taught himself to read—Gibbon, Macaulay and all the rest.

Yet in justice to Hansell, it must be said that he appreciated the shortcomings of his tutoring. Possibly at the risk of losing his job, he repeatedly warned my father that if ever I was to catch up with my contemporaries, with whom I would have to compete in the Navy entrance examinations, I should be sent to a good preparatory school where my intellectual development would be stimulated. My father would not hear of it. "Send this boy to a private school and he will only acquire a lot of bad habits," he declared. "The Navy will teach him all that he needs to know."

My father had another fixed idea about my education. It was that I should never think that as a Prince I was in any way better than or different from other people. To be sure, by "other people" he meant the children of the well-born. His worst fear was that in an atmosphere dominated by governesses, tutors and nurses we



Typical example 87: the tire that outwears prewar tires!

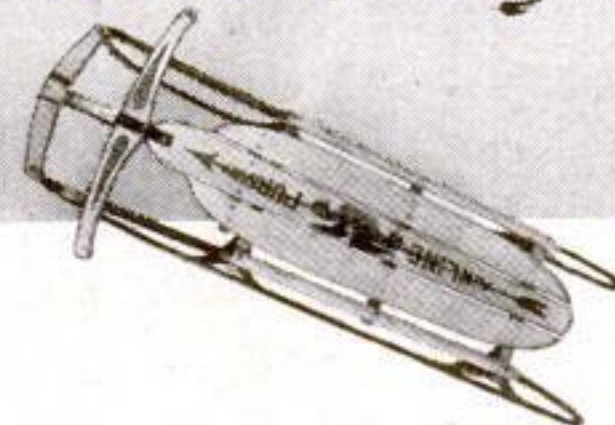
CHARLES E. WATSON knows tires. He services automobiles in Portland, Oregon. In eight months' driving, he writes, his B. F. Goodrich tires went 38,105 miles under the hardest possible passenger service—and as you can see, there is plenty of tread left.

This letter describes a typical experience with B. F. Goodrich tires that outwear prewar tires. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER



Flexible Flyer



A snow-covered hill just naturally calls for a Flexible Flyer Sled! The finest of sleds . . . the safest! The only sled giving you Super-Steering and Airline Runners. Extra strength . . . extra speed . . . extra control—all have made Flexible Flyer sleds famous over more than half a century.

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489 Glenwood Ave., Phila. 40, Pa.

Skier's choice: Flexible Flyer
Splitkin Laminated Skis!

Flexible Flyer
SLEDS and SKIS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

Beloved by brides for almost a hundred years (1850-1947)



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No other man like the man you love . . . no other ring like your very own . . . its fine diamonds singly selected and cut by *Art-Carved* experts, then brought direct to you in hand-carved rings individually created by *Art-Carved* goldsmiths. Only America's oldest and largest ringmaker can offer you such assurance of quality. Every genuine *Art-Carved** ring is recorded and guaranteed for your protection. Look for *Art-Carved** in the ring, on the tag. Diamond rings \$75 to \$5000. Wedding rings from \$9.

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FOR YOU: the free booklet "How to Select your Diamond Ring," containing the important facts about the diamond and its values. Imprints left by nature during the formation of a diamond are usually invisible



to the unaided eye. These imprints, depending on the type, size and location, greatly affect the value of the diamond. Write for your booklet to J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. L-10, 216 E. 45 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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TO MY BELOVED WIFE...

— by courtesy of
Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco

(As a "Sock and Necktie Veteran" of many Christmases, I am addressing this open letter to my wife—God bless her—in the hope that it may solve a family problem for thousands of other patient, long-suffering husbands.)

Dearest:

Christmas in our home is, I suppose, just like it is in a million other homes.

For the kids—toys, bicycle, roller skates, pajamas, gloves, snow-suits, etc.

For mama (that's YOU, dear) there's your "special" perfume...platinum wrist watch (excuse me—green gold)...those red alligator shoes you've been wanting—with handbag to match—and goodness knows what else!

For dad (that's ME)—there's, let's see—10 pairs of socks...16 handkerchiefs and the usual barrage of flowery neckties.

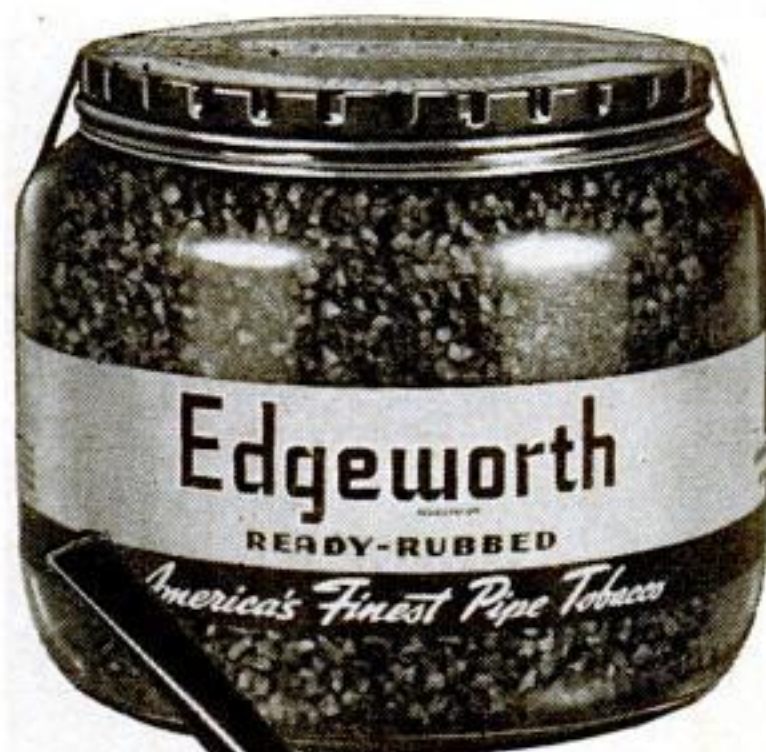
Now, sweetheart, don't get the idea those things aren't welcome. Because they are!!

But—please...PLEASE couldn't you just try to include a gift—something sort of personal—that will really give me a thrill when I tear off the wrapper?

What do I suggest? Well, honey, how about a pound or two of my pet tobacco—Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed." You know Edgeworth! That's the pipe tobacco you tell me "smells so good around the house!"

But listen, dear! Don't tumble for any ordinary tobaccos or even the fancy sounding brands—that smoke like something out of the perfume counter. Remember that name—Edgeworth. If you should forget—just ask the dealer for America's Finest Pipe Tobacco! He'll know what you mean.

Merry Christmas
(ANONYMOUS)

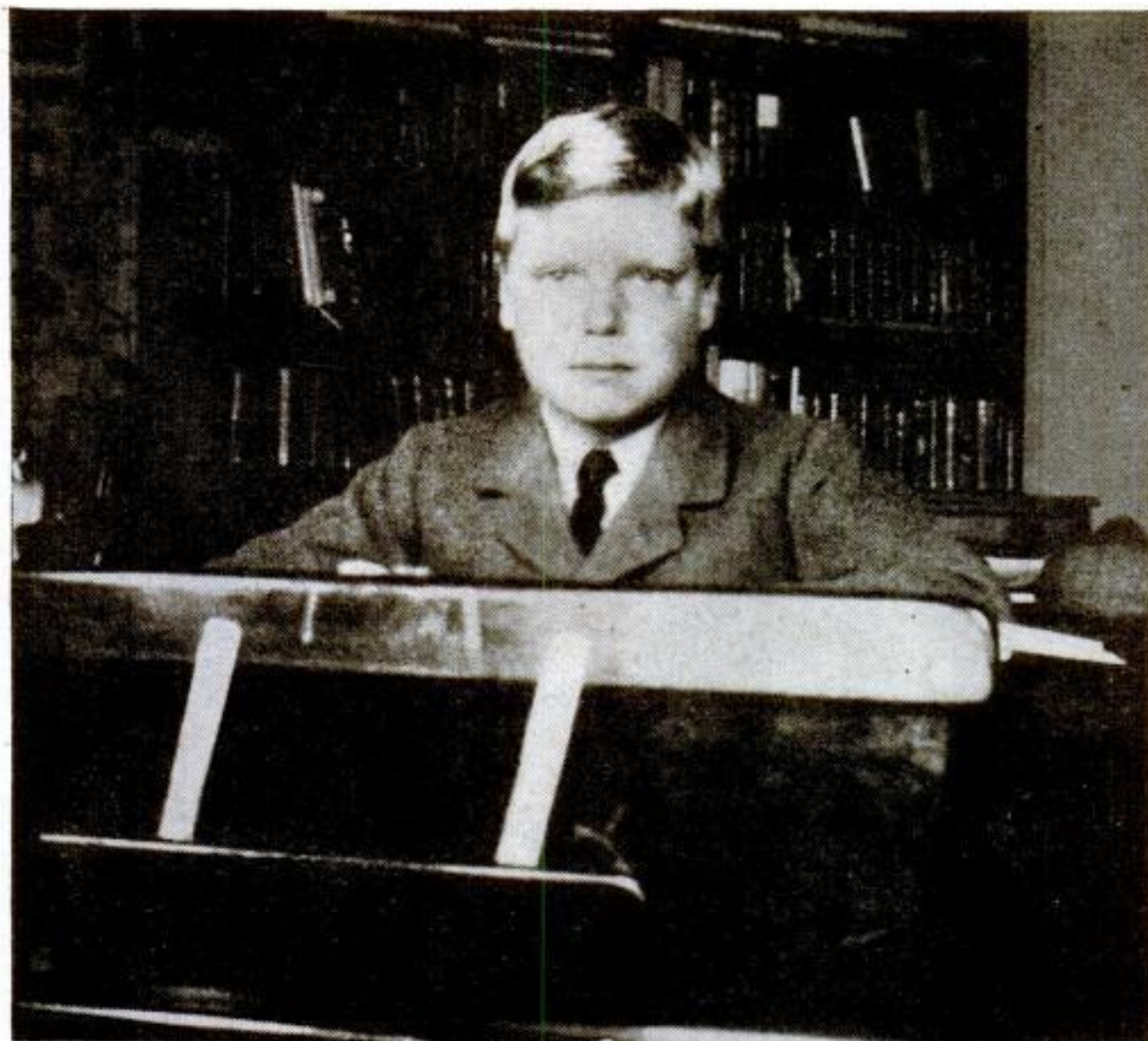


When you give a pound of Edgeworth for Christmas, it's a reminder of your thoughtfulness for 118 hours of fragrant smoking.

Edgeworth is a gift of perfect taste.

EDGEWORTH

America's Finest Pipe Tobacco



I CRAMMED NIGHT AND DAY for my naval exam in our schoolroom at York Cottage. The seriousness with which I regarded it may be judged by the exclamation marks.

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

would turn out to be prigs and snobs; hence he liked to keep us in the country, away from the sophisticated air of the Court.

Under the principle of British politics that the monarch should reign but not govern, we as a family were condemned, in the midst of an intensely political environment, to be not merely neutral but if possible apolitical. Hansell abided by this rule and, in the course of his mild excursions into current affairs, never once hinted to his royal charges that the British Tories might be wiser, nobler and more patriotic than the Liberals.

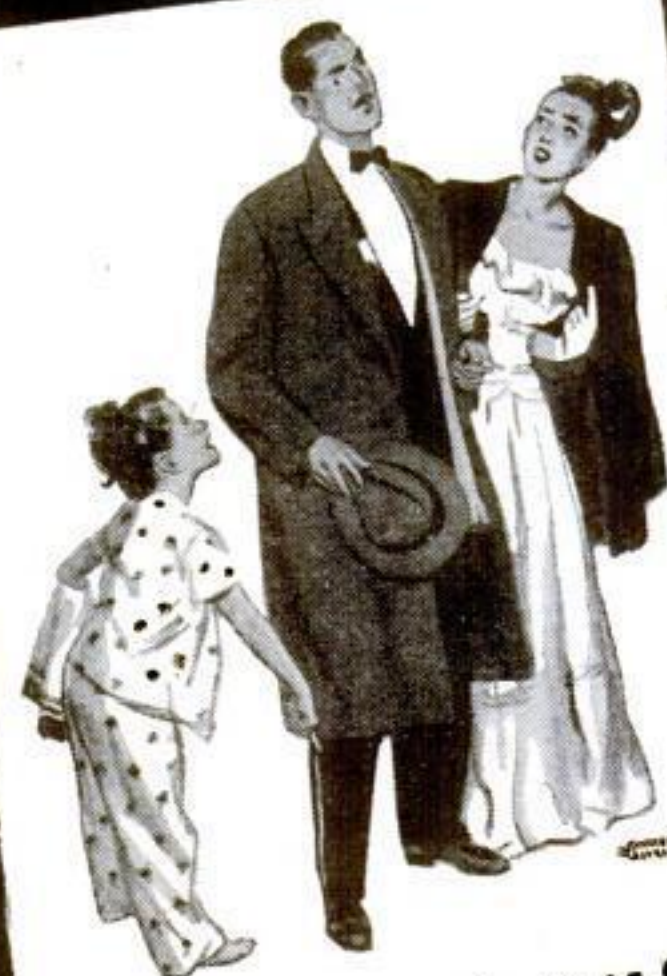
Hansell's restraint was all the more remarkable because in the general elections of 1906 the structure of British politics was torn apart by the Liberal landslide. The events leading up to the overthrow of Arthur J. Balfour's Tory government by the Liberals under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had produced turmoil in our household. In my father's view some of the leading Liberals, David Lloyd George and even Winston Churchill, were dangerous, almost subversive characters. Excited by all the talk, Bertie and I bombarded Hansell with questions; and he, obliged to supply adequate explanation to an obvious controversy, if only to sustain our curiosity about current events, finally hit upon a fascinating device for giving us some idea of what the debate was all about. At his suggestion Bertie and I cut out silhouettes of the two rival leaders, Balfour and Campbell-Bannerman, from newspaper cartoons; according to how they fared in the voting in the different constituencies we moved the figures up a picture of a ladder on the schoolroom door. In the excitement of the race, despite Hansell's studied neutrality, I found myself pulling for Campbell-Bannerman—no doubt because he led from the start—while Bertie, for lack of another candidate, championed Balfour. The Liberals won an overwhelming victory, and with the removal of the figures from the nursery door politics vanished from our field of interest. I ceased to be a little Liberal and Bertie a little Tory.

Reaching across the years for traces of the influences that molded my outlook, I was surprised the other day to realize that despite my having been under Hansell's care and tuition on and off for 12 years, I could not remember anything strikingly remarkable that he ever said. My impression now is that he was without strong views about anything, and consequently he never fired my imagination.

No doubt in light of the restraints laid upon the British monarchy this was all for the best. To have put a Prince in the direct line of succession under the tutelage of a bold and opinionated teacher might well have led to the one conflict with which the British constitutional system cannot cope.

My sister, Mary, was our constant companion during the greater part of our leisure hours. Although she was younger than both

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Embarrassing, isn't it?

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Treat Yourself to...



the candy loved
by 4 generations.



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Established for 72 years

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133



Men! Men! Wonderful MEN!

and What to Give Them for Christmas



FOR EVERY MAN IN YOUR LIFE!

He's sure to want Mennen Skin Bracer. For it's far and away the most popular after-shave lotion in all America. And, by the way, its he-man aroma will really interest you. Here is Mennen Skin Bracer all dressed up in bright, colorful gift wrappings.

**GIVE HIM MENNEN SKIN BRACER—A
DELUXE 12-OUNCE BOTTLE FOR ONLY \$1.00**



FOR LITTLE SHAVERS AND BIG ONES, TOO!

If you want him to look his best, here's what he needs to do it. Mennen Skin Bracer, Shave Cream, and Talcum for Men, with a bank for his tired razor blades. All in as gay and bright a gift box as ever nestled under a Christmas tree!

**GIVE HIM THIS MENNEN GIFT SET
ALL HE NEEDS FOR JUST \$1.25**



MENNEN *for Men!*

FOR EARLY BIRDS AND LAST-MINUTE SHOPPERS!

You can't go wrong when you give Mennen Gifts to the men on your shopping list.

You start the day...O.K.!

with this bowlful of flavor and hearty whole wheat



YOU'LL OKAY THE FLAVOR of Nabisco Shredded Wheat—this cereal that's rich and good as nature made it. There's a hint of golden sun and clear blue skies in its *fresh, clean* flavor . . . the honest goodness of wholesome whole wheat to which nothing has been added. You'll okay the *well-fed* feeling this man-size breakfast brings, too! Staunch nourishment that lasts till lunch—as much as in a bowl of cooked cereal without the fuss and bother.



*Delicious, ready to
serve...yet as
nourishing as a
hot cereal*



One of the many fine foods
baked by Nabisco



National
Biscuit
Company

TRY IT HOT! Put Nabisco Shredded Wheat in a strainer, pour on salted boiling water, drain. Add brown sugar, milk or cream. It's a dish to warm both heart and body—and just one of the many ways to serve this basic cereal that's as "every-day useful" as bread. Buy Nabisco Shredded Wheat—the original Niagara Falls product.

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

of us, she usually had a last word in the planning of games and bicycle excursions into the countryside. She rode better than either of us; her long curls concealed a fearlessness which made us respect her.

While Mary dominated both of us, I am sure it will in no way detract from the prestige of my kingly brother when I say that when we were young I could always manage him. That is, after all, the established prerogative of older brothers. Moreover, through long observation and experimentation, we knew exactly how to make each other angry. Mary was superior to both of us. Backed by her formidable "Mademoiselle," she wielded a sweet tyranny over our affairs. If she couldn't get her own way, the threat, "I'll tell Mama," was enough to bring the two of us around.

Mine, then, was a sheltered boyhood; a country rather than a city upbringing. And since the greater part of the first 12 years of my life were spent at Sandringham, a fuller description of that large property may well serve as a background for this story. Moreover, it was there, much more than in busy London, that my brothers, my sister and I were most completely under the enchantment of our grandparents.

There were older and lovelier show places in England than Sandringham, but for my grandfather it summed up his idea of the good life of his time, and in another sense it exemplified a uniquely English way of life centered around the great estates; an elegant, undoubtedly paternalistic, and self-contained existence which a quarter of a century of progressive taxation has virtually destroyed.

Here Edward VII relaxed and became the Country Squire. And the pride he took in his property was in evidence when on Sunday afternoons he would himself conduct his house party on a tour of the Kennels, the Dairy, Gardens, Hothouses, and Stables, the long inspection culminating at the Stud Farm with a parade of the famous stallions and the mares and with Queen Alexandra, basket in hand, dispensing carrots. These promenades were often an ordeal for his guests, many of whom had no great interest in the turf or animal husbandry. And since they were necessarily conducted at a slow pace and entailed much standing around in the winter cold, they were sure invitations to gripe. Indeed, it was strongly suspected that severe attacks of pneumonia which subsequently whisked off several distinguished guests were contracted while they had to listen to Grandpapa's description of how Persimmon won the Derby.

Birthdays at Sandringham

IN the misty gallery of childhood memories the portrait of my grandfather seems bathed in perpetual sunlight. He was in his 60's, in the twilight of his life, when his personality began to mean something to me. And I can say in all truth that I have yet to find the man who could match his vitality, his sheer *joie de vivre*. And while I remember him, of course, as the focal figure of many solemn ceremonies, I like best to recall him as presiding over a well-laden table, or smoking a fine Havana cigar of Churchillian dimensions, or making gallant gestures to beautiful women.

He and my grandmother always came to Sandringham for the week of November 9th, which was his birthday. Several days in advance the Big House would awaken, as a giant from his slumbers, and bustle with activity. First a small army of servants would be sent ahead. Then on the appointed day the great house would spring to life with a bonfire blaze of lights; and the crush of gravel and the clatter of horses' hoofs would herald the arrival of my grandparents with 20 or 30 guests, every gentleman with his valet, every lady with her personal maid. For a week Sandringham would bubble with festivity. Thousands of pheasants would be shot during the day, and after dinner there would be cards and music and political discussions.

If Bertie and I were up with our homework (Mary's was always in hand) we were allowed after tea to run up the hill to spend an hour in that gay company. Not that we weren't happy at home, but a visit to our grandparents was a passport to a different world, and excitement would fill me as the gaily lighted house rose up in the dusk. Inside, the huge hall known as "The Saloon" would be filled with handsome, attractive people and humming with conversation, and off on one side Gottlieb's famous orchestra, imported from London, would be playing soft music and Strauss waltzes to soothe the tired sportsmen and dispel the shock of a bad bridge hand.

Here I caught my first tantalizing glimpse of the world outside the somewhat narrow circle of the Royal Family and its courtiers. Our own crowded cottage did not permit entertainment on such scale and our occasional guests were weighted in favor of clerics or

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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with Trico's "two little Squirts"



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Windshield Washers

GIRARD PERREGAUX

Fine Watches since 1791

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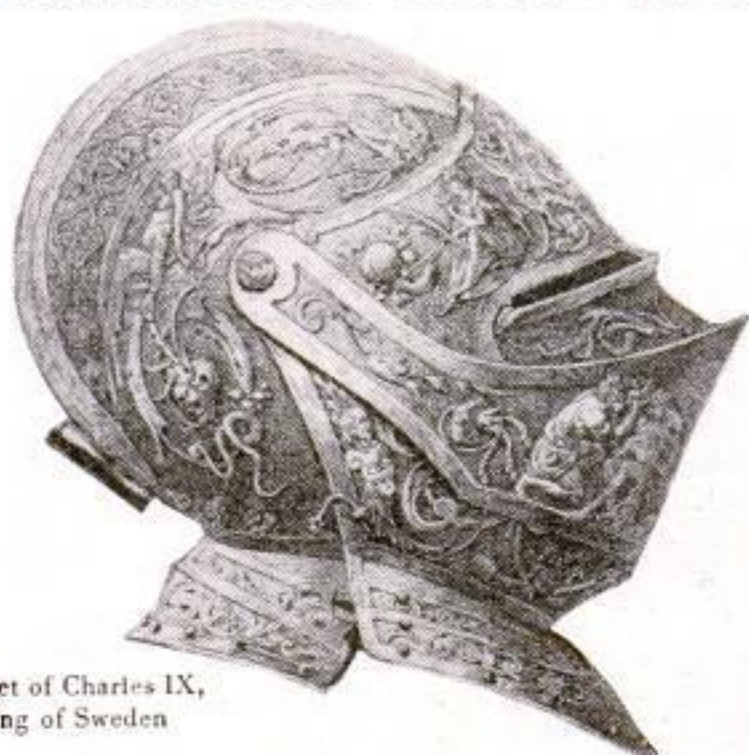


From left to right: \$55.00, \$47.50, \$57.50 in Gold Filled, 17 jewels
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The Ancient Art of CELLINI FILIGREE



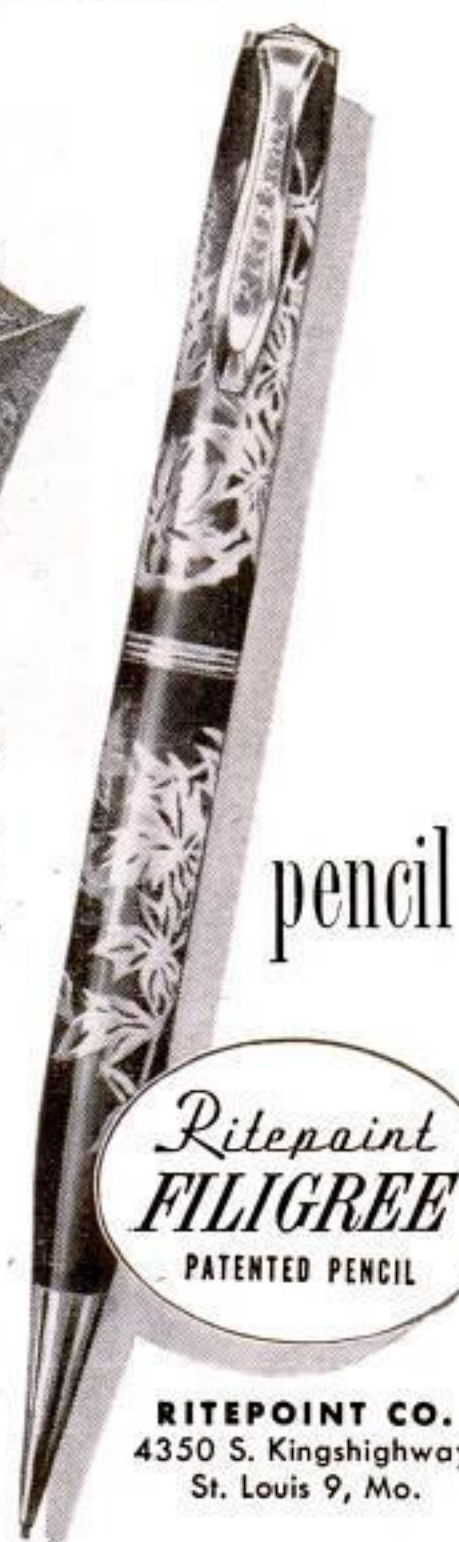
Helmet of Charles IX,
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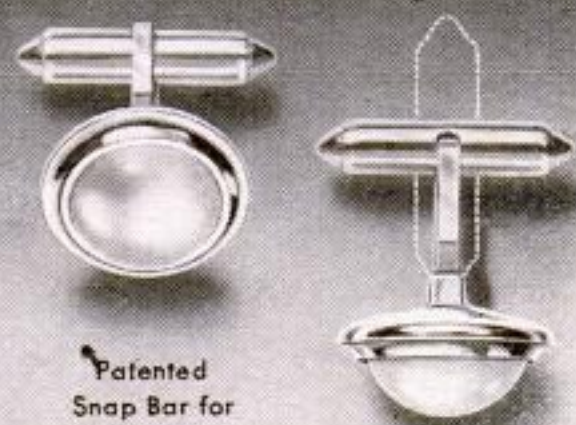
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Self. M. B. H. M. Hua.

WE DROVE TO CHURCH at Balmoral in a carriage. The gentleman in the top hat (right) is M. Gabriel Hua, who taught Bertie and me French.

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

my father's sea-faring friends. At my grandfather's house, on the other hand, the company would include such personages as Count Albert Mensdorff and the Marquis de Soveral, two ambassadors of the old school from Vienna and Lisbon; Lord Salisbury and Lord Roseberry, both Prime Ministers of opposing parties, the last the only man to win the Derby from No. 10 Downing Street; Sir Ernest Cassel and Lord Farquhar, financiers who made and handled immense fortunes; Lord Ripon and Lord Beresford, as quick and accurate with an epigram as with a gun—all men after my grandfather's heart.

These personages would make a great show over us, which was flattering and exciting, and sometimes one of them with a mock air of conspiracy would press on us a golden sovereign or 10-shilling piece, a welcome contribution to our meagre pocket money. And far from being expected to sit rigidly on a chair in self-conscious attitudes of unimportance, as was the rule at home, we were encouraged to let loose our exuberant spirits, to romp with the guests, and to pedal our toy motors, at high speed, honking all over the house.

There is no question but that my grandparents spoiled us. And if King Edward favored me it was perhaps because he discerned even at my tender age the making of a temperament akin to his own. Perhaps remembering also his own repressed boyhood, he decided that a grandfather's role was to champion a small boy's natural interests. On my eighth birthday he gave me my most prized possession: a bicycle. It was, in any case, characteristic of him on learning that my father had refused to let me have a knife as being too dangerous, that he presented me with a great big one, brushing off my father's protest with "Nonsense, George, I have never heard of a boy without a knife."

My parents did not entirely approve of these boisterous interludes at the Big House, particularly as we almost always got home late for the hard and fast 7 o'clock bed time. But in my grandfather's philosophy, a few minutes more of fun made no difference, and though we knew a mild reproof would be in store for us on our return, the good time we had had made up for it.

But as suddenly as it had begun, the fun would stop. In a dozen coaches and fourgons piled high with baggage, the King and Queen and their friends would clatter down the drive to the station bound for London. Silence would descend over the woods and coverts; the Big House would relapse into darkness, to remain so for another few weeks. Then, shortly before my grandmother's birthday, Dec. 1, there would be the same imposing charge up the drive, with a different party of guests. There would be another week of shooting and gaiety after which they would all whirl back to London again for another round of public engagements and the wind-up of the autumn season. A few days before Christmas my grandparents

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

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Better than mistletoe on Christmas morning!

HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR MEN BY WILLIAMS

Telegrams
Cable Osborn

February 8th 1908.

Dear Papa,

I have ^{not} written to you for a long time I am afraid, but now I have a great deal to say. First I must thank you for your letter. It was indeed a very terrible deed, by myself I still belong to a class. I was 3rd in that class. Yesterday I went for a cruise in a small steam launch the "Beta" for instruction. I went with Mr. Cox & 5 other cadets & we worked the engines by ourselves & steered. I shall go again later on in the term. I suppose it is not moving because of the assassination, which is always very tiresome for Mama.

that assassination of the King & the Crown Prince of Portugal. It was so very lucky the queen & the youngest son were not killed. I was 37th in the last order which is quite good for me. I did very well at maths, but although I do them a quarter of the term is already gone which is very nice. Mr. Jones has just sent me some photographs which he took of the skating track at Sandringham, they are very good.

Best love to you,
Mama, & Georgie & Johnnie.
Your devoted son
David.

WEEKLY LETTERS to my father were my custom while I was a Naval cadet at Osborne. My father worried greatly about my "order in the term."

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

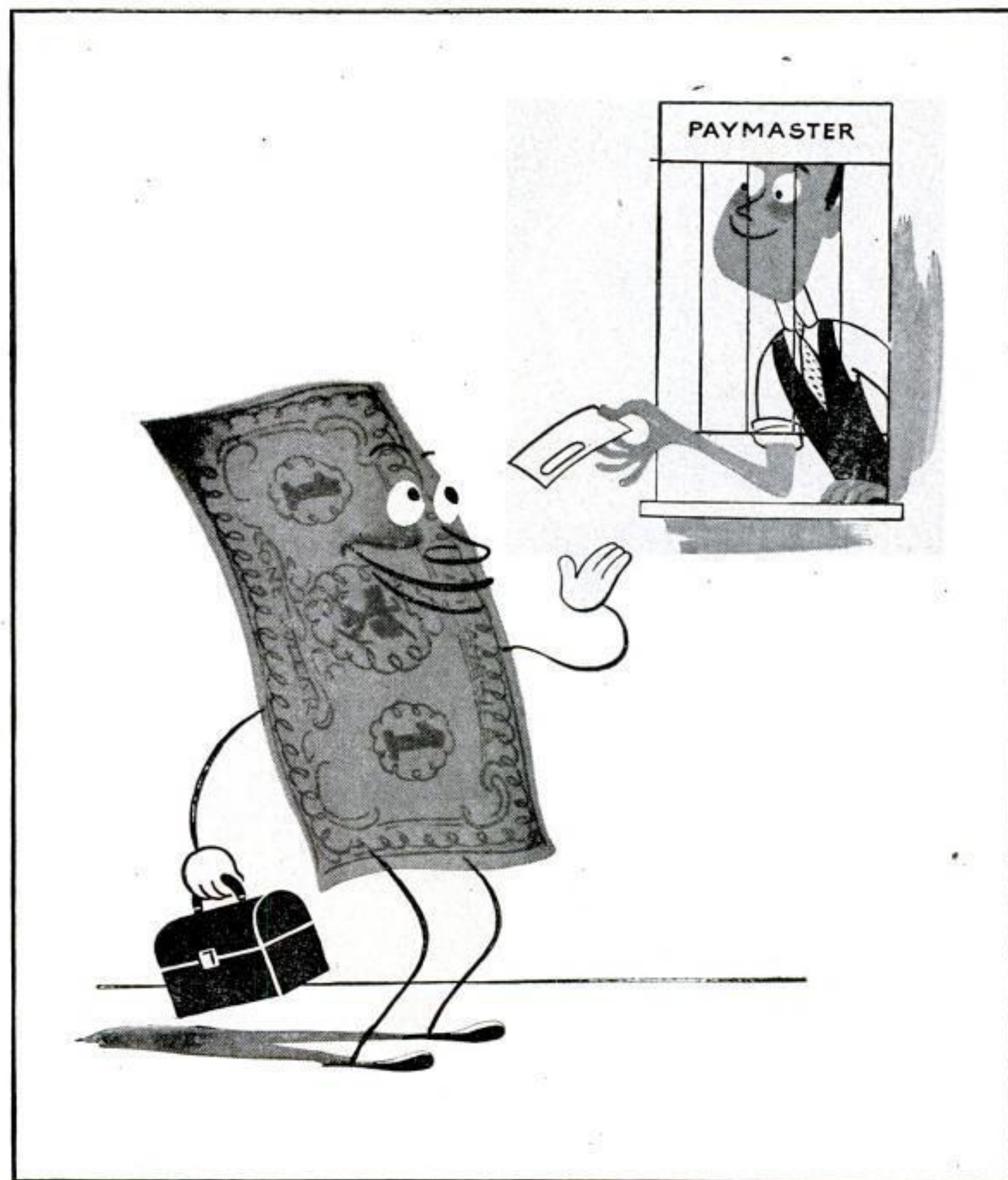
would be back once more for the great family party of the year.

Christmas at Sandringham was Dickens in a Cartier setting. Since a serious purpose was injected into all our pleasures, Hansell would begin by explaining to us the religious meaning of the Nativity and perhaps read to us from Dickens' well-known Christmas story, and Mama would summon us around the piano to learn Christmas carols. And to remind us of the duties inherent in privilege my parents would take us on Christmas Eve to the coachhouse to watch the distribution of meat to the employes and tenants of the Estate. This was an extraordinary scene: on the white tablecloths huge, bloody joints of beef, tagged with the name of the recipients; and the King and Queen sitting near the door to exchange greetings with the tenants as they filed past, the men touching their caps, the women making a quick bob.

Back at the Big House after tea a loud beating of gongs would herald Santa Claus's arrival. We would follow him in procession into the ballroom. The great doors would swing back, revealing a fir tree from the woods, tall enough to touch the ceiling, ablaze with candles and festooned with decorations and surrounded by snowy tables heaped with presents. We children always had to wait to the last, which imposed an agonizing suspense. When at last Grandpapa signaled to us it didn't take long for the room to become a sea of wrapping paper and to resound with our yells of delight and the din of mechanical toys. Then, making our way down the hill, we would meet the village choir, carrying lanterns, heading for the Big House to sing Christmas carols for the King.

Life at Sandringham, I suppose, was as close to a boy's innate desires as the conventions governing the education of a British Prince would allow. We were all taught to ride at an early age, and as soon as we could jump a fence without falling off we were sent out fox-hunting with the West Norfolk hounds. Yet all the same Finch

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

saw to it that we learned to fish for roach with worms impaled on a bent pin. The lake close by the cottage, so tranquil in my mother's view, was for us a fertile scene of sanguinary encounters when Mary, Bertie and I fought as pirates in flat-bottomed boats.

The happiest hours of all were those in which we were left to our own devices, and these were spent mostly on our bicycles. The parks and woodlands of Sandringham, even more than Windsor and Balmoral, became enchanted trails for two boys and a girl on rubber wheels. As a special treat we were allowed to bicycle down to the village of Wolferton to watch the afternoon train come in, pick up the mail and maybe buy some candy at the store.

If I have never known what it means to be snobbish, it is in no small measure because of the happy example of a village schoolmaster, Mr. Walter Jones, who took over our teaching whenever Hansell went off on his holidays. Jones, speaking with a rich Yorkshire burr, was a pole removed from Hansell. But Jones was a first-rate amateur naturalist and had a wonderful way with dogs and birds, and he would take us rambling through the woodlands and on the marshes and teach us where to look for the nests of the different species of birds and to recognize their calls. And, having seen the feeble efforts of Bertie and me to play football with Mary, he organized two teams among the sons of the coachmen, gardeners, gamekeepers and other employes of the estate. If royal protocol required that my brother and I be captains of the opposing sides, that guaranteed us no additional consideration in the scrimmage.

Incident on the skating pond

THE point about life at Sandringham is that for all the outward luxury and grandiosity, the core was a substantial human understanding. I used to tag along after my grandfather and my father while they made the rounds of the estates discussing general problems with the agent and tenant farmers or consulting Jackson, the head gamekeeper, about the shooting. My father felt an abiding sense of responsibility for all these people. That no one stood on ceremony at Sandringham was illustrated by a little incident that occurred one winter on the pond. My father fancied himself as a fast skater, and he challenged Finch to a race. On a sharp turn, Finch, noted for his clumsiness, crashed into my father, who went down in a lump and lay quite still. As the horrified valet tried to raise my father's head, my father's senses returned; a nautical oath sent Finch fleeing toward the bank. Slowly my father came to his feet and without a word skated to shore, rubbing a tremendous lump on his forehead. That evening I found him in his study pouring a mild drink. His eyes twinkled. "You go to Finch," he said, "and tell him there's no hard feelings, and tell him I'm going to beat him tomorrow."

How pleasant it all was. If we ever missed the company of other children, at least there were no intruders to contest our possessions or interfere with the fun we had evolved for ourselves. We grew up in security and detachment from the political shocks and tensions that even then were being felt in the grimy, discontented industrial cities of Britain. Reflecting the other day on some of the changes that have overtaken my life since my boyhood, it occurred to me that as regards a man's relationship to his times perhaps the most significant change has been the disappearance of privacy. I grew up before the age of photography. We were seldom recognized on the street, and when we were the salutation would be a friendly wave of the hand or, in the case of a courtier or family friend, a polite lifting of the hat.

There is, alas, an end to all good things and in my case the year 1907 marked the end of my cloistered boyhood and the start of the career which my father had decided was in my best interest. I was 12½, old enough for the competitive examination for naval cadets.

The first ordeal was an oral interview by a committee of stern elder admirals and schoolmasters. One of the questions leveled at me was whether I was scared in the dark and barely had I answered a quavering no when I was asked who was my favorite author.

A few days later I was notified that I was eligible to compete in the written examination. Here indeed was the test of what I had been able to learn from Hansell. I crammed far into the night. Two weeks later, along with some 100 boys from all manner of schools in Great Britain and even from the Dominions, I sat at a desk in a public examination hall in London and for three days struggled with papers. There were only 67 places open, and I left the hall praying that I would not fail.

After days of suspense my father told me that my prayer had been answered: I had passed into the Navy and in May would enter the Royal Naval College at Osborne, near Cowes, on the Isle of Wight. A man from the famous firm of Gieves Ltd., naval outfitters,



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CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

You Can't Beat
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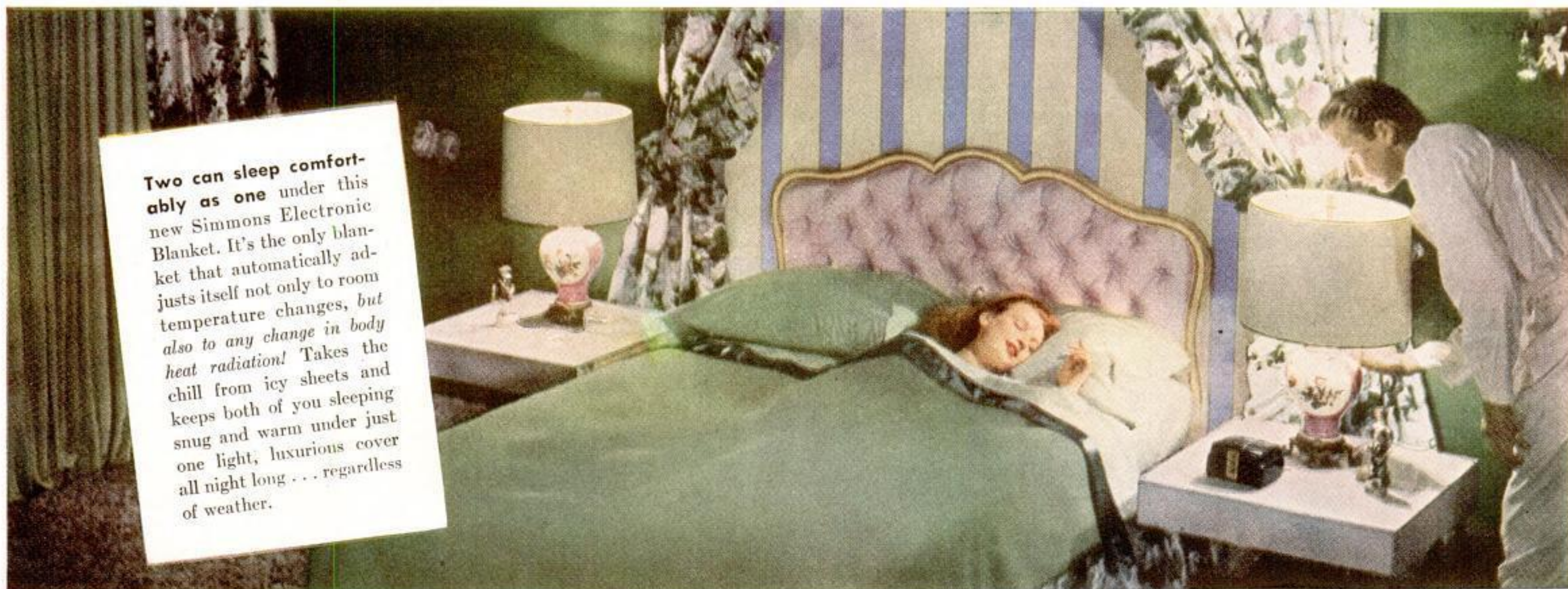


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A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

came to measure me for my uniform, the fitting of which my father personally supervised. I was proud of the round, blue jacket with its brass buttons and cadet's white collar tab, and of my naval cap, and would parade in it before my sister and brothers. Then the fateful day of leaving arrived, and my father took me away to Osborne. Despite my most determined efforts to uphold what I guessed must be the traditions of the Royal Navy, I left Marlborough House with tears drenching my new blue uniform.

The education of a British naval cadet at that time required four years training ashore—two at Osborne and two at Dartmouth in Devonshire. To make sure that I got started right, my father took me to Portsmouth on the train; and calmed me with stories of his early naval life. Steaming down Spithead to Cowes he fell silent. Then just before the launch touched the dock he said softly, "Now that you are leaving home, David, and going out into the world, always remember that I am your best friend."

By custom the new termers always arrived two days before the rest of the college returned from leave; this interval gave me time to shake down before the seniors appeared. It was customary for each boy of the new term to be scrutinized for peculiarities in his appearance and to be asked all manner of personal questions—his name, who his father was, where he lived. Manifestly all the answers that I could muster could not have been more damning, for, quite apart from my royal parentage and homes, the fact that I had never been to school before caused me to be regarded as a freak.



I FELT SCARED and lonely when my father took me to Osborne for the first time.

The privacy of my royal existence was rolled up like a curtain. Within a day or two of their return several sixth or senior termers decided His Royal Highness, Prince Edward, would look much better with his fair hair dyed red. So one evening, before "quarters" (evening parade), I was cornered by my betters and made to stand at attention while one of them poured a bottle of red ink over my head. The ink dropped down my neck, ruining one of the few white shirts that I possessed; a moment later the bugle sounded off "Quarters," and the sixth termers dashed away to fall in their ranks, leaving me in a terrifying dilemma

for which nothing that I had ever learned under the good Hansell seemed to supply a solution.

If I went to "Quarters" dripping red ink, the Officer of the Day would coldly ask questions which I would be obliged to answer; that would mean telling on the seniors. And if I missed "Quarters," my name would be put in the commander's morning report, with a consequent bad mark on my record. Yet while my training had all been in the direction of supporting the constituted authority in all circumstances, a dim instinct inclined me to the latter alternative, for I wisely reasoned that my punishment at the commander's hands would be as nothing compared to what the seniors would mete out if I told. So I slunk away in the darkness to get a clean shirt out of my sea-chest. Next morning, as I feared, my name went up on the Defaulter's List, and I was sentenced to spend the leisure hours of the next three days in alternately running briskly around the stable yard while holding a rod stiffly between my shoulder blades and facing the paint work for an hour in the seamanship room.

Another form of "hazing" which caused me no little discomfort was a mock ceremony performed, if I can rightly recall, by the same persecutors. An empty classroom window was raised far enough to push my head through and then banged down on my neck, a crude reminder of the sad fate of Charles I, and the British capacity to deal with royalty who talked out of turn. Quite a while after the sound of the seniors' retreating footsteps had died away, my cries attracted a sympathetic passerby who released me, fortunately with my head intact.

Yet aside from these relatively mild republican correctives, my life at Osborne was no different from that of any other British naval cadet, which, by contrast with the pampering that goes on today in the name of progressive education, was a fairly Spartan business. Our term was divided into two watches: Starboard for the top or brainy half; Port for the dumbbells. We filled two of the 12 dormitories, each named for a British admiral, which were

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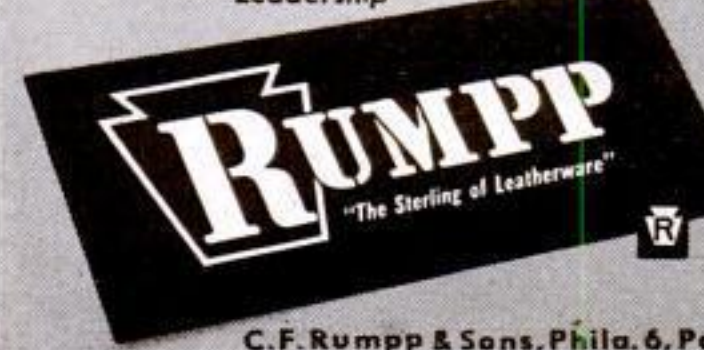
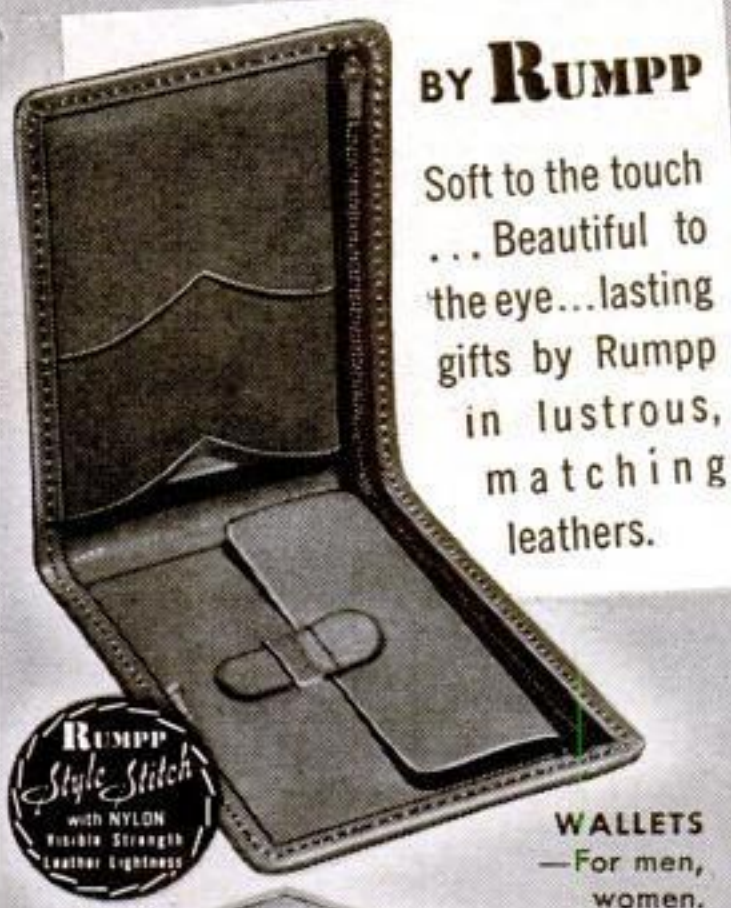


Typical example 96: the tire that outwears prewar tires!

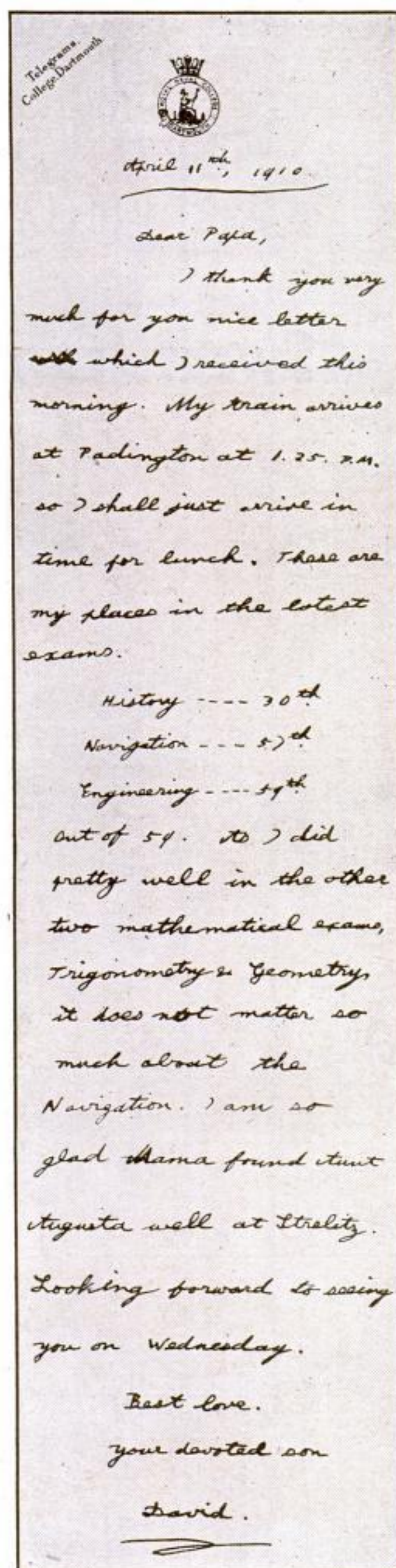
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A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED



MATHEMATICS was my worst subject, but I tried to reassure my father.

iron bed and a black-and-white sea chest with three compartments in which to keep my clothes, a tray and a private till.

Hansell's earlier misgivings about my ability to hold my own in the classroom were all too convincingly borne out at the end of my first term. Examinations came every four months, and marks were posted for everybody to see how he stood "in the order." However, according to a peculiar Osborne custom, we cadets, when going on leave, were required to carry the college report home in a sealed envelope, which we handed to our parent or guardian upon arrival.

At the end of the first term I was not far from the bottom. However, my father had not complained about the first report; and so, in December 1907, I bore the second home to York Cottage without misgivings. While I had not distinguished myself in any subject, I was not conscious of having failed in any. As soon as the affectionate homecoming salutations were disposed of, I handed the fateful envelope to my father, who, evincing no immediate interest in its contents, put it casually in his pocket.

As there was no mention of my marks that evening at dinner, I said to myself, "This is fine." Then next morning there was Finch with a long face and a chilling summons to the cold library, and a minute later those red cloth covered walls witnessed a painful scene. My father looked me in the eye. "David," he said, "I am sorry to have to tell you that you have a bad report. Read it."

grouped around the old stables of Osborne House erected by my great-grandmother. My dormitory bore the famous name of Exmouth and the narrow margin by which I qualified as a naval cadet may be judged by the fact that I began my naval career in the Port watch, class three, the very bottom.

"Reveille" at 6 o'clock in summer and 6:30 in winter was proclaimed on a blaring bugle that made me yearn for Forsyth's bagpipes. A moment later a gong would rout us out of bed and in a convulsive motion we would all kneel down and say our prayers. After the minimum time which in the cadet captain's judgment was required for the Lord to hear and take note of us, he would yank the gong twice, and, still half asleep, we would jerk to our feet and, in a communal motion, start brushing our teeth.

Once more the gong would sound—the signal for the plunge into the arctic pool at the end of the hall. Today, I have only to close my eyes to see again that pathetic crowd of naked, shivering little boys, myself among them, being herded reluctantly toward that green tiled swimming pool in the first morning light.

If at first it seemed especially hard to me it was because I was caught up, without the previous experience of school, in the unfamiliar community life of small boys, with all of its fierce, subtle and wonderful relationships. From having Finch to take care of my clothes and pick up after me, I now had to look after myself. And from the comfortable rooms of our different homes I found myself thrust, with some 30 other boys, into a long, bare dormitory. The orbit of my living shrank to a cheap



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IMAGINE WAKING UP CHRISTMAS morn and finding . . . a Royal Portable Typewriter—and on the tag, *your name!*

Who wouldn't just *love* such a gift! Especially in those homes where there are young folks of school and college age.

A poll among high school students shows that portable typewriters are among the leaders as a "must" item with teen-agers, and . . .

. . . Royal Portable is their No. 1 choice!

For Royal makes typing *easy!* Royal has many time- and work-saving features

no other portable typewriter can boast of! Here are but a few:

1. The *exclusive* "Magic" Margin, that quickly and easily sets the margin—*automatically!*
2. "Touch Control," which adjusts key tension to *individual speed and touch!*
3. Finger-Flow Keyboard, the fully standard "office machine" keyboard!



And Royal Portable is carefully constructed to *last!* Royal is sturdy and rugged! No won-

der Royal Portable is the choice of students!

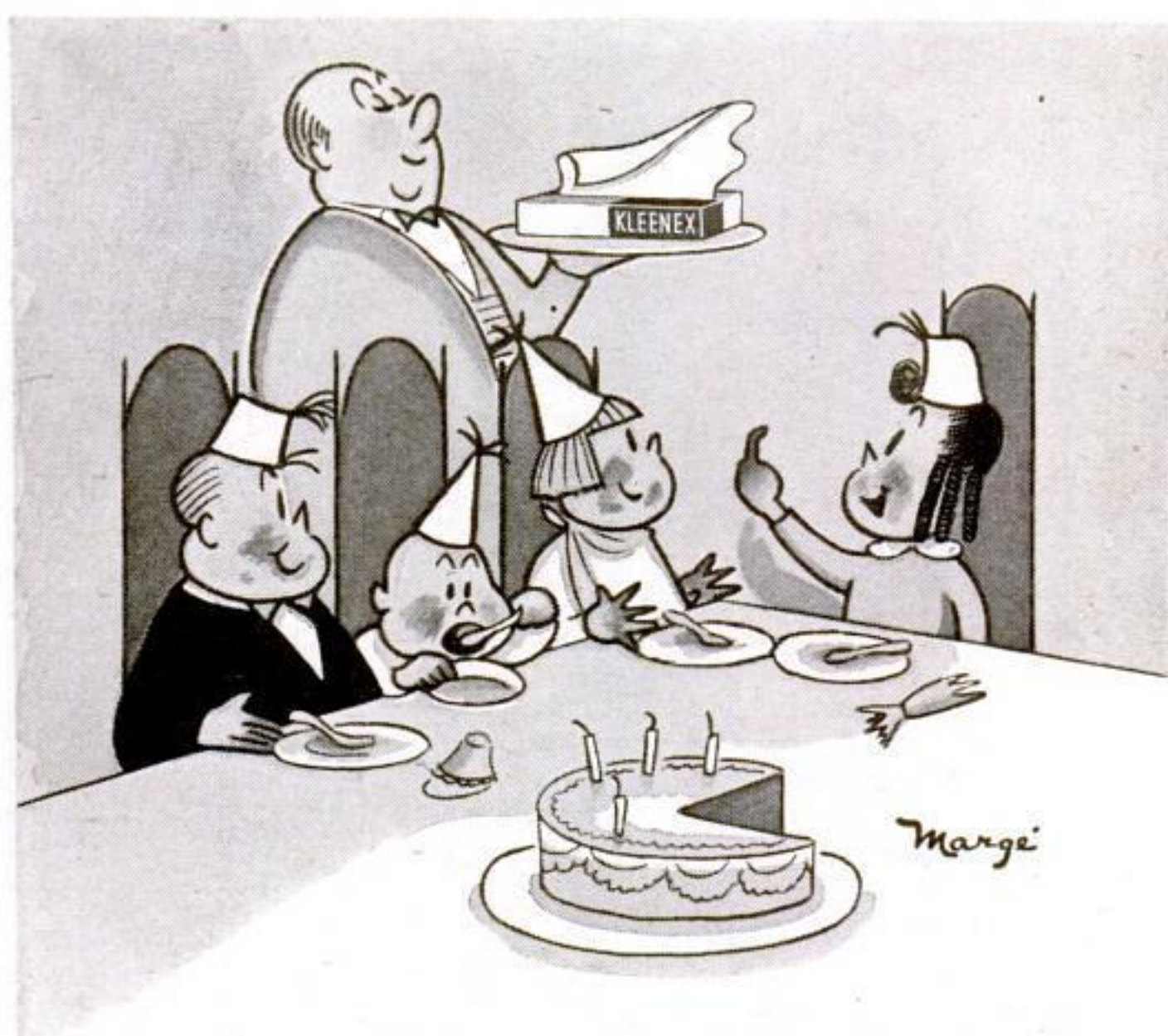
So make it a Royal Portable this Christmas! It's the best typewriter investment in *anybody's* young life!

ROYAL PORTABLE

*The Standard Typewriter
in Portable Size*

"Magic" and "Touch Control" are registered trade-marks of
Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

LITTLE LULU



"Okay, James, you may pass the Kleenex!"

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellucotton Products Co.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Harold. Gifford. Jenkins. Jeff. Norman. Prince.

Choir Treat, Illum Bay. July 22nd

ANNUAL SUMMER OUTING for the cadets who sang in the choir at the Royal Naval College at Osborne was a big event to me and all the other boys.

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

It was a curt, cruel document which bore no relation whatever to my own appraisal of my efforts. The sad fact was that mathematics, that specter of Hansell's tutoring, had in all of its hideous aspects pursued me to Osborne. And without applied mathematics, navigation and engineering, the two pillars of a naval officer's education, were lost to me. My father's remedy for this crisis was to engage a master from Osborne; and as soon as the Christmas festivities were over, I buckled down to work, forgoing in the interest of my survival a great part of my leave.

Yet it all seemed beyond my powers, and I fell prey to an appalling inferiority complex. When the following spring I took home the third term report, so overpowering was the sense of failure that on being summoned into the library, and without waiting for my father to speak, I burst into tears. "Come, David," he said with unexpected kindness, "this is no way for a naval cadet to act. Besides, you have quite a good report this time, and I am pleased with the progress you have made."

My father's interest in Osborne did not stop with my studies. During holidays he would ply me with questions about how we lived, what we ate, how much time we had to ourselves, and shake his head and exclaim that the Navy had gone soft. The frown that crossed his face when he learned that I slept not in a hammock but in a bed could not have been more severe had I informed him that gun turrets had been replaced by cocktail bars. "It wasn't like that in our day, was it, Charles?" he would murmur resentfully to his lifelong friend and equerry, Sir Charles Cust. "We weren't coddled that way, were we?"

I was growing up

EVENTUALLY, by hard and brooding work during my leaves, I managed to pull myself out of the ruck of the bottom class and was able to write my father:

"I am awaiting the results of the next exam with great excitement. I was 5th in an Engineering paper the other day & now I am 15th, in the order."

Yet I was never really secure in the subjects and in reporting to my father on my position in the order I was careful to introduce any adverse change in the best possible light.

Dear Papa,

... My train arrives at Paddington at 1:25 p.m. so I shall just arrive in time for lunch. These are my places in the latest exams.

History - - - - 30th

Navigation - - - - 57th

Engineering - - - - 59th

Out of 59. As I did pretty well in the other two mathematical exams, Trigonometry & Geometry, it does not matter so much about the Navigation. . . .

your devoted son.

No doubt my being a Prince and in direct line to the throne saved me where other boys without these connections might well have been dismissed. But I like to think that it was on my own merits that I survived, to progress to Dartmouth, for the last two years of my naval training ashore. I took part in general school activities, and even sang in the choir, an accomplishment which

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

For her...

pearls grow on trees!

You never saw anything more charming than one slender strand of pearls perched on a small, silver Christmas tree

Lustrous Lisner simulated pearls marvelously matched and smartly clasped in sterling filigree.

A gift for the women in your life (sisters included). At better stores everywhere, about \$4.00. (plus tax)

give her "The Pearl Tree" *by Lisner*

a romantic air... for Christmas giving



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"Bond Street" by **YARDLEY**

"Bond Street" Perfume \$2.50 to \$15 plus tax

"Bond Street" Toilet Water \$1.50 and \$2.50 plus tax



Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Every drop

Tastes its Age

ANCIENT

AGE

Every drop

Evenly matured

Every drop

Straight

Kentucky

Bourbon



Look for . . .

AA

ask for . . . "Double A"

This is it . . . the gift you've been looking for.
A magnificent straight Kentucky bourbon
from the House of Aged Whiskies.

Every drop the same evenly
matured Ancient Age with which
you celebrated many

holidays before the war.

This whiskey is 5 years old, 86 proof.
Schenley Distilleries, Inc., Louisville, Ky.



A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey

BETTER HEARING!

YOU can have it with "Eveready" "Mini-Max" hearing-aid batteries—better hearing 1-o-n-g-e-r plus more full-volume operation. That's because they're full of energy-producing material—there's no dead space filled with inert tar or paper packing!

WAR SECRET! This rugged, efficient construction made possible the proximity fuse—No. 2 in war-time importance.

The most compact... the most economical, "Eveready" batteries are sold by hearing-aid dealers everywhere. Get them for better hearing!

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HEARING-AID BATTERIES

"Progress Toward Better Hearing."
Write Dept. L-34.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

Hand care special!



Soothing

Hand Lotion for day time use, 16 ounce bottle, usually \$1.50*

\$1.00*

Velvety

Hand Cream for night time use, 1/2 pound jar, usually \$1.00*

69¢*



At drug and department stores everywhere
*plus tax. Fair-trade minimum price—for limited time only.

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DAGGETT & RAMSDALL

EXCELSIOR



THE ACCORDION
USED BY TOP ARTISTS

Easier to play than a piano—and twice as much fun! That's what you'll discover when you first try the new, organ-toned accordions by Excelsior. Various models—priced for every purse—at your dealer's.

FREE BOOKLET tells you why piano accordion is so popular, why it is so easy to play. Before you buy any musical instrument, send for this booklet L-60.

EXCELSIOR ACCORDIONS, INC.
333 6th Ave., New York 14

A ROYAL BOYHOOD CONTINUED

had the subsidiary attraction of sometimes relieving the choristers from certain parades.

In January 1909, just before I went on to Dartmouth, my brother Bertie entered Osborne, also destined for a naval career. Since the school's rigid caste system did not permit a senior to be seen in the company of a first-terminer, I dared not re-establish there the close companionship which we had always known. However, he was presently beset by the same difficulties that had nearly overpowered me, and by prearrangement we used to meet secretly back of the playing fields. Bertie would tell me his new-boy troubles, and I would try to advise him on the basis of my own experience. I am afraid that between us, with the best of intentions, we imposed quite a strain upon the college schoolmasters.

I liked Dartmouth better than Osborne and my growing happiness was in no small part associated with the increase in privileges that came with seniority. Besides, I was growing up and during the glorious holidays I was treated less as a child. I had begun to make some real friends among the boys of my term, with whom I shared those unique experiences that make boyhood such a precious thing; and stretching before me was the prospect of a Navy career, with all its glamour and traditions, the promise of travel on the seven seas and an end, I hoped, to the tutors and constraints of court life.

The first week of May 1910 found Bertie and me at Marlborough House, preparing to return to college after an Easter leave at Frogmore unmarred by a single melancholy note. However, my grandfather had just returned to London from his annual visit to Biarritz in poor health and subject to severe fits of coughing. He was then riding 70 but it was unthinkable that mere advancing age could halt that gay spirit.

My father sent for us the morning we were to start back and said, "I have wired the Captains of your two Colleges that I want you both to remain with me here for a little longer. The King's condition has taken a turn for the worse and the end may not be far off."

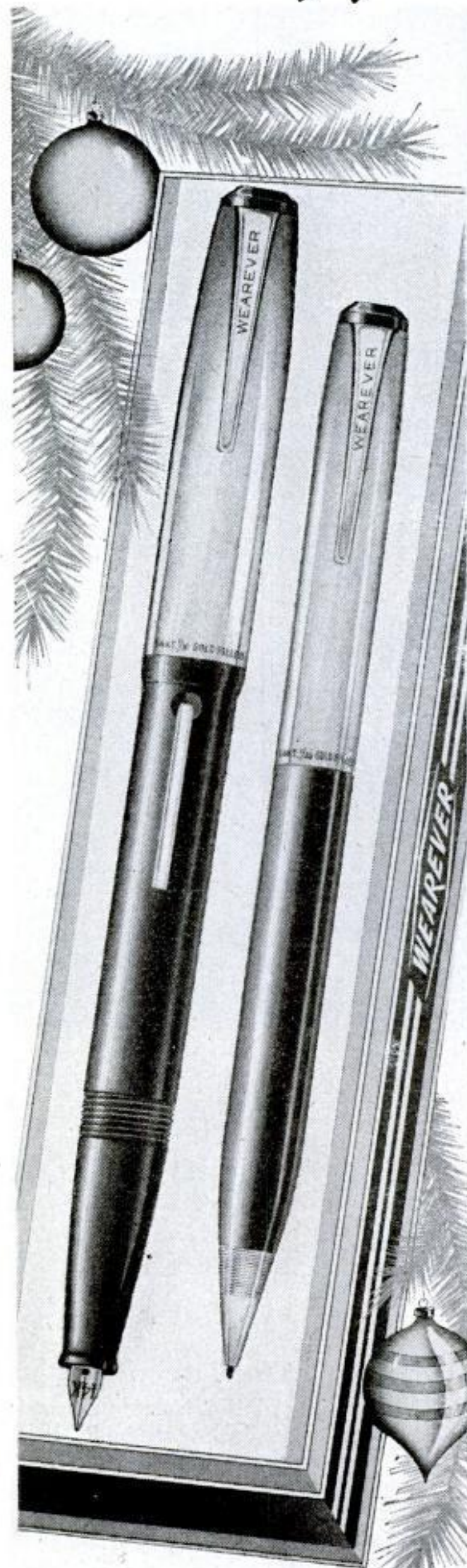
Next week:

PRINCE OF WALES



In the second installment of his story of his early life the Duke of Windsor describes his investiture at Carnarvon Castle as Prince of Wales (shown above). This next part takes his career from the death of his kingly grandfather and his subsequent succession to the title in which he became world famous, through his training cruise in the Navy, his trips to France and Germany and—on the eve of World War I—his two years at Oxford.

Smart Gift



WEAREVER PACEMAKER

SET \$4.25*

PEN ALONE \$2.75*

- 12 Karat Gold Filled Cap
- 14 Karat Solid Gold Point
- Exquisite Modern Design
- Superb Craftsmanship

Another Outstanding Value by
**AMERICA'S LARGEST
FOUNTAIN PEN MANUFACTURER**

Other Sets \$1.75 and \$2.75

At leading chain, drug, department
and stationery stores


WEAREVER
Pacemaker

* Plus Fed. Tax

©1947 David Kahn, Inc.
North Bergen, N.J.




The nicest Christmas present I've ever had!

 I was facing my first Christmas alone when I got the letter from my son, Tom. It said that he and Martha and little Jerry wanted me with them for the holidays.

A smaller envelope inside held some tickets and a note. It said, "Here are your train and Pullman tickets—so that you can't say 'no.' We'll be waiting at the station. Love... Tom."

I knew then that they really wanted me.

 I'll never forget that wonderful trip!

First the kindly Pullman porter placed my bags in a private room. I hadn't noticed the ticket said "roomette."

How I enjoyed that little room of my own, with its gleaming wash-basin, private toilet, clean towels, mirrors—everything I could have


wanted—all clean and neat as could be.

How safe and snug I felt as I relaxed and read in my room, while the train clicked off the miles toward the ones I loved. More and more I felt that glad lift of the heart that comes at Christmas time.

And how nice everyone was when I went to the dining car. The attendants were so courteous... the passengers so friendly.

That night, before drifting off to sleep, I recalled another phrase in Tom's letter: "Martha is counting on you to make the turkey dressing, the cranberry sauce, and a big mince pie."

It was good to be wanted at Christmas!

 Next morning, soft snow had begun to fall. With a light heart, I watched it slowly cover the

countryside through which we were passing.

It was going to be a white Christmas!

As we neared the end of our journey, *everyone* felt the spirit of the season. I was carrying packages tied in bright ribbons. Voices were excited. Every now and then somebody laughed.

Then we were there. Tom's strong arms around my waist... Martha's hand in mine... little Jerry's wet kiss on my cheek.

I guess I was crying when I said: "Tom, the Pullman ticket that brought me to you, and Martha, and Jerry, was the nicest Christmas present I've ever had!"

Go Pullman THE SAFEST,
MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST!

© 1947, THE PULLMAN COMPANY





WITH OPPOSING PLAYERS (IN WHITE) COMPLETELY BLOCKED OUT OF POSITION, TWO PHILLIPS PLAYERS LEAP INTO THE AIR FOR A REBOUND FROM THE BACKBOARD

AMATEUR PROFESSIONALS

The Phillips basketball team works for money and plays for recreation

In 1921 a young warehouse employe of the Phillips Petroleum Co. in Bartlesville, Okla. organized a company basketball team. The young warehouse employe, Kenneth ("Boots") Adams, is now the \$75,000-a-year president of the company and the basketball team, called the Phillips 66ers but better known as the Oilers, has become famous. It has won the national Amateur Athletic Union championship for the last five years. Few doubt that the Oilers could hold their own with the best professional basketball teams in the U.S.

Phillips produces its championship teams by offering career jobs to the best graduating college players in the Southwest. To maintain its amateur standing the company insists that it pays no man

more than he could earn at his job if he were not a basketball player, but a star player has rarely been laid off. Phillips players work during the day (p. 153) and practice on their own time at night (next page). Eighty percent of the men who went to Bartlesville to play basketball remained on the Phillips payroll after their playing days were over. The original 1921 team is still around (right).

This year's Oilers look just as capable as ever. They opened the season by winning easy victories in their first 9 games, averaging 75 points a game, or nearly two points a minute. This season every member of the all-star Phillips team has an added incentive: a good chance to get a position on the U.S. Olympic basketball squad next summer.



THE 1921 TEAM is still with Phillips. Left to right: President K.S. Adams; H.T. Sears, W.E. Feist, I.G. Slater, K.E. Beall, M.B. Heine, all Phillips executives,

Glorious day-greeter

(WITH A HEALTH NOTE
IN EVERY SIP)



SUNSWEEP
HELPS KEEP
YOU REGULAR,
TOO —



SUNSWEEP PRUNE JUICE

Now also
available
in cans

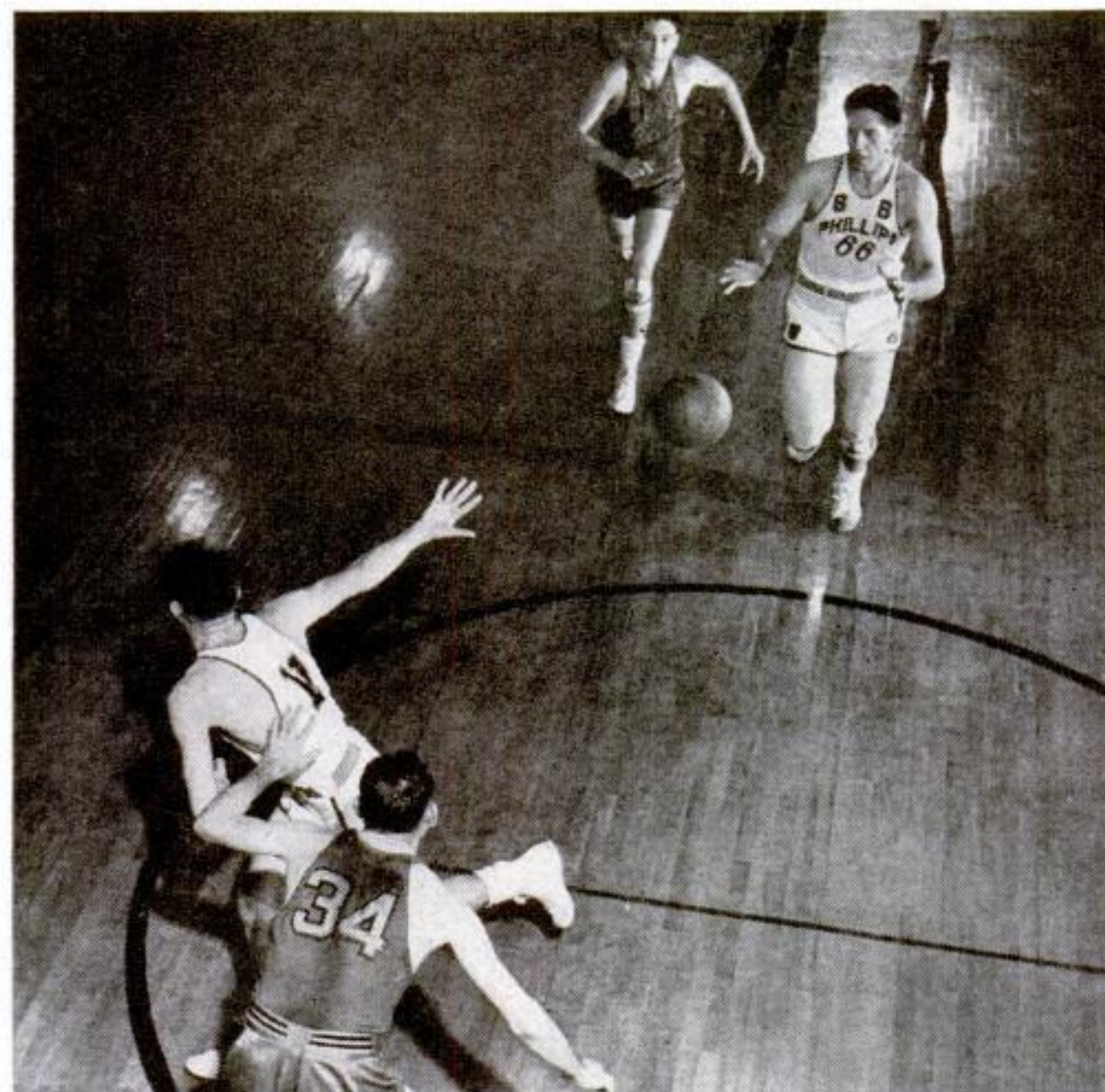


Prepared and distributed by the
makers of Mott's Fine Fruit Products

Amateur Professionals CONTINUED



IN PRACTICE the Oilers demonstrate their fast break. Forward Lew Beck (No. 11) races down the court with his teammates following right behind him.



BACKWARD PASS goes to Carpenter when Beck is too closely guarded to shoot. The Oilers rarely use set plays, depend on speed and shooting accuracy.



CARPENTER SCORES, leaping high to ram the ball through the net. He is 6 feet 7 inches tall but is only the second tallest man on the Phillips team.

ACE CAPS THEM ALL



Seasoned winter sports champions prefer the genuine ACE CAP because it stays put, worn up or down. Knitted of 100% Virgin Wool. Its snug, streamlined aviator style protects forehead, neck and ears. Available in solid colors and school color combinations. 3 weights. One size fits all heads.



If your dealer cannot supply you, have him write to:

THE LION KNITTING MILLS CO.
3256 W. 25TH ST. • CLEVELAND, OHIO



Use the
Manicure Implements
PREFERRED
BY PROFESSIONALS

La Cross
Toe-Nail Nippers—
Finest cutlery steel,
precision ground. Keen
cutting, spring action. \$3.00

La Cross
Schnefel Bros. Corporation

In Detroit it's...

REAL ESTATE
EDELMAN
Everywhere



THROAT RAW
FROM A COLD?

Remember

"More people rely on
LUDE'S
than any other
COUGH DROPS"

Medicated for

SANDPAPER THROAT

LUDE'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS



5c

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

Berkshire's

City Lights

*the stocking colors
of the season*

Half Light
High Light
Black Light



Costume by
Nettie Rosenstein
for Lord & Taylor

Sheer... Sheer... **Berkshire** Stockings

for the loveliest legs in the world . . . by the world's largest manufacturer of full-fashioned stockings

Copyright 1947, Berkshire Knitting Mills

Come over on the

Sunny Brook

side!

*For the holiday season
and for the years to come...
enjoy the whiskey that's*
"CHEERFUL AS ITS NAME"



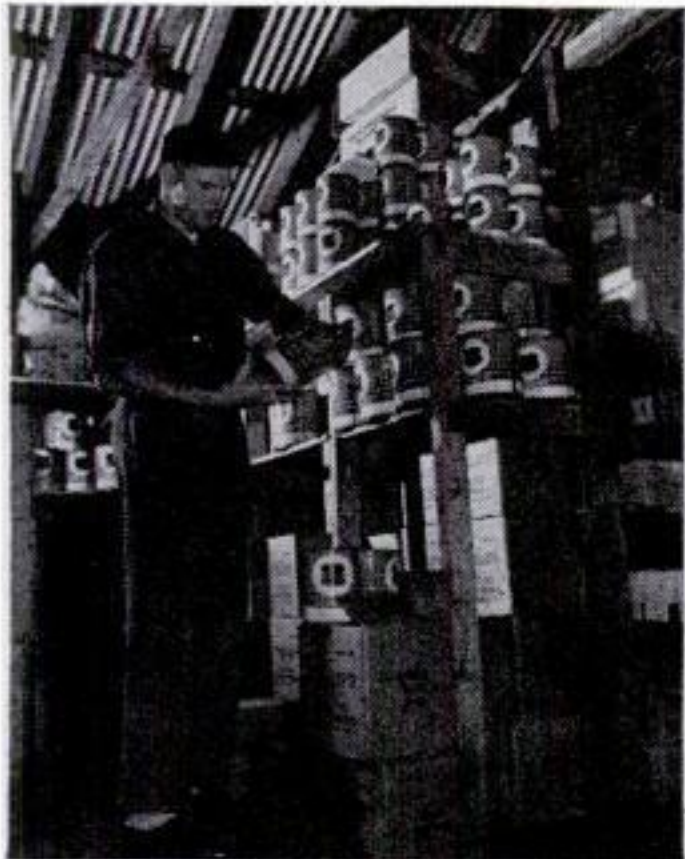
**IT'S FROM
KENTUCKY!**



LOOK FOR THIS WATCHMAN
ON EVERY BOTTLE

KENTUCKY WHISKEY—A BLEND • 93 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

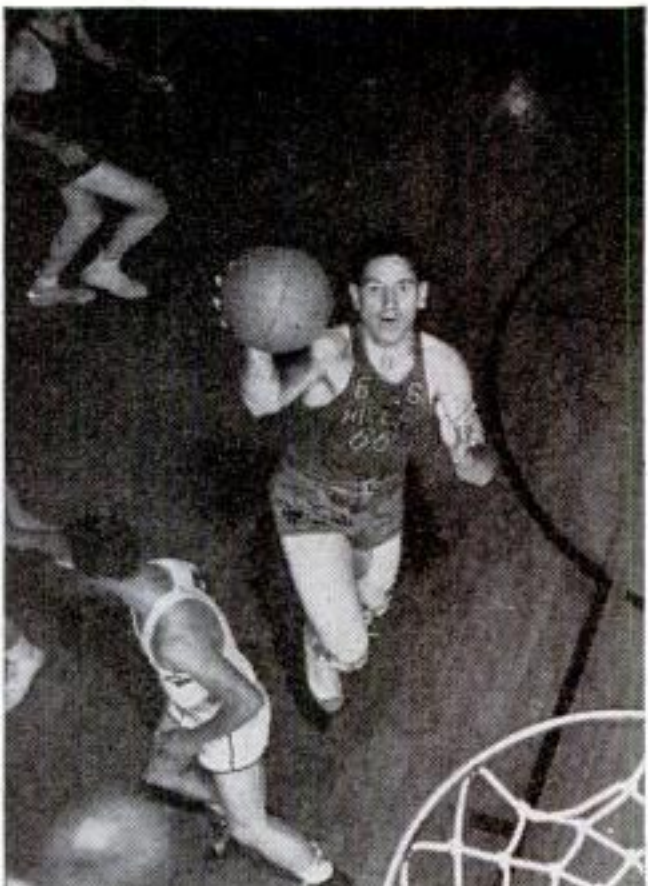
Amateur Professionals CONTINUED



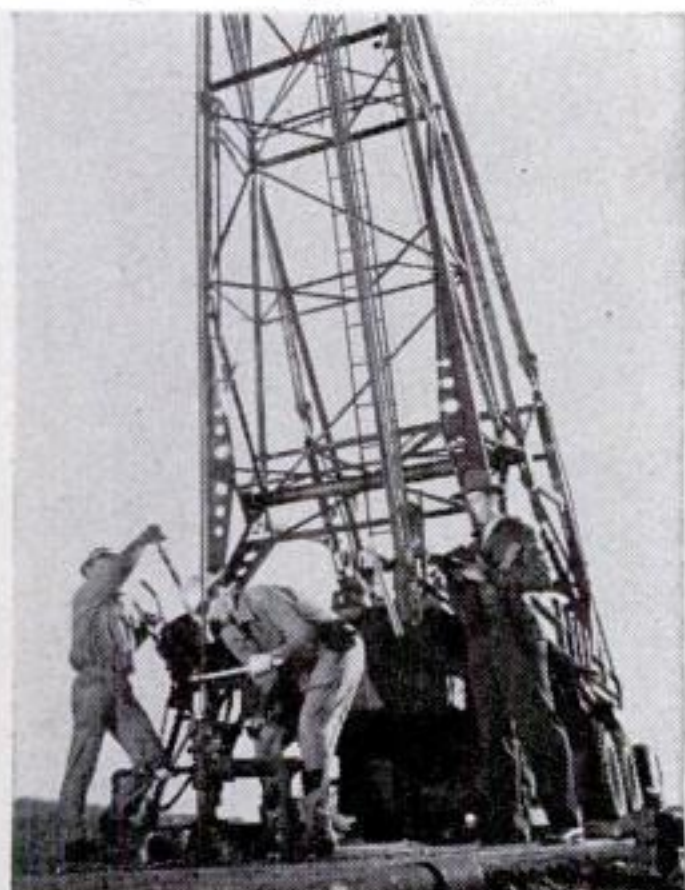
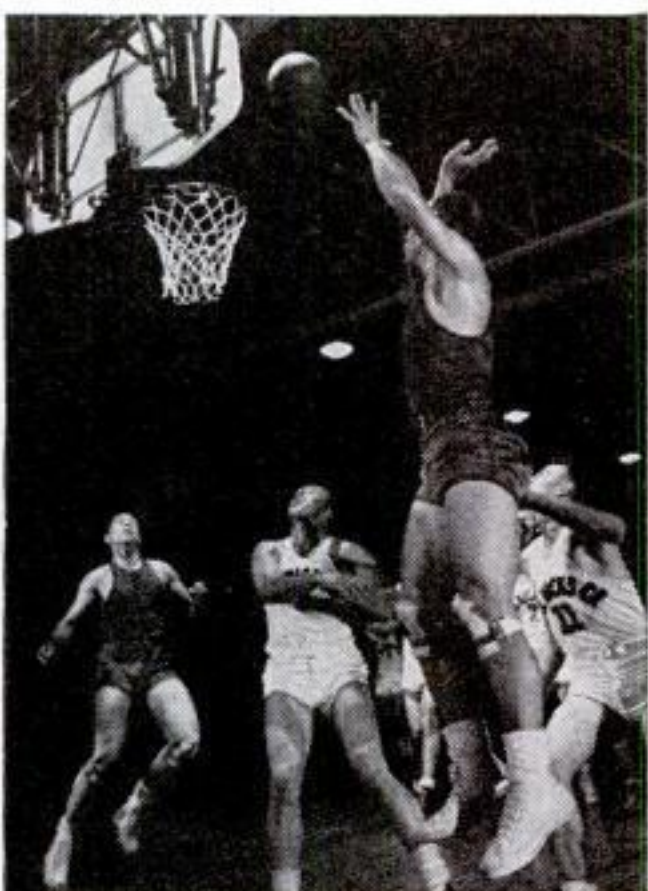
BOB KURLAND, 7-foot center who is Oilers' most spectacular player, works in Phillips warehouse (left). Right: he scores against Phoenix Constructors.



GORDON CARPENTER (in suit) is a salesman for Phillips' newly added line of fishing tackle. On team (right) he is captain, plays both guard and center.



JESSE RENICK, a Choctaw Indian, is in Phillips sales department. Until recently he filled gas tanks (left) when not playing forward on the team (right).



GERALD TUCKER is an oil-field "roughneck" (left, bending over). A college all-American, he is playing guard his first year with Oilers team (right).



*your
Automatic
choice...*



14K gold-filled
Omega Automatic, \$71.50.
Fed. tax included

There's only one watch for an up-to-the-minute man, and that's an automatic. And only one automatic for a man-in-the-know, and that's an Omega. Handsome, wafer-thin, dependable and precise, the way only an Omega watch can be.

Other automatic watches in 14K gold to \$235. Also available with sweep-second hand. At leading jewelers everywhere. Omega watches for men and women from \$60.

OMEGA

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OFFICIAL EXCLUSIVE TIMEPIECE FOR THE '48 OLYMPICS



*A Treasured
Gift*

SINGLE-STROKE

Juice King

Squeezes oranges, limes,
lemons, grapefruit

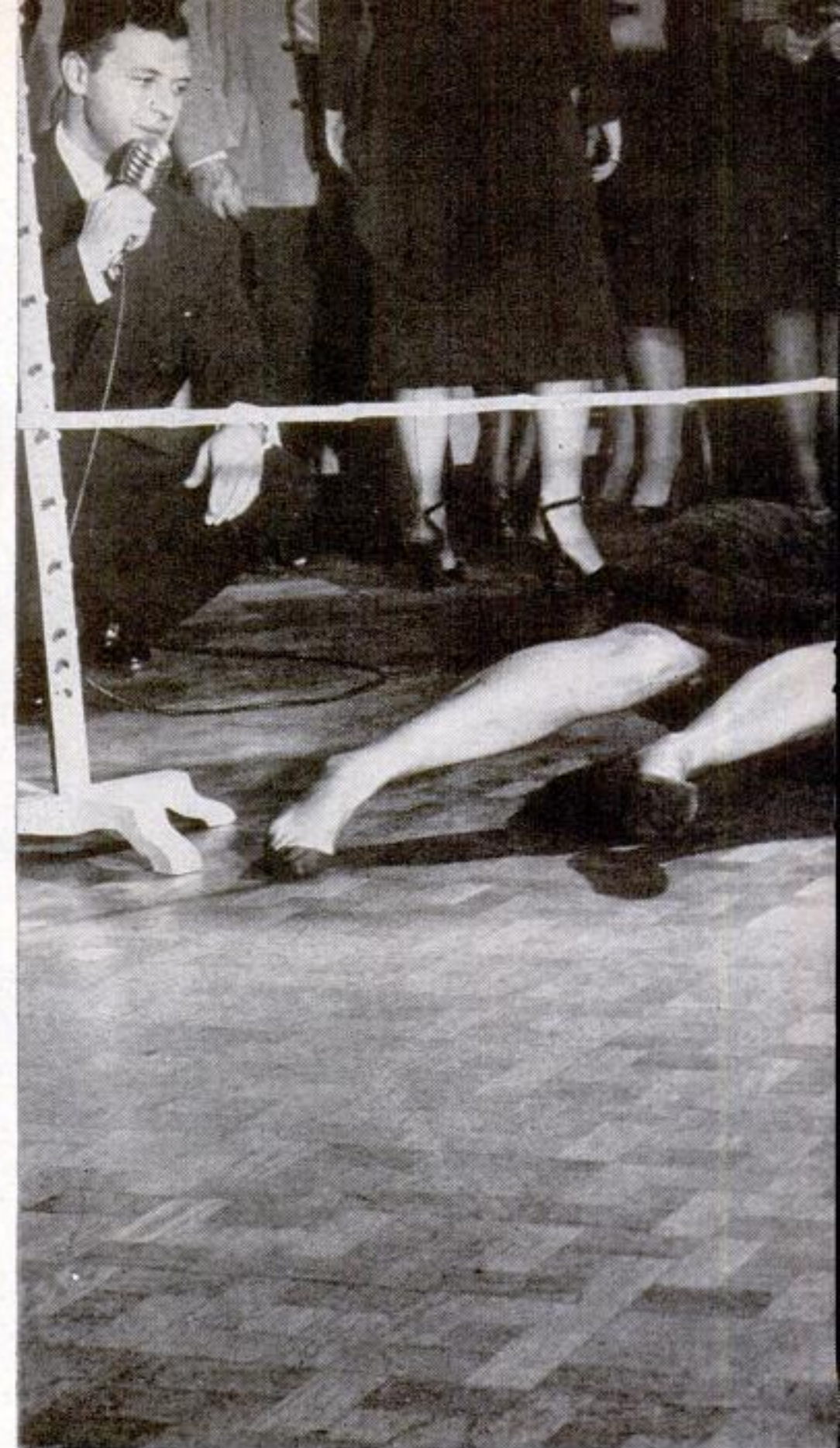
Little wonder that housewives call it Single-Stroke Magic! Just one easy turn of the JUICE KING handle...rich, pulp-free juice flows into the glass. Squeezed, strained...half the time, half the effort. Smart, modern...easy to clean. JUICE KING — a household name, a Treasured Gift.

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Model illustrated, \$6.95. Others from \$5.95 at leading department, hardware, appliance stores.



GAME STARTS WITH A COUPLE EASILY PASSING UNDER THE BAR WHICH IS PLACED SIX FEET ABOVE FLOOR (LEFT). AS THE BAR IS LOWERED (CENTER) THE GOING

Missourians Show Life

How to "Dance under a Bar"

Couples mop up the floor to win a champagne prize

The sprawling, uninhibited antics of the young people on these pages are the product of a nightclub lunacy currently popular among cafe patrons of the La Salle Hotel in Kansas City, Mo. It is all part of a game called "Dancing under the Bar" which, despite the name, has nothing to do with dancing nor with the pieces of mahogany usually identified as resting places for drinks and elbows.

To play the game successfully all one needs is a supple body and a willingness to have fun at the expense of dignity. First, an arrangement of two stands and a crosspiece, similar to the high-jump standard used in track meets, is set up on a dance floor. The bamboo crosspiece is fitted on the top pegs of the stands and spirited couples, inveigled by a bantering master of ceremonies, are invited to try ducking under the bar without knocking it off. After the relatively simple first

WITH THE CROSSPIECE AT THE HALFWAY MARK A BENDING COUPLE STILL MANAGES TO KEEP ON ITS FEET

DRAGGING TECHNIQUE IS FAVORED BY THIS PAIR.





GETS TOUGHER AND THE GIRL HAS TO INCH UNDER SIDWAYS. TROUBLE RESULTS WHEN GIRL KNOCKS BAR OFF TRYING TO HAUL HER COMPANION THROUGH (RIGHT)

try (above, left) the bar is successively lowered for each additional attempt until it rests a mere eight inches above the dance floor. At this point the couples who have not dislodged the bar on previous attempts take a deep breath for the final effort. Shoes and coats are usually discarded by this time. Then, like a bunch of determined commandos the survivors literally crawl and slither along the floor, breathlessly trying to maneuver bulging hips and shoulders past and under the bar. Often a partner will have to be helped through the narrow passageway by a firm tug (above, right) or a gentle shove. But sometimes such eager help only serves to tickle the partner, causing the bar to be upset. The winners are given a bottle of imported champagne (right) which apparently seems to be regarded as ample reward for torn stockings, dusty trousers and a heavy workout.



AFTERWARD THE WINNERS DRINK A TOAST WITH SOME IMPORTED CHAMPAGNE

CHILD IN ARMS IS SURPRISED BY ADULT BEHAVIOR



WOMAN PLAYER CAREFULLY AVOIDS TOUCHING THE LONG BAR AS SHE TRIES TO SLIDE HER PARTNER UNDER



**CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGER-NAIL
TEST?**



TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair... relieves dryness... removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

**YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK
LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL**



A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

**NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS
LANOLIN!**

AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder when new users from coast to coast were questioned, 4 out of 5 who replied said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair.



TUNE IN ... 2 Network Shows!
"The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.



BOTTOMS-UP POSITION is utilized by this young lady as she attempts to flatten her body under the crosspiece with the encouragement of her escort.



BOTTOMS-DOWN POSITION is no better than method above. No matter which way they try it players have the same amount of anatomy to squeeze.



The Perfect Gift...

DETECTO

New Aluminum Hamper

A hamper made of ALUMINUM—the lifetime hamper that always stays beautiful. No more dirt-collecting surfaces—it's smooth as porcelain.

Rust proof—sanitary—ventilated. Oven-baked colors with hand-painted decorations to match your home. The world's most beautiful hamper costs less because it lasts a lifetime: only \$9.95.

(Slightly higher west of Miss.)
Smaller models—lower prices.

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DETECTO BATHROOM SCALES are now available in limited quantities.

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Offered by America's
Foremost Booksellers

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"The Gift That
Can't Be Wrong!"

HERE is how you can give a gift to anyone, anywhere—and be sure it will be right! Just send GIVE-A-BOOK CERTIFICATES, which your friends can exchange for just the books they really want!



GIVE-A-BOOK CERTIFICATES are on sale—and can be redeemed—at the book and department stores throughout America which display the ABA emblem shown here. Take advantage of this service today!

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BALL-BEARING
**ROLLER
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BICYCLES • VELOCIPEDES • ROLLER SKATES

“Give **EVERSHARP** . . .
*now the most perfect writing instrument
 the world has ever known*”



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 two tone plastic \$3.95
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 stainless steel cap \$5.95
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 SET, 14-K gold-filled caps
 \$14.75† Pen \$9.75†
 Repeater Pencil \$5.00†
- D** EVERSHARP SKYLINER SET,
 \$8.75 Pen \$5.00
 Repeater Pencil \$3.75
- E** EVERSHARP CA* PEN,
 14-K gold-filled cap \$7.95†
- F** EVERSHARP CA* REPEATER
 PEN, 14-K gold-filled \$9.95†
- G** KIMBERLY POCKETTE
 14-K gold-filled band \$7.50 Chrome band \$4.95

ALL MODELS AVAILABLE IN CHOICE OF COLORS (†Plus Fed. Tax)

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Give **EVERSHARP**... and you give the *Finest!*

Festive occasions
demand the best!



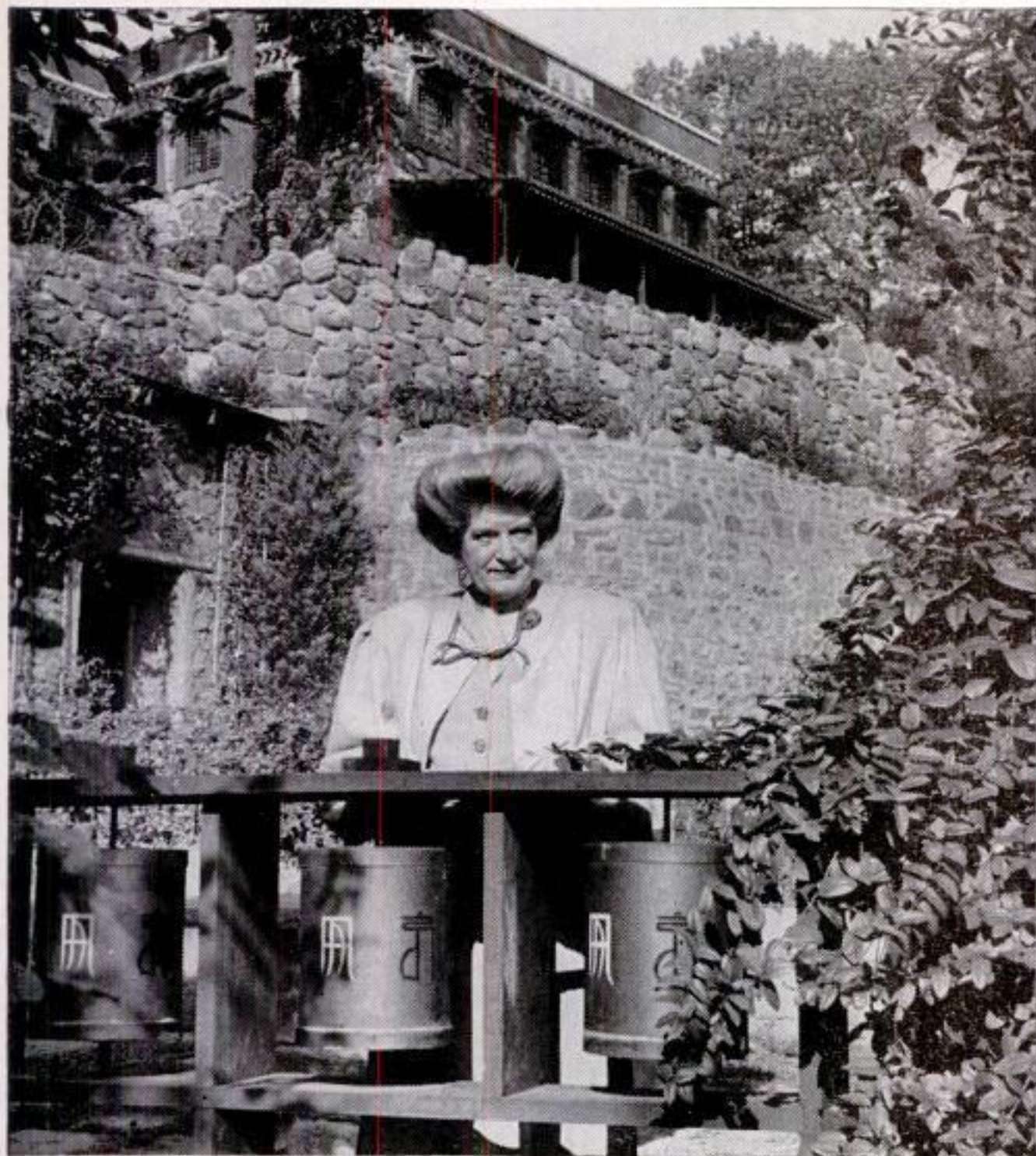
DIXIE BELLE

*Drinks worth mixing are worth
mixing well. Make richer, smoother
drinks with Dixie Belle Gin . . .
distilled from finest imported
fruits, herbs, berries, and
grain neutral spirits.*

A Favorite in
GIN

PINE CONE and TASSEL
STATE FLOWER OF MAINE

90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



MADAME MARCHAIS, probably the only lover of Tibetan culture Staten Island ever had, muses over Tibetan prayer wheels below her Lamaist temple.

NEW YORK LAMASERY

A new Tibetan temple bewilders Staten Island

To most New Yorkers Staten Island represents little more than the far end of the city's longest and best nickel ferry ride. Recently the island acquired another, stranger distinction. It became the home of a full-scale Lamaist temple. For four years astonished Staten Islanders had watched the temple's owner, a Manhattan art dealer named Madame Jacques Marchais, supervise construction, then cram the temple with Oriental art objects culled from her gallery. Now the structure will be opened for "meditation" to devotees of Tibetan culture like Madame Marchais, whose only regret is that she never has been to Tibet.



IN THE TEMPLE LIBRARY Artist Arthur Garfield Learned absorbs Tibetan culture. He painted the picture on wall of the late Panchen Lama, Tibet's ruler.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



for Christmas



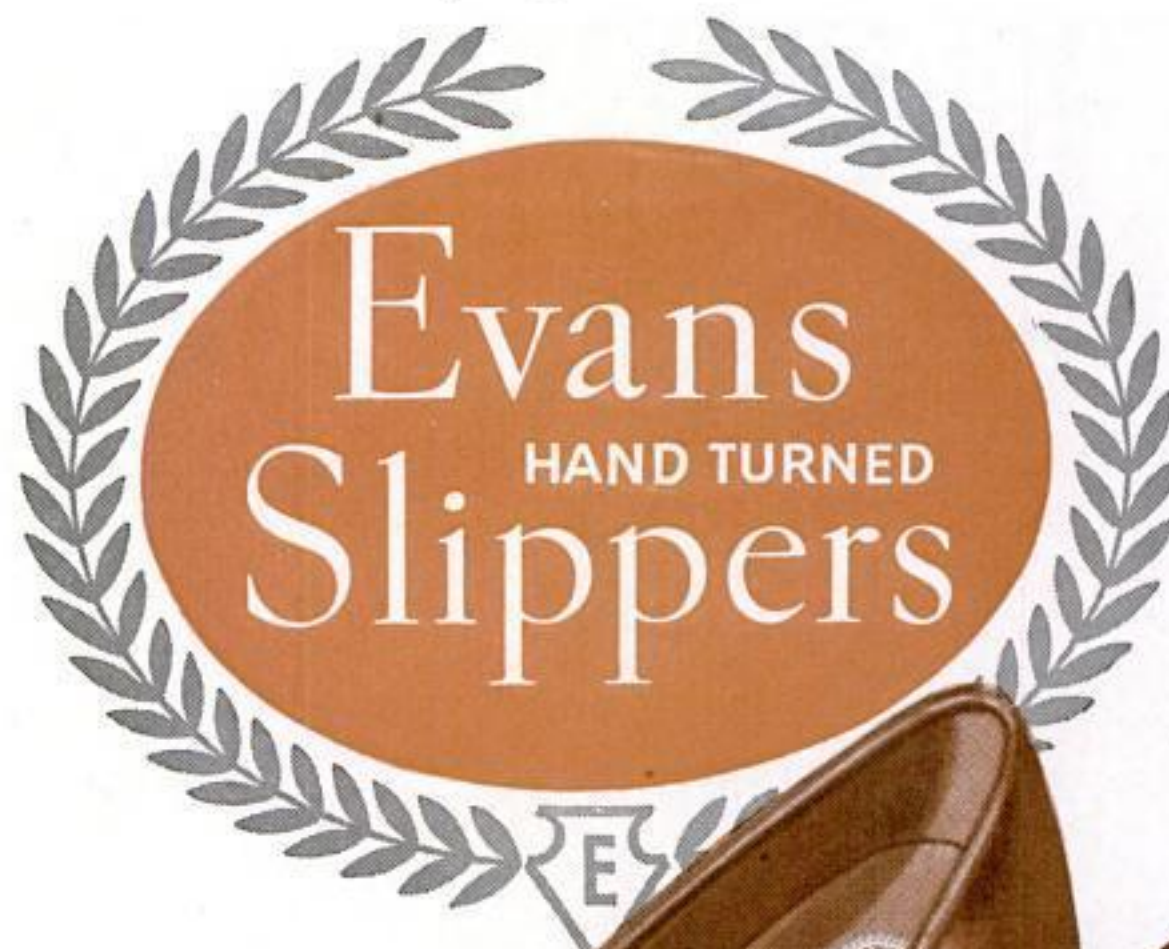
Birthday



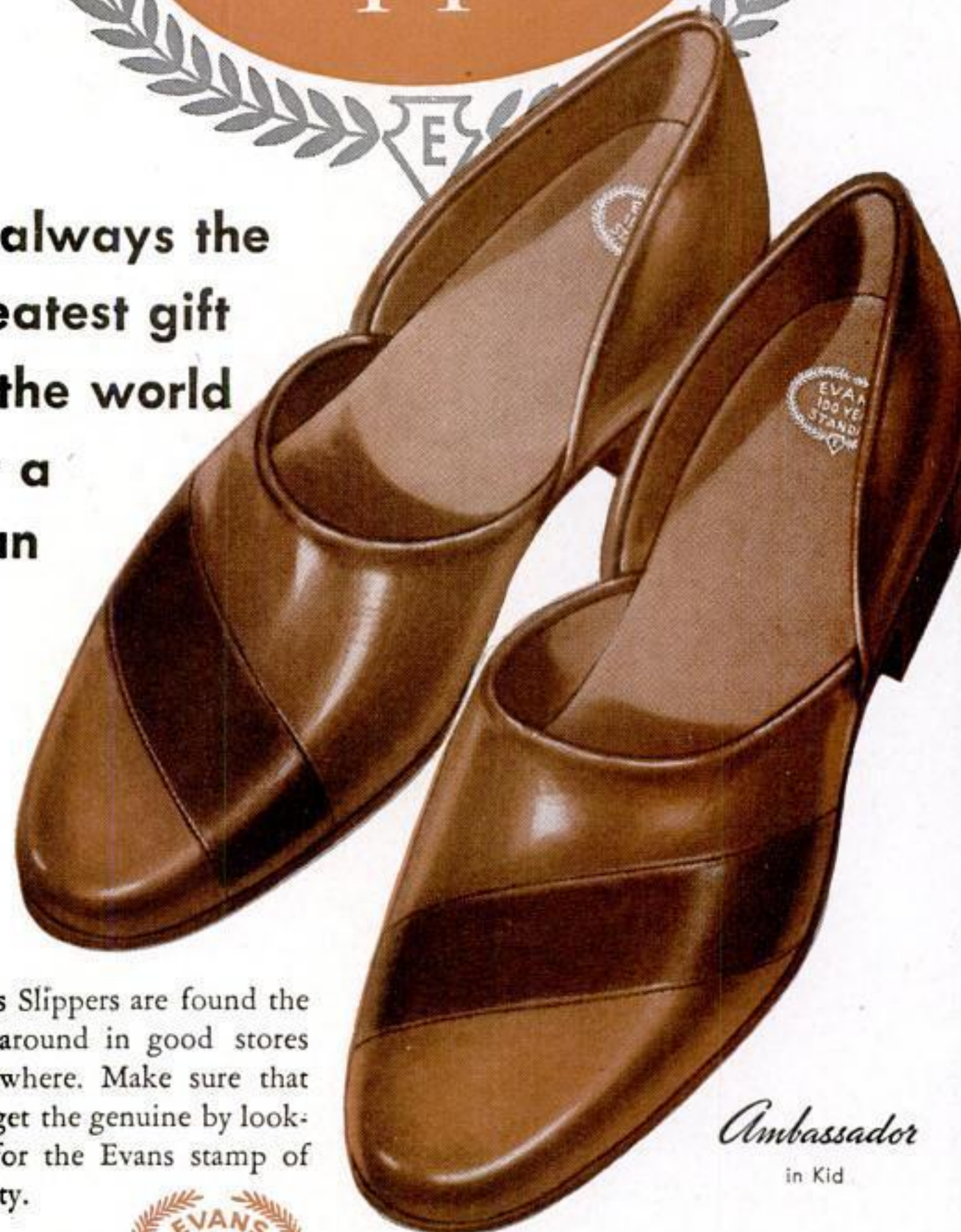
or any gift day . . .



Cherokee
Opera
in DOMOC



.. always the
greatest gift
in the world
for a
man



Ambassador
in Kid

Evans Slippers are found the year around in good stores everywhere. Make sure that you get the genuine by looking for the Evans stamp of quality.

Since 1841



Your guide to the best in Men's Slippers

L. B. EVANS' SON COMPANY • Wakefield, Massachusetts



ENTHRONED in the "chanting hall" on a red lacquer chair which once belonged to an Empress of China, Madame Marchais is flanked by bronze lions, traditional Lamaist

altar guards. Three tiers of gold and silver Buddhas rise behind her. Questioned about his wife's fancies, her husband merely says, "I am in the chemical business."

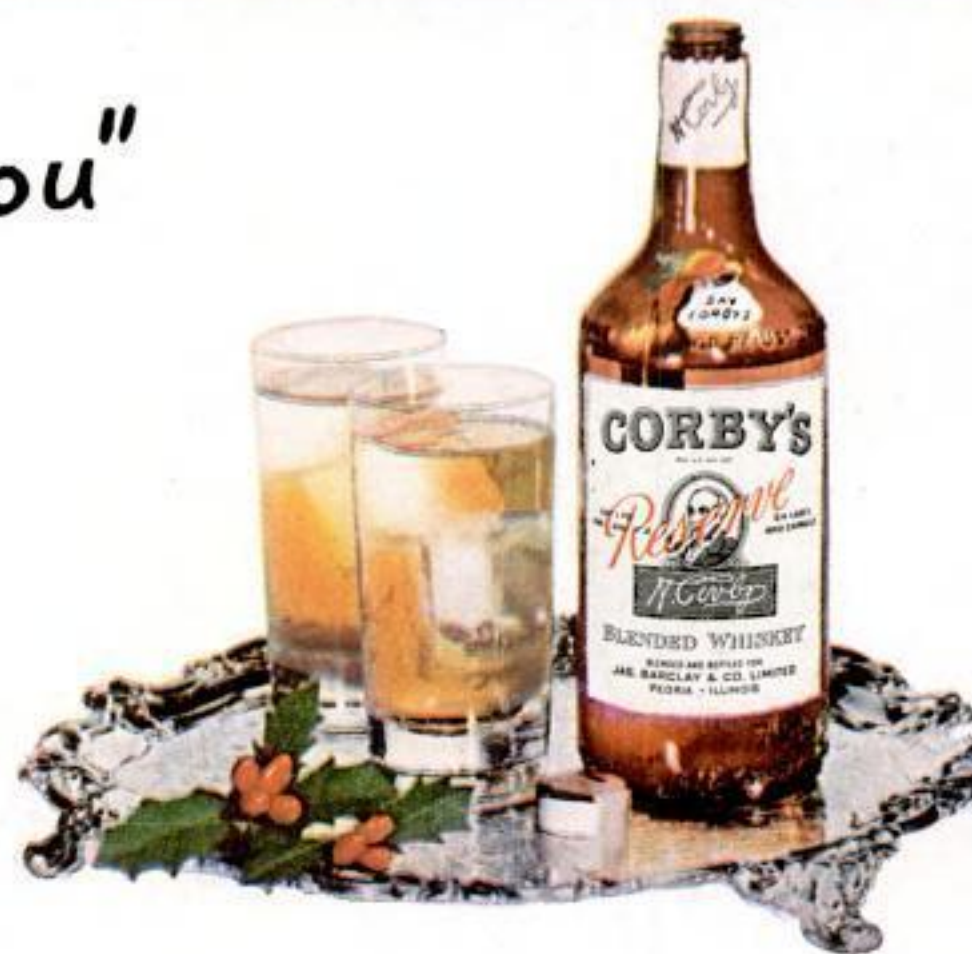


"Thanks-and the same to you"



**CORBY'S... A GRAND
OLD CANADIAN NAME**

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. under direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



INTERNATIONAL SKI STAR

Blanche Christian agrees...
**"Experience is the
best teacher!"**
in skiing and in
choosing a cigarette"

Experience—and perfect
coaching—have taught
Blanche Christian the finer
points of skiing... from
a speedy "schuss" to a
graceful "stem christiana."

CAMELS
ARE THE CHOICE
OF EXPERIENCE
WITH ME!

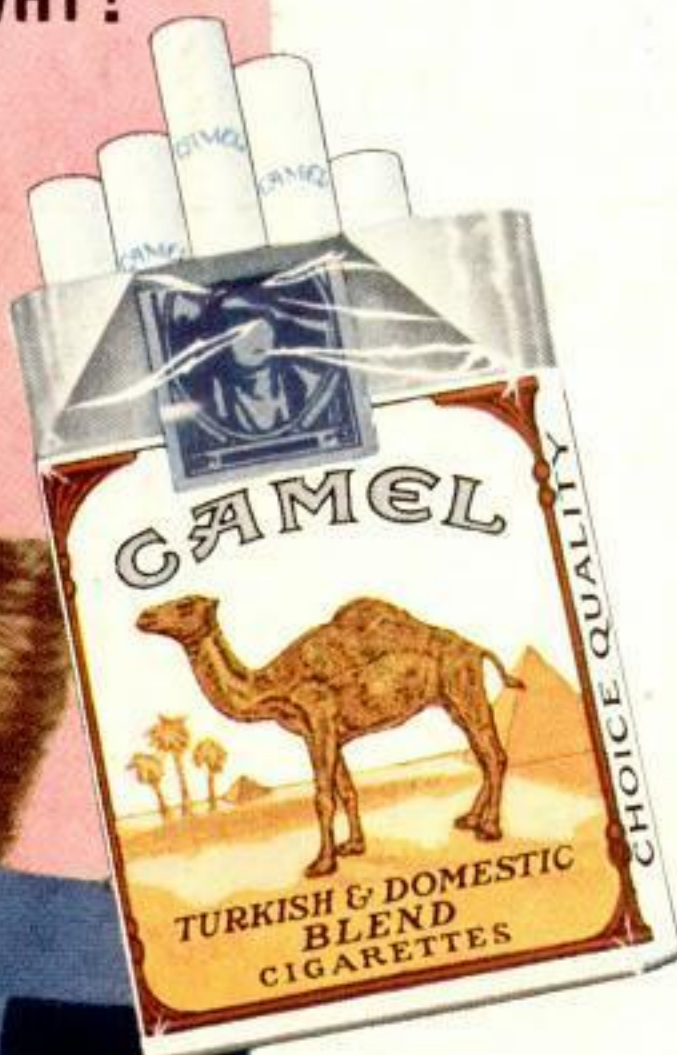
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU WHY!

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

that's your
proving ground
for any cigarette.
See if Camels
don't suit your
"T-Zone"
to a "T."



AS A SKIER, lovely Blanche Christian is "one in a million"—an expert with wide experience, and a ski instructor in leading resorts. As a smoker, she is one of millions who had a most revealing experience during the wartime cigarette shortage.

"When cigarettes were so hard to get," says Miss Christian, "I smoked many different brands. Naturally, I compared them for quality... for smoking pleasure. I learned by experience that Camels suit me best!"

Like Miss Christian, thousands and thousands of smokers tried and compared... found Camels the "choice of experience."

Try Camels. Let your own experience... your "T-Zone"... tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!